THE AUSTRALIAN
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

SHE has left the city office
That is seven stories high,
And crowded busy thoroughfares
For the blue and blessed sky.

ALL the weeks she's typing letters
And is answering the phone,
But Saturdays—are Saturdays,
Then she comes into her own.

IN her healthy outdoor tunic
With her young head carried high,
Proud in the pageant of to-day
The Hockey Girl laughs by.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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# WE INTERVIEW *Lord* and *Lady* AIRLIE

## *Famous Peer Who Rode to His Wedding on Horseback*

## May Be the Next Governor-General ... Says Court Rumor!

**Because of the very strong probability that Lord Airlie may be our next Governor-General, intense interest is now focused on this eminent Perthshire peer and Lady Airlie.**

***In view of the importance of the appointment to Australia, this paper arranged last week for Mary St. Claire, our London representative, to interview Lord and Lady Airlie at their London home.***

***Of course, Lord Airlie could say nothing about the appointment at this stage. In fact, Australia was taboo as a topic of conversation; but our representative was received very graciously.***

*By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.*

*LADY ALEXANDRA AIRLIE, who may be coming to Australia. Although she has six children, including two daughters who are active figures in the most exclusive circles of London's social whirl, Countess Alexandra of Airlie is a familiar figure in the frequent gatherings of the young folk of Mayfair. She is the wife of the 7th Earl of Airlie, and before her marriage she was Lady Alexandra Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester.*

COURT etiquette regarding the appointment of Governor-Generals is extremely strict.

Until the King hands the commission to the appointee and it is officially announced, the potential occupant of the office is prohibited from speaking to the Press.

Consequently when I saw Lord and Lady Airlie in their charming town house at Great Cumberland Place, in the West End of London, to-day, all talk of Australia was immediately banned.

They received me just after lunch, at which they had been entertaining Princess Victoria and Lady Dalkeith.

Lord Airlie is tall and broad-shouldered, with black hair. His blue eyes are accentuated by a very bronzed complexion from the recent days spent on his Perthshire moors at Gateway in the Scottish Highlands.

He is genial and easy-mannered, and possesses a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

Lady Airlie is petite and blonde. She has the most beautiful hands. Her charming smile reveals perfect teeth. Moreover, she is gifted with a pleasant speaking voice, and her musical laugh is well known.

She was dressed, when I called on her, in a beige supple satin afternoon frock, severely cut in the new between knee-and-ankle length manner. She looked remarkably smart, and extraordinarily young to be the mother of six strapping children, the eldest of whom is a nearly grown-up daughter, while the youngest is a baby.

### What They Said

Lord Airlie said: "We are, of course, pleased to talk to you, but cannot quite see why you wish it, as we are quite unimportant people, really.

"I cannot understand this rumor or how it got about. However, we will talk no more about that."

Here Lady Airlie smiled and said, "It's all very embarrassing, I'm sure."

Asked about herself and her particular interests, she said: "Well, I have a family of six, and naturally, like all mothers, am most interested in children, and child welfare. I am on several committees connected with this work, and am interested in modern attempts to build up happy, healthy, and intelligent future generations.

"As a mother of a more or less large family, I naturally understand and sympathise with children, and think that some of their problems are quite as real as our grown-up worries."

LORD AIRLIE is pre-eminently a sportsman; a man of the open air, he dismissed his interests with a smile, saying that the management of his estates in Scotland took up most of his time.

He hunts, shoots, fishes and takes an interest in racing. His heir is Lord Ogilvy, still a little boy of nine.

**Lady Airlie was formerly Lady Alexandra Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. She was married in 1917 when Lord Airlie was the last man in London to ride to his wedding on horseback. He was then on war leave.**

HE won the Military Cross during the war.

His mother, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and one of her oldest friends. She always wears hats which show off her beautiful white hair, and generally wears a brooch-watch at the breast.

The traditional home of the Airlies is Cortachy Castle, Perthshire, which is built in the chateau style and is alleged to be haunted.

There is an old Scottish ballad, "Bonnie House of Airlie," written round a legend when the family played an active part in the 1715 rebellion at the time when the Old Pretender made a bid for the British Throne.

## Where to Find


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# PRINCESS MARINA is *Shopping for a* LAYETTE

## *Greek Refugees Fashioning Exquisite Garments for Expected Royal Baby*

*From MARY ST. CLAIRE — by Air Mail.*

**Now that it is generally known that the stork is hovering over the home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, keen interest is being evinced in the preparations for the expected Royal infant.**

**Wherever I see two or three women deeply absorbed in a conversation, I feel sure they are talking layettes, and how greatly is she envied who is able to impart any exclusive scrap of information about the latest wee garment to be ordered by Princess Marina for the happy event.**

GREEK refugees in London, and returned soldiers in Lord Roberts' workshops are among the many who will benefit from the work entailed in fashioning the garments and furnishing the nursery.

Greek women are adept at hand-embroidery, and many refugees have had reason to bless their mastery of needlecraft, for there is always a steady demand in England for exquisite needlework.

Princess Marina, always deeply compassionate of the plight of many of her unhappy compatriots, is distributing much of the work of the layette among refugees. She has picked out individual cases of hardship and given work to each.

**All the tiny garments she has ordered are in the very palest pastel shades of pink, blue, green, primrose, and cream. They are being beautifully adorned with smocking, hemstitching, and embroidery.**

THE Princess has visited Lord Roberts' workshop for returned soldiers to look at nursery furniture, but, as yet, has not chosen anything. She was especially delighted with the primrose-tinted pieces, however. Primrose is the latest color for the nursery, and is particularly delightful for the nurseries of winter babies, as its color approximates that of mild sunshine.

Princess Marina is quite skilled in layette shopping, as she recently bought, in London, the layette for her sister's baby. So far, however, she has placed no orders on her own account with the firms who supplied the clothes for her sister's baby.

### *Half a Million Silkworms as Hobby*

**From Our London Office, by Air Mail.**

**A WOMAN has been working for six years to restore the silk-making industry in Great Britain. Lady Hart Dyke has half a million silkworms hatching out at her home, the historic Lullington Castle in Kent, where already about 12,000 mulberry trees have been planted to provide their essential food.**

**Lady Hart Dyke hopes that by the end of the summer she may have proved that silkworm rearing is a profitable industry.**

**By next year she hopes to have established it as a sound commercial proposition.**

# OUR JOAN *will Play in* AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

**From JOAN HARTIGAN, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly — by cable.**

***Now that we have had a week's rest, Wimbledonitis has worn off and all those who vowed they were sick of tennis are anxious to get back to the courts.***

DOROTHY ROUND has reconsidered her decision and will play in the Wightman Cup, which will undoubtedly increase Britain's chances.

I felt I didn't want to play any more, but like the others have recovered and played in an exhibition match with Prenn (Germany) against Fred Perry and Miss Harvey at Felixstowe, winning one set each.

Prenn and Perry subsequently played an exhibition, Prenn winning. There are several of these exhibition matches being played, but they really serve as practice.

Actually we are in the tennis doldrums until the American national championships at Forest Hills. I doubt if these will change the Wimbledon singles results very much, as Wimbledon winners all deserve their victories and undoubtedly this competition picks the cream of the tennis world, particularly since the champions have to play through, which means the winners must be in top form all the time.

We are all delighted that Hopman and his wife got to the finals, which was a particularly good performance, their defeat by Perry and Round—world singles champions—even showing they are a splendid doubles pair.

Quist's volleying and smashing brought us the men's doubles championship, but Crawford's headwork provided Quist with openings.

**I leave for America next month, where I will play in several good tournaments, and hope to have a shot at the national championships.**

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## Let's Talk Of Interesting People

TOLSTOY'S DAUGHTER

COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY, daughter of the famous author, is the latest contributor to the history of those terrible years in Russia after 1917. Her book, "I Worked For The Soviet," recently completed, begins with the dispersing of the Russian armies in 1917.

At one time Countess Alexandra was in command of a hospital unit close to the actual fighting-line.

In 1919 she was arrested on a charge of aiding the counter-revolutionaries, but was acquitted, and allowed to live in Moscow, though still under suspicion.

Later she was sent to a prison camp for three years, and then to Yasnaia Polina to begin educational work on the Tolstoyian principles, but she did not do this for long, as public feeling was against her. She has since given a series of lectures in Japan.

POLITICAL ORGANISER

MRS. A. BOUNDY, a prominent member of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia, has been organiser for some years in the Sturt district. She has been instrumental in interesting many women in political affairs. She is secretary of the Mitcham Political Study Circle and has done active work for the Liberal Women's Educational Association as Press reporter, convenor of its Literary Society, and as a capable debater. She carried on classes on public speaking for some time in connection with the L.W.E.A., and is now in charge of its culture class.

Mrs. Boundy is a foundation member of the S.A. Poetry Society.

VERSATILE BEAUTY

LADY DIANA COOPER, who is considered one of London's most beautiful women, is particularly interested in literature and art.

She very ably assists her husband with his political work, and runs a flower shop in Berkeley Square.

Lady Cooper is the possessor of perfect features and a pink and white complexion. Recently half a dozen people, including famous artists, were asked their opinion as to what English woman was still as beautiful as any debutante, and the unanimous reply was—Lady Cooper.

Lady Cooper at one time was a film star, but of late she is leading a life of less constant publicity.

# HIGHLIGHTS *from an Australian's* TRIP ACROSS *the* WORLD

**It is not everyone who is fortunate enough to travel, and it is not everyone, who is fortunate enough, who travels intelligently—with the eyes and the mind open.**

**When such a traveller is found, and she is a woman, and is able to travel where she wants to, she is bound to have an interesting time.**

***Mrs. Linda P. Littlejohn is one of the most alert and open-minded of travellers. At present she is in London after having attended the conference of the International Alliance of Women's Suffrage and Equal Citizenship in Turkey.***

***Her experiences on her trip through the East to England have been many and varied. Here are some of them.***

**By LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN**

VIENNA—a recent snap of Europe's most romantic city, which Mrs. Littlejohn will visit before she returns to Australia.

I THOUGHT Australia was the land of strikes in excelsis, but in Beirut we found three strikes in progress at once—a lawyers' strike, a milk strike, and a chauffeurs' strike.

We didn't need a lawyer, the hotel saw to it that we did get milk, but alas! we could not get a car from Baalbek to Beirut, so had to get a train, which took seven hours to go 80 miles—over the Lebanon mountains; glorious scenery, but so slowly did the train travel that the guard continually came along the outside footboard of the train to collect the tickets!

## Meeting Royalty

WE boarded an Italian boat at Beirut and found aboard some Royalty.

They were the Duke and Duchess of Segova. He is the son of the ex-King Alfonso of Spain, and is on his honeymoon, having recently married the daughter of an Italian nobleman.

The son is exactly like the pictures we have always seen of King Alfonso. He is very tall and dark, with small moustache, and very protruding lips, the lower one very overhanging.

The Duchess is of average height, very attractive, and smart. Landing at Rhodes to sightsee for four hours, she wore a pale grey coat and skirt, black glace blouse embroidered with white spots, a little perky black Tyrolean toque with bag, lips, and finger-nails to match—all bright red!

## Four Wives

THERE is great need for a "woman's movement" with its wide humanitarianism in Armenia.

For one thing the Arab women need a champion. The Mohammedan religion allows a man four wives. If he tries one and wishes another, he can easily divorce one, get another, and so keep within the law. He merely goes to the Sheik and says:

**"My wife does not obey me."**

**"Well, bring two witnesses," says the Sheik, and he brings along any two men who will say anything—and the divorce is granted and the woman sent back to her parents.**

## In Turkey

IT is given to very few men to secure an interview with Ataturk, therefore it was all the more exciting when it was announced that Kamal Ataturk would receive a few of the delegates who were visiting Turkey for the Suffrage Alliance Congress.

The lucky women found themselves not only the recipients of the invitation to see the great man, but also that they were the guests of the Turkish Government from the moment they left their hotel till they returned to it.

The hour fixed for the great audience was five p.m., and just a few minutes previous to this the party arrived at the Palace, which commands a lovely view, and reminds one a little of Canberra.

The guests, about 21 in number, formed themselves in a circle in the large audience chamber, and shortly afterwards Kamal Ataturk, accompanied by seven of his staff and Ministers, entered.

He looks a man of tremendous force and strength of will, rather short of stature, with a definitely Mongolian type of face crowned with straight dark hair. He has extraordinarily arresting eyes of a blue-grey color, rather like the eyes of a seagull, and seems, while still looking straight at one, to be able to move his eyes so as to see all that is happening on either side—not much would miss him. He was immaculately dressed in morning coat, dark striped trousers, and wore a black tie.

THE MUNICIPAL Tenement Houses at Vienna. A social experiment which Mrs. Littlejohn will investigate during her next trip to Europe.

Although he can speak French he will only speak Turkish, so all conversation had to be carried on through an interpreter, which somewhat slackened the speed and ardor of the interview. He remained with the guests about two hours, and had a chat with each one. "I have made a huge experiment in granting freedom to our women," he said, "and it remains for them to show me it is a success." Referring to his nation-building he remarked, "I have transformed a dying into an independent nation. I have given to the people a new alphabet, a purer language, a national history and equality between men and women. Turkey wishes to be a useful, industrious, and peaceful member of society, and to that end she will give her whole-hearted support to the League of Nations. I want Turkish women to extend the hand of friendship to women of all countries."

## A Bombshell?

LATER, news came through that Ataturk had ordered the disbandment of the women's organisation, whose members were the hostesses at the recent congress. The reason he gave was that now men and women are equal, and since he has not permitted men to have organisations women do not need them either.

Women have nothing to unite and fight for, he says, for he has willingly given them complete equality with men in all things, education, professions, Government appointments, and even insisted that seventeen be elected to this present Parliament.

He does not wish men and women to be segregated, but rather to have them as co-workers, side by side, putting forth every effort to build a great nation.

## Back in London

NEVER before has such a galaxy of beauty and talent assembled on these boards, or filled this historic theatre, as congregated there recently when the British people and the British stage paid homage to Marie Tempest at Drury Lane.

It was no benefit matinee, no farewell, but a performance to celebrate her fifty years' connection with the stage, and it marked just one more milestone in a career which is by no means finished.

All seats were sold out last March within a few hours of the opening of the plan, so it was somewhat of an effort for a late-comer to secure a seat at all.

**Before the performance Marie Tempest met the King and Queen in the ante-room of the Royal Box, and received from them signed photographs of Their Majesties.**

## Famous Players

IT is impossible to enumerate all the famous players who participated in that matinee—to mention merely a few: Yvonne Arnaud, Margaret Rawlings, Gladys Cooper, Godfrey Tearle, Irene Vanbrugh, Ivor Novello, Ellaline Terriss and Sir Seymour Hicks, Sir John Martin-Harvey, Edith Evans, Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Diana Wynyard, Sara Allgood, Lily Elsie, Owen Nares, Viola Tree, Barbara Hoffe, Iris Hoey . . . One could write dozens more.

The final item, "The Players' Masque for Marie Tempest" was specially written by John Drinkwater. In this John Gielgud, wonderfully garbed as Mercury, summoned great actors, past and present, to come to honor Marie Tempest—thus the stage became slowly filled with celebrities, over 200 of them, each one entering to the words of a suitable couplet.

## For Charity

THOSE present-day actors who could, appeared in their most famous parts—George Robey as Falstaff, Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Trilby . . . those who had passed away were represented by others as, for instance, Lewis Casson appeared as Sir John Hare in a "Pair of Spectacles" . . . nor was Henry Irving forgotten. Dame Sybil, alas, could not be present—she was playing in Birmingham.

When this magnificently-dressed and brilliant company were all assembled a messenger arrived to say that Marie Tempest "was without." And then she appeared, carried in on a triumphal chair. She stepped down—a lovely figure in shimmering pink. She spoke the words assigned her in the Masque—and the curtain fell.

**The proceeds, over £5000, were donated by Marie Tempest to St. George's Hospital, to be devoted to a ward for the use of actors and actresses.**


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"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your cream my bust measurement was 36 inches, and now it is 39 inches."—Miss A.L. (C., N.S.W.).

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICES AT ANY TIME.


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# OUR WONDERFUL *Books Arrived* from ENGLAND

## Beautiful Binding, Magnificent Pictures, Unequalled Value!

**To thousands of readers who reserved "The Silver Jubilee Book" and the "Illustrated Family Doctor," we make the welcome announcement that the first shipments of these wonderful books arrived during the past few days by the Cathay, Orsova, and Mooltan.**

**We announced last week that distribution would commence on July 17, and to keep faith with our readers we immediately arranged for special delivery from the steamers of the hundreds of cases in which the books were packed.**

**A SPECIAL office for the delivery of these books will be opened on the ground floor of The Australian Women's Weekly office at 321 Pitt Street, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. on and after Wednesday, July 17.**

*(ABOVE): Members of our special staff unpacking the "Illustrated Family Doctor" and "The Silver Jubilee Book," which arrived during the week.*

*The "Illustrated Family Doctor" is a book for every member of the family. Here is one young reader who finds it of absorbing interest.*

A SPECIAL office staff has been working at high pressure preparing for the rush of thousands who will be impatient to secure their books on Wednesday.

Both are excellent books. Everybody will be pleased with the handsome binding and the magnificent quality of the illustrations. Both volumes represent outstanding value.

The "Illustrated Family Doctor" is primarily a medical encyclopaedia of reference and a standby which should be in every home in case of emergency. "The Silver Jubilee Book" is a magnificent story in pictures of the twenty-five eventful years of the reign of King George and Queen Mary, and from an artistic and photographic point of view nothing to excel it has ever reached Australia.

### Prepared for Rush

IN order to keep faith with our readers immediate delivery of the hundreds of cases of books was taken from the ships on their arrival, and a special staff has been engaged in preparing for the first rush of hundreds, and probably thousands, who will be impatient to secure their book treasures on Wednesday.

We have already undertaken that all who have carried out their part of the contract by reserving their books and collecting the necessary tokens will be assured of receiving a copy of the particular volume they applied for, but it will be necessary for those who wish to participate in the first shipments to send or bring in their tokens without delay, together with the price of the books as announced, 4/- for the "Illustrated Family Doctor," and 5/- for "The Silver Jubilee Book."

Those readers who are unable to call for their volumes for any reason are again advised that, on receipt of the necessary tokens, together with the price of the books and 1/- to cover postage, the books will be despatched to any address given at the earliest possible moment, and should reach the most outlying parts of the State before the end of the present month.


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# SPENT a NIGHT *in Japanese* PRISON!

## Australian Woman's Experience

**To be taken prisoner, to spend a night in gaol, and then to have to pay for such "board and lodging," was the unpleasant experience related by Mrs. Gertrude Edwards, of Sydney, who left Australia eighteen months ago to tour Japan. She returned to Sydney last Saturday.**

**When a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly called on Mrs. Edwards she looked none the worse for her experience, but she described it as both upsetting and humiliating, and said that she is not likely to visit the land of cherry-blossoms again.**

FOND of ski-ing and travelling, Mrs. Edwards disembarked at Nagasaki and went south to Kagoshima. She was, she says, sitting in her room at her hotel after dinner, when, answering a knock at the door, she was confronted by a man in plain clothes who demanded to see her passport.

After glancing at it, he dramatically said, "You are a prisoner."

"What for—why?" said Mrs. Edwards.

"You must not and cannot ask the police questions," was the answer. "Come with me."

"Could you not resist him?" the interviewer asked Mrs. Edwards.

"Oh, no, it was quite useless, I just had to obey. But I was annoyed and nervous."

She was taken to the police station, she continued, and put in a cell overlooking the prison yards, and told, "Sleep there."

"But there is no bed," said Mrs. Edwards, "and I am shivering with the cold. I shall never sleep."

Her complaint was not in vain. They went out and got her a bed.

Next morning at 11.30 she was given breakfast, and after having had her photo taken, and being asked numerous ridiculous questions, she was asked to pay a yen for her bed and breakfast before she was released.

"Did you not want to go straight back to Australia?" asked the interviewer, but Mrs. Edwards said: "No, I wanted to enjoy my holiday, and there were so many things I wanted to see."

Mrs. Edwards left Australia with plenty of influential letters to important people in Japan, but these appeared to be useless. Wherever Mrs. Edwards went she was watched and followed, but was never taken prisoner again.

**Mrs. Edwards has come to the conclusion that she was suspected of being a member of the circle of international spies.**

### Unfortunate

MRS. EDWARDS is apparently not the only tourist who has been subject to such treatment. She says an American schoolteacher was taken prisoner, and the Chief Commissioner of Police of Los Angeles spent 11 days in capture.

In all her travels Mrs. Edwards says she has never had anything but kindness and courtesy shown her in any country, British or foreign, until this unfortunate incident.

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# GAY ADVENTURE

By GEORGETTE HEYER

Author of "These Old Shades," "Death in the Stocks," etc., etc.

## in those DARE-DEVIL days when men WERE men and women seductively COY

*ON their way to London to participate in the social gaieties of the early nineteenth century, Miss Judith Taverner and her brother, Sir Peregrine, heirs to a large fortune who are nearing their majorities, encounter at Grantham a well-dressed and apparently well-to-do young stranger, whose manner proved extremely provoking.*

*Meeting Judith walking alone he tossed her into his carriage, kissed her, and drove back to Grantham, where Peregrine challenged him to a duel to avenge the insult to his sister. Judith, who plans her own revenge, restrains him.*

*For their rooms in crowded Grantham they are obliged to another stranger, who gave up his accommodation and vanished without giving his name. Peregrine, at a prize fight in the town, meets Henry Fitzjohn, just down from Oxford.*

*Brother and sister set out again next day for London. They call on their guardian, Lord Worth, hitherto a stranger to them. The meeting is a shock—Lord Worth is the stealer of kisses in Grantham. The Taverner guardianship had descended to him following the death of his father, and he makes it clear that it is no less distasteful to him than it is to Judith and Peregrine, but he is determined to fulfil his obligations.*

*He leases a London home for the Taverners, and Mrs. Scattergood is chosen as a chaperon for Judith.*

Now read on.

### Continuity

**WHEN falls the last dark dream and I may rest,**
**Deep set in fragrant bush my couch should lie,**
**Where blossoms snare wild bee and butterfly**
**And flitting birds will sing and preen and nest.**

**While tall trees slowly climb the rocky breast**
**Of vine-clad gorges, striving for the sky,**
**Where winds and clouds make play in hasting by,**
**To have the creek below repeat the jest.**

**I shall sleep well, content there be no need**
**Of me or any human arrogance.**
**For Beauty still will wake, that Love may leap**
**To perfume, color, music, without heed;**
**And always there will be the immanence**
**Of Day's necessities—e'en while I sleep.**

**—Miriam Chamberlin.**

*"My good boy, are you emulating the style of Mr. Fitzjohn and his associates, or is that monstrous erection round your neck due merely to the clumsiness of your valet?" asked Lord Worth.*

*Illustrated by* BOOTHROYD

CHAPTER 5.

THE events and impressions of her first week in London left Miss Taverner with her brain in a whirl. On the very afternoon of the day she and Peregrine called on their guardian he not only brought Mrs. Scattergood to see her, but later sent Mr. Blackader to discuss the question of servants.

Mrs. Scattergood took Miss Taverner's breath away. She was a very thin lady of no more than medium height, certainly on the wrong side of forty, but dressed in an amazingly youthful fashion, with her improbably chestnut-colored hair cropped short at the back, and crimped into curls in front, and her sharp, lively countenance painted in a lavish style that quite shocked the country-bred Judith.

She was dressed in a semi-transparent gown of jaconet muslin, made up to the throat with a treble ruff of pointed lace, and fastened down the back with innumerable little buttons. Her gown ended in a broad embroidered flounce, and on her feet she had lace stockings and yellow kid Roman boots. A lavender chip hat, tied under her chin with long yellow ribands, was placed over a small white satin cap beneath, and she carried a long-handled parasol, and a silk reticule.

Her twinkling eyes absorbed Judith at a glance. She stepped back as though to see the girl in perspective, and then nodded briskly. "I am charmed! My dear Worth, I am quite charmed! You must, you shall let me have the dressing of you, child! What is your name—oh no, not that stiff Miss Taverner! Judith! Worth, what do you stay for? I am to talk of fashion, you know. You must go at once!"

Miss Taverner, who had intended politely to decline Mrs. Scattergood's services, felt powerless. The Earl made his bow, and left them together, and Mrs. Scattergood immediately took one of Judith's shapely hands in her own tightly-gloved ones, and said coaxingly: "You will let me come and live with you, won't you? I am shockingly expensive, but you won't mind that, I daresay. Oh, you are looking at my gown, and thinking what a very odd appearance I present. You see, I am not pretty, not in the least, never was, and so I have to be odd. Nothing for it! It answers delightfully. And so Worth has taken a house for you in Brook Street! Just as it should be: a charming situation! You know, I have quite made up my mind to it you are to be the rage. I think I should come to you at once. Grillon's! Well, I suppose there is no more genteel hotel in town, but a young lady alone—oh, you have a brother, but what is the use of that? I had better have my boxes packed up immediately. How I do run on! You don't wish me to live with you at all, I daresay. But a cousin in Kensington! You would find she would not add to your consequence, my dear. I am sure, a dowdy old lady. She would not else be living in Kensington, take my word for it."

So Miss Taverner yielded, and that very evening her chaperon arrived at Grillon's in a light coach weighed down by trunks and bandboxes.

Mr. Blackader, who sent in his card at about four o'clock in the afternoon, was much more easily dealt with. He was a shy young man, who looked at the heiress with undisguised admiration. He seemed to be extremely conscientious, and most anxious to oblige. He frowned over the credentials of at least a dozen servants, and fluttered over the leaves of a sheaf of papers until Miss Taverner laughingly implored him to stop.

Mr. Blackader's solemnity disappeared into something remarkably like a grin. "Well, do you know, ma'am, I think if you was to let me settle it all for you it would be quicker done?" he suggested apologetically.

So it was arranged. Mr. Blackader hurried away to engage a cook, and Miss Taverner walked out to take a peep at London.

## Judith meets Beau Brummell

SHE turned into Piccadilly, and knew herself to be in the heart of the fashionable quarter. There was so much to see, so much to wonder at! She had not believed so many modish people to exist, while as for the carriages, she had never seen any so elegant. The shops, the buildings were all delightful. There was the famous Hachards, with its bow windows filled with all the newest publications. She could almost fancy that the gentleman coming out of the shop was the great Mr. Scott himself, or, perhaps, if the author of the "Lady of the Lake" was in Scotland (which was sadly probable) it might be Mr. Rogers, whose "Pleasures of Memory" had beguiled so many leisure moments.

She went into the shop, and came out again, after an enchanting half-hour spent in turning over any number of books, with a copy of Mr. Southey's latest poem, "The Curse of Kehama," under her arm.

When she returned to Grillon's her chaperon had arrived, and was awaiting her. Miss Taverner entered in upon her in an impetuous fashion, and cried out: "Oh, ma'am, only to think of Hachard's at our very door! To be able to purchase any book in the world there, as I am sure one may!"

"Lord, my dear!" said Mrs. Scattergood in some dismay. "Never say you are bookish! Poems! Oh well, there can be no harm in that, one must be able to talk of the latest poems if they happen to become the rage. 'Marmion!' I liked that excessively, I remember, though it was too long for me to finish. They say this young man who has been doing such odd things abroad is becoming the fashion, but I don't know. He was excessively rude to poor Lord Carlisle in that horrid poem of his. I cannot like him for it, besides that someone or other was telling me there is bad blood in all the Byrons. But, of course, if he is to be the fashion one must keep an eye on him. Let me warn you, my love, never be behind the times!"

It was the first of many pieces of wordly wisdom. Miss Taverner, led from warehouse to warehouse, from milliner to bootmaker, had others instilled into her head. She learned that no lady would be seen driving or walking down St. James Street; that every lady must be sure of being seen promenading in Hyde Park between the hours of five and six. She must not dare to dance the waltz until she had been approved by the Patronnesses of Almack's; she must not want to be wearing warm pelisses or shawls; the lightest of wraps must suffice her in all weathers; she need extend only the barest civility towards such an one; she must be conciliating to such another. And, above all, most important, most vital, she must move Heaven and earth to earn Mr. Brummell's approval.

"If Mr. Brummell should not think you the thing, you are lost!" said Mrs. Scattergood impressively. "Nothing could save you from social ruin, take my word for it. He has but to lift his eyebrow at you, and the whole world will know that he finds nothing to admire in you."

Miss Taverner's antagonism was instantly aroused. "I do not care that for Mr. Brummell!" she said.

Mrs. Scattergood gave a faint scream, and implored her to be careful.

Miss Taverner, however, was heartily tired of the sound of the dandy's name. Mr. Brummell had invented the starched neckcloth; Mr. Brummell had started the fashion of white tops to riding-boots; Mr. Brummell had laid it down that no gentleman could be seen driving in a hackney carriage; Mr. Brummell had his own sedan chair, lined and cushioned with white satin; Mr. Brummell had abandoned a military career because his regiment had been ordered to Manchester; Mr. Brummell had decreed that none of the bow-window set at White's would acknowledge salutations from acquaintances in the street if they were seated in the club window. And Mr. Brummell, said Mrs. Scattergood, would give her one of his stinging act-downs if she offended his notions of propriety.

"Will he?" said Miss Taverner, a martial light in her eye. "Will he, indeed?"

She was annoyed to find her brother inclined to be impressed by the shadow of this uncrowned king of fashion. Peregrine went to be measured for some suits of clothes at Weston's, escorted by Mr. Fitzjohn, and when he debated over two rolls of cloth, unable to decide between them, the tailor coughed, and said helpfully: "The Prince Regent, sir, prefers superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating, but it is immaterial which you choose: you must be right. Suppose, sir, we say the Bath coating?—I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference."

PEREGRINE'S days during that first week were quite as full as his sister's. His friend, Mr. Fitzjohn, took him thoroughly in hand. When he was not being fitted for boots at Hoby's, or hats at Lock's, he was choosing fobs in Wells Street, or riding off to Longacre to look at a tilbury, or knowingly inspecting carriage-horses at Tattersall's.

The house in Brook Street, somewhat to Miss Taverner's annoyance, proved to be admirable in every respect, the saloons handsome, and the furnishings just what she liked. She was installed there within three days of seeing Mr. Blackader, and a number of her new gowns having been delivered in neat bandboxes, her hair having been fashionably cut, and her maid taught to dress it in several approved classical styles, Mrs. Scattergood declared her to be ready to receive morning callers.

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*In a few minutes a fire was blazing. Graves sat there, with the [illegible] blaze of it leaping across his strong, ugly face; and Janet, from the opposite side of the fire, watched him curiously.*

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

# RISE and FALL

## GRAVES was just a fetch-and-carry man; but now ... well; he no longer felt like a serf!

By -- Arthur Savage

THE tiny launch swung round the bend of the river, green leaves and twigs brushing over it. A floating tree, swirling out into mid-stream, bumped heavily across her bows. The small craft shivered violently, taking in a few cupfuls of dirty, blackish-green water as she lurched giddily under the overhanging saiyu trees.

Janet, thrown sideways by the shock, collided with Graves, who was making desperate efforts to keep the launch from running into the black mud-flats, where she would have stuck like a fly on gumpaper.

Graves steadied Janet expertly, one big not very clean hand gripping her arm like a vice. The girl shook it off impatiently, as the launch righted and swung a slender nose towards the murky landing stage.

"Didn't you notice that tree before we actually hit it?" she snapped at him, her eyes lit by a mixture of fear, relief, anger and a sort of contempt.

"No, ma'm," said Graves, stolidly respectful. "There was a black patch just under those trees and—"

"We might both have been in the river," she said, and shuddered slightly, as she stared at the filth swirling past the landing-stage.

"Yes, ma'm," said Graves, and shut off the motor, bringing the launch round against the strong tide, her side bumping gently below the short green steps which led to the platform above.

He put out his hand to assist her, but with an imperious gesture she brushed it aside and leapt out quickly, running up the steps without a backward look at him.

GRAVES stood in the bottom of the rocking craft, his eyes half-closed, his mouth grim and bitter at the edges. In the darkness above he could distinguish a vague shape, a man; and Graves knew it must be Collins himself.

He was holding a hurricane lamp over his head and the yellow gleam filtered down across the slime-coated steps, where the river bubbled and sucked.

Instinctively, still with that grim, bitter expression on his face, Graves measured the level of the river against the stone walls. The water was still rising—and rising with alarming swiftness, too.

Graves shrugged a pair of very strong and capable shoulders. For the last month it had rained steadily, and the river was now become a surging, terrifying thing—a monster with life and hate and madness in it.

And the floodwater was scarcely upon them yet. Mighty masses of it were still roaring and pouring down towards the river mouth and the sea. Graves had seen a river go mad before. He had seen whole native villages swept away, people and cattle drowning like insects.

He glanced up at the sky, just where it showed above the twisted blackness of the New Guinea jungle. A weird green brightness seemed to stream from it, like an illumination, although there wasn't a star to be seen. The sky had looked just like that when the Stigani had burst down through the jungle, carrying the wreckage of a hundred villages to the Gulf of Papua.

There was a scraping sound above and then Graves saw Collins peering down at him, the lamp thrust forward so that the reflection struck across Graves' face.

"LISTEN, you down there," said Collins, with fierce scorn, "what's wrong with you? Are you drunk, or just—incapable?"

Graves stared upward, making no reply. He was used to being treated like a dog or something much worse than a dog. Collins always treated him like that. So did Westgate, Janet's brother; and even Janet herself at times.

"Get those things out of the launch and bring them up to the house right away," Collins ordered. "Don't stand staring, man! Hurry."

"Very good, sir," said Graves, and turned to collect the various packages which Janet had left lying in the bottom of the boat.

Scowling, Graves climbed the steps and proceeded across the landing-stage towards the Westgate plantation.

The natives were all in their huts, asleep; even the bright green vastness of the Papuan jungle seemed slumbering. An odd, eerie stillness was in the night.

For an instant it filled Graves with a kind of superstitious alarm. He found himself wondering if it were just the unnatural calm before the storm.

Slowly he climbed the steep ladder to the house itself. He could hear a gramophone playing a fox trot. He knocked on the door and waited. It opened and Janet herself stood there, laughing back over her shoulder at Collins.

She was silhouetted against the lamplight, slim, young, beautiful to Graves. He had always considered her to be beautiful.

Her hair was short and smooth, like polished copper, with tiny ringlets round her ears. Her mouth was a small splash of scarlet, and there was the vividness of life—and love and laughter—in her eyes.

"What on earth are you staring at?" she asked.

Graves flushed slowly. He put down the packages and turned to go. Westgate said sharply:

"Next time you take my sister down to Port Moresby, Graves, I think you'd better make the return trip by daylight. Understand?"

Graves looked at him.

"Yes, sir, I understand," he said.

"All right," Westgate grunted; "you can go now."

Graves went, splashing through the black mud below the house. He went into his primitive quarters a little distance from the Papuan compound, shut the door, and flung himself into a chair.

After a time he lit the wick of a cheap oil lamp, walked to the wall and stood surveying his reflection in the broken mirror which hung there. His eyes were clear and steady, his mind held neither fear nor favor.

He wasn't much to look at. Certainly no one could ever have accused him of being good-looking. He was, in fact, an ugly man; but there was a kind of strength in his face which made up for the lack of beauty in it—more than made up for it, perhaps.

Well, he was what he was. Nothing more, nothing less. And that didn't amount to a very great deal, when you came to work it out.

He had come up-river without a shilling in his pocket, hungry, dirty—a beachcomber of the Papuan hinterland, a beggar. And Westgate had given him work just like a man throwing a bone to a starving dog.

Graves hadn't resented that attitude at first. He was used to being treated that way. His resentment had begun from the moment he had seen Janet Westgate. Graves had never tried to reason the matter out. He wasn't the reasoning kind. He just knew what he felt, that was all.

Something about Janet Westgate had impressed him. He got to watching her furtively, afraid lest she might notice his interest—and perhaps resent it. He knew instinctively that she would resent it. Not that she treated him the same as the others, quite. There was a certain degree of variation in all of them.

Collins treated him like a bit of dirt, mostly. Westgate's attitude was that of a man towards a rather useful dog which he would not allow inside the house. Janet always treated him like a servant, never rudely or inconsiderately; just like a good mistress would treat her gardener or stable hand.

Graves might have been content with that; but somehow he wasn't. Maybe it was the burnished copper of her hair, the smallness and crimson of her lips, or the life and love and laughter in her eyes. Or, maybe. . .

ONE thing Graves did know. She was engaged to Collins, going to marry Collins some day. Westgate had told him about that.

No business of his, of course. And yet, for some obscure reason, Graves often sat and thought about it. He used to wonder what a girl like Janet Westgate could see in a man like Collins. Queer creatures, women.

Graves ate his supper and undressed and climbed into his bed, which was somehow very much like a ship's bunk, set high against the wall. But he didn't sleep. He lay staring up into the darkness, and all he could see was Janet's face, smiling down at him a trifle haughtily, but not with the anger and contempt of Collins and Westgate.

Graves smiled, too, and shut his eyes tightly. And after a time he slept. A deep, dull booming sound woke him suddenly. He started up, staring, listening. In the night, above that strange booming, he could hear the frightened cries of Papuan women and children from the compound.

In a flash Graves was out of bed. As he jumped to the floor, seeking for his matches, he felt his feet splashing through icy, black water. He found the matches, struck one. The hut floor was already more than a foot under water.

Hastily he dragged on his clothes and waded to the door, pulling it open. Something crashed out of the blackness as he did so; a young saiyu tree, literally torn up by the roots by the swirling black deluge which was now sweeping down towards the Gulf of Papua, increasing in volume every moment.

Graves knew at once what must have happened. The dam at Woona Creek must have burst before the weight of floodwater. The whole jungle between the mountains and the sea might be swept to oblivion.

Fear shook him suddenly, but not fear for his own safety. With a husky shout he began to run across the landing platform towards the house. A light had already sprung up from one of the rooms. He could hear Westgate bawling at the top of his voice.

Papuan men and women were fleeing past him in the darkness, some of them carrying goods and chattels, many with young children in their arms. Instinctively, like a scared herd of animals, they were making for the hills. Graves knew that they would be safe if they could reach them in time.

He let them go, knowing that it was the better way, and kept on towards the house. As he reached the foot of the ladder the door above was flung open and he saw Westgate, half-clad, pushing Collins and Janet on to the ladder.

"Get down to the launch and wait for me," he shouted, ignoring Graves altogether.

Janet protested hotly. Collins, fear written deep in his face, snatched her off the verandah and came stumbling down to the platform with her. Together, as Graves stood there, they began to run towards the launch.

Suddenly, just as they had almost reached it, a huge wave of black water broke breast-high across the landing platform, sweeping them from it as if they had been two ants. A sort of shudder shook Graves then. He sprang forward, battling madly with the swirling mass of water, flung about like a cork, yet fighting with powerful arms towards Janet and Collins.

He reached them. A bit of wood had struck Collins a glancing blow on the side of the head. He was as white as chalk, gasping, half-drowned.

Graves swept towards them, carried by the fierce tide. Dimly, through the avalanche of darkness, he saw something raft-like swirling by—one of the walls of his own hut, wrenched apart by the fury of the flood.

He grasped it, scrambling across it. Standing upright, balanced like some acrobat, he reached down into the water and dragged Janet on to the raft.

COLLINS seemed to have disappeared. But next instant Graves saw him again, his head bobbing up and down. Graves got him, too; and Collins lay there on his back, like a dead man, for a long time.

Suddenly Graves felt Janet clawing at him like a cat.

"We can't leave Jack!" she cried, her face as white as a sheet, and her eyes burning out of it like bits of flame.

Graves stared at the tumbling, heaving flood.

"Well, we can't go back for him—now," he said, with a stolidity which might have been mistaken for indifference. "Maybe the house'll stand, or he'll get to the launch, if she hasn't been sunk."

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## A Complete Short Story!

## My Favorite Poem

A LITTLE work, a little play,
To keep us going, and so, good day.

A little warmth, a little light,
Of love's bestowing, and so, good night.

A little fun to match the sorrow,
Of each day's growing, and so, good morrow.

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so, good-bye.

—Extract from "Trilby," by George Du Maurier.

Sent in by Mrs. Helen Robinson, Wewak, New Guinea.

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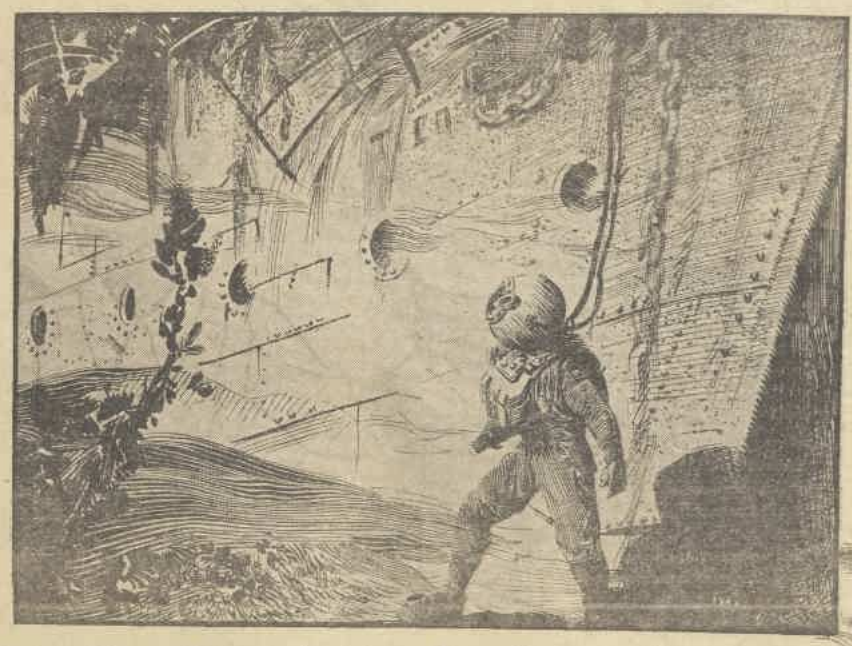
# THE LEGACY



*Almost two hundred feet below the sea Blake was finding his manhood again . . . His legacy was helping him to do it!*

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

*He staggered grimly on. He would get to the Glaston Castle, even if he died in doing it. Then, out of the whirling, slipping gloom of the sea, he saw the shape of something—a ship!*

*By . . .* **Charles Dalton**

"AND to my son William, in recognition of his inglorious services to the company, I will and bequeath the wreck of the Glaston Castle . . ."

The sardonic words seemed to repeat themselves over and over again in Bill Blake's head as he walked along the shore. But he wasn't surprised, or even hurt. He might have expected something of the sort from the Old Man, with his grim, unrelenting nature, his exacting sense of discipline, his bitter, ironic humor.

His two younger brothers, Andrew and James, were both wealthy men now; he himself was little better than a beachcomber.

Well, maybe he deserved it. When a man in a responsible position makes a blunder and loses life, he can't expect to be forgiven in this world—or in the next, probably.

For that matter he wasn't at all sure that he wanted to be forgiven. Maybe he'd inherited something of the Old Man's bitter, ironic character.

Down and out practically, he was just one of humanity's many dregs, and he had no desire to pull himself up out of the mess of his life.

He halted and shaded his eyes with his hand. The sun was red and scorching. It blazed along the coast. But the sea itself was calm and cool-looking. Hardly a ripple anywhere. The peace of it brought a bitter shadow to his face.

It hadn't been so calm and peaceful that night two years ago, when the Glaston Castle had foundered—no star or light anywhere in the sky, and the seas themselves black and pounding on the great, sabre-toothed reefs.

They'd been lucky to lose only one life; they might have lost a hundred. But one life had been enough, quite enough. . . .

He sat down heavily and stared across the water. Out there, beyond the great reefs, the wreck of the Glaston Castle was lying.

Pretty deep, she must be; and that part of the sea bottom was one of the most treacherous in the world, full of weeds and great masses of ocean slime, pitted with huge holes, torn and tossed by the ceaseless tempest of the undercurrents.

Bill Blake turned his head slowly and looked along the shore. Two miles away was anchored his tiny boat, the Skylark. Blake's mouth twisted as he stared.

What on earth had ever prompted him to buy the tub, he wondered? He'd spent his last few shillings on her. He'd brought three Kanakas along with him. He'd got diving-gear in her, a cheap, antiquated equipment which he'd picked up in Sydney six weeks before.

He had had some curious idea about attempting to do salvage work among some of the numerous wrecks which were strewn along the coast.

As he sat there he began to laugh. He must have been pretty drunk that night, or he would never have got such a crazy idea into his head. Of course, he had been drunk. . . . He'd been drunk almost every night he'd stayed in Sydney.

Well, he might as well get drunk, and stay drunk, as anything else. It wouldn't make much difference—now. The Old Man was gone, still hating his eldest son bitterly.

His mother, fortunately, had died when he was quite a boy; she had escaped the degradation of the son she had loved better than anyone or anything on earth.

Sitting there in the hot sun, brooding derisively and bitterly, he was scarcely conscious of any human presence on that lonely bit of shore save his own. It was a shadow, thrown across the white sand, which made him turn and stare in surprise.

Just behind him a young girl was standing. Her hat was in her hand—a big picture-hat with a blue ribbon on it. The soft sea-breeze was in her hair, playing gently with its brown beauty.

Her lips were parted in a smile which seemed to illumine her face, although there was something of fear and sadness in it.

Bill Blake rose slowly. He flushed a little. For the first time in many weeks he was acutely aware of his disreputable look.

He was dirty. He hadn't had a razor in his hand for days. His grey eyes were smeared over with a sort of film and his breath still smelt faintly of stale liquor.

But the girl didn't seem to notice any of these things. Her eyes had gone beyond him, out across the clear, sunlit sea.

"I suppose that's where she went down?" she said slowly.

Surprised, he turned and looked.

"You suppose that's where what went down?" he asked gruffly.

She looked at him.

"I'm sorry . . . I meant, of course, the Glaston Castle."

A SUDDEN fit of trembling seized him. He sat down heavily again, his lips almost sneering.

"Oh, just another sightseer!" he said. "I heard there were quite a lot of 'em. But what do they come to see? There's nothing to look at, is there?"

Without replying, she sat down close at his side. For a long time there was complete silence. Bill Blake stirred uneasily once or twice. For some reason—he didn't know what—the presence of the girl worried him.

Over their heads the gulls wheeled and screamed discordantly against the burning blue of the sky, and the palms flung splashes of flame along the beach.

"Are you just an ordinary sightseer, too?" she asked, at last.

"Not exactly that," he grunted.

"Our yacht's anchored in the bay. I suppose you didn't notice her?"

"I suppose I didn't." His tone was surly.

"I'm holidaying, you see. . . ."

"Oh," he growled, without interest. "What on earth made you choose this spot?"

"It holds memories for me," she answered.

His stare became hard, curious.

"Memories? What do you mean by that?"

She turned and looked at him.

"My father was drowned in the Glaston Castle," she said. . . .

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The weird screaming of the gulls seemed to beat and thunder against his ears, almost deafening him.

He rose and walked slowly down to the edge of the water—stood, silent and motionless, his eyes fixed in space.

The girl also got up. She moved until she stood beside him. Now, as she looked there was a stark expression in her face. The tragedy of it haunted him for many days and nights. . . .

"This the first time you've been here?" he asked, wishing that she would turn and leave him.

"Yes. . . I've always wanted to come before."

"Why?"

"We were such great pals, Dad and I. I—I just wanted to come here, alone, and—and say a little prayer for him."

Abruptly he turned and walked away from her. His legs were unsteady and his feet stumbled through the loose white sand. He paused at last and glanced back rather furtively.

The girl was still standing there. She was looking straight up into the burning blue above them.

He leant against a palm and fished a cigarette from his pocket. Unsteadily he struck a match. He saw the girl turn and begin to approach him. Her eyes were frankly curious.

"What made you walk away like that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing. It—it's just my way, I suppose."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw her smile faintly.

"Well, I'd better be getting back to the yacht. They'll think I'm lost."

"Sailing to-day?"

"No. We shall probably be here quite a while. Perhaps—perhaps we shall meet again?"

"Perhaps."

She nodded, smiled again, and left him. Bill Blake stared after her oddly. His emotion had gone. He put the situation plainly before him.

The girl was Anthony Sundell's daughter, and Anthony Sundell, poor devil, had been drowned the night the Glaston Castle struck the reef—at least, everyone had always declared that she had struck the reef, although Bill Blake himself had at first strenuously denied the statement.

Anyway, there it was. The Board of Trade inquiry had found him guilty of one of the worst crimes known to the sea and ships; and he had been kicked out of the service.

Now this girl had come back to haunt him. He walked angrily back along the shore and boarded the Skylark. One of the Kanakas was strumming a ukulele. Bill Blake kicked the instrument across the deck and dived below.

He dragged open the tiny locker and pulled out a new bottle of liquor. Then, with the bottle in his hand, he paused, staring at the reflection of himself in the cracked bit of glass which hung on the wall.

Gosh, he concluded grimly, she must have thought him a pretty-looking sight!

Slowly, frowning, he replaced the bottle in the locker. One of the Kanakas, going below, found him with his face lathered in foam, staring fixedly into the cracked glass, a razor in his hand.

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Dawn burst; the white beauty of it flooded sky and ocean. Bill Blake walked along the shore. He ascended a small hill and stood looking curiously towards the bay.

He saw that the yacht was still anchored there and he was strangely relieved to see it. He wondered, as he went back again, why he should be glad. What could it matter to him, anyway?

That morning the Skylark sailed along the coast and the hook was dropped a quarter of a mile off the reef. Bill Blake was inspecting the diving-apparatus when he heard a hail across the water. He looked and saw a small rowing-boat; and in the boat sat the girl, alone.

Bill Blake went to the rail and waited. She clambered cheerfully aboard and went direct to where he stood.

"I've just brought you an invitation," she laughed.

He stared at her.

"Invitation?"

"Yes. Mr. Linden requests your company at dinner this evening. What reply am I to take, please?"

"Who the devil is Mr. Linden, anyway?"

She dimpled charmingly.

"A very nice man, I think. You'll like him."

"But why should he invite me to dinner?"

"Because," she laughed, "I suggested it to him."

"You did, eh? Why?"

"You looked so—so lonely yesterday."

"Oh, you can be frank. I know what I looked like."

"Well, will you come?"

He hesitated.

"Yes," he said at last, but with a kind of reluctance.

"You don't seem very pleased about it." She pouted. "But I've got your acceptance, and that's something, I suppose. By the way, my name's Marjorie Sundell. What's yours?"

"Blake."

"Is that—all?"

"Yes. Just Blake."

SHE stared round the small deck curiously.

"What is all that over there?"

"That? Oh, just some old diving kit."

"Are you a diver?"

"Not professionally. But I've been down quite a lot at one time and another."

"Are you going to dive—here?"

"Maybe. I haven't decided yet."

"To the Glaston Castle?"

"Well, I had thought about it. You see, there was bullion in her when she sunk. Silver. . ."

"Who told you that?"

"It's common knowledge."

"Is it? Then why hasn't anyone tried to find it before now?"

He smiled grimly.

"The place is a death-trap for any diver, that's why."

"Oh, I see." She nodded; there was a wise look in her eyes. "Well, au revoir, Mr. Blake. We shall be looking for you."

There were stars in the sky when Bill Blake rowed across to the yacht. He found Linden to be a young and charming fellow, a gentleman, courteous, bland, understanding.

Bill liked him instantly, and Linden seemed to take quite a fancy to him. Dinner was a pleasant, informal little affair; there were other men and women, guests of Linden.

"Blake?" said Linden, as they paced slowly up and down the smooth deck. "Blake? Somehow, the name seems familiar."

"Well, it's fairly common, I should say."

"Oh, of course," smiled Linden; but he turned and gave Blake a keen, searching scrutiny.

Blake was rather glad to get away, pleasant as the time had been.

"I hear you're going to try to reach the bullion in the Glaston Castle," Linden said, as they shook hands. "Sounds rather thrilling, you know."

"I haven't made up my mind—yet."

"Well, when you do you might let me know. I shouldn't mind joining forces with you—I mean, from the monetary standpoint."

"Thanks," said Blake, and stepped down into the boat.

*Please turn to Page 39*

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# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

- *A SHEER grey woollen ensemble has a loose jacket, bottle-green jersey scarf and cuffs, green suede belt and hat.*
- *A GREY flannel tailored suit is worn with a dusty-pink Shetland wool sweater.*
- *A GREY angora dress is trimmed with white pique yoke, belt, and detachable cuffs.*
- *FOR sports a grey flannel skirt is worn with a tailored shirt-blouse in yellow crepe.*
- *A GREY tweed topcoat with the new full front has navy-blue accessories.*

## GREET SPRING *in* GREY!

### *Demure in Its Sophistication It is Now Fashion's Pet*

GREY is the color that appears each spring in a few clothes and is heralded as the coming color; somehow it has never been very popular.

This spring will be the exception to the rule. Every model house abroad showed grey for several day and evening frocks, and a great deal for sports wear. There were dark greys, mole-greys, pearl-greys, but the leading shade was the exact color of men's flannel trousers—a pale soft tone.

PALE grey is most becoming to anyone with a fair skin. It suits blondes and red-heads best. On no account wear it if you have a sallow or dark skin.

Perhaps the reason for the new popularity of grey is that it can be so successfully combined with other colors, its most outstanding affinities being dirty-pink, bright coral, bottle-green, white, navy-blue, lemon-yellow, wine-color, cornflower, and turquoise-blue.

Pale grey for evening wear can be smart and sophisticated or demure and appealing. For the first there are tightly-moulded frocks of pearl-grey satin or crepe, worn with bunches of pastel flowers, colored sashes, silver sequin belts.

Softly feminine evening frocks are fashioned from dozens of yards of pale grey chiffon, tulle or fine lace. The chiffon frocks have wide full skirts flared or pleated, long full sleeves, shirred or draped bodices. Colored velvet ribbon belts and huge posies of sweet peas or violets trim the waistline.

One dress has a full skirt composed of two layers of the chiffon, full sleeves shirred at the upper arm, and then again at the wrist, the bodice is shirred in a deep band around the high neckline.

The waist is swathed with narrow bands of velvet ribbon, one mauve, one purple. Tucked into the waistband in front are two huge bunches of artificial violets, one mauve parma violets, the other purple. Another grey frock is of fine lace with a full skirt and short puff sleeves. An enormous bunch of sweet peas on the bosom, in shades of pink, mauve, lime-green and turquoise-blue.

Grey tulle frocks can be embroidered here and there with large silver sequins.

### In Many Shades

FOR daytime, grey is a runner-up to navy-blue. Being shown in an infinite variety of shades and materials, it avoids becoming commonplace. No matter what a woman's coloring may be, she is sure to find an accessory color to combine with it that will enhance her own special charm.

Light and medium greys predominate in clothes for afternoon and sports wear. They are strikingly combined with bright colors, pale colors and navy-blue. Grey wool suits of sheer wool or flannel, ideal for spring wear, have blouses, shirts and shetland sweaters in pale pink, navy-blue, bright bottle-green, cornflower-blue, lemon-yellow, and white. Hats are grey or the color of the blouse. Sports skirts have shirts and sweaters in the same shades.

Grey sheer wool street frocks have accents of white pique, and are worn with white panama hats and white shoes.

Simple grey wool frocks have colored scarves and belts, bottle-green, dirty-pink, navy-blue.

With a pale grey crepe dress wear a bright coral straw hat and matching bag. Colored hats are very attractive with an all-grey costume; you can have pique flowers to match the hat if you wish.

A new combination is pigskin with light grey woollen. Belt, bag and gloves of natural-colored pigskin with a plain sports frock.

Pink will be worn by everyone next summer, so why not get in early and wear it with grey for spring? Have an open-work sweater of dirty-pink shetland wool or cotton; a blouse of blotting-paper pink dull crepe; a pink panama hat and pink suede belt with a pale grey crepe or wool dress.

A GREY topcoat is a practical investment. For sports wear it should be of grey tweed or flannel.

For town-wear and made of sheer grey wool it can be worn over almost any frock, and will prove most useful for cool summer days. With a matching skirt it can be worn with colored blouses during the spring.

Shoes and stockings are always rather a problem with grey ensembles. Dark grey skin shoes are smart, but hard to find, otherwise you must depend upon your accessory color. Navy-blue, brown, black or dark green are all good, the latter only when you wear a green blouse or scarf. With an all-grey costume or a combination such as grey and pink or grey and yellow, navy-blue shoes should be your choice.

Stockings should not be pale grey. A shade between grey and fawn, slightly darker than the material, is correct.

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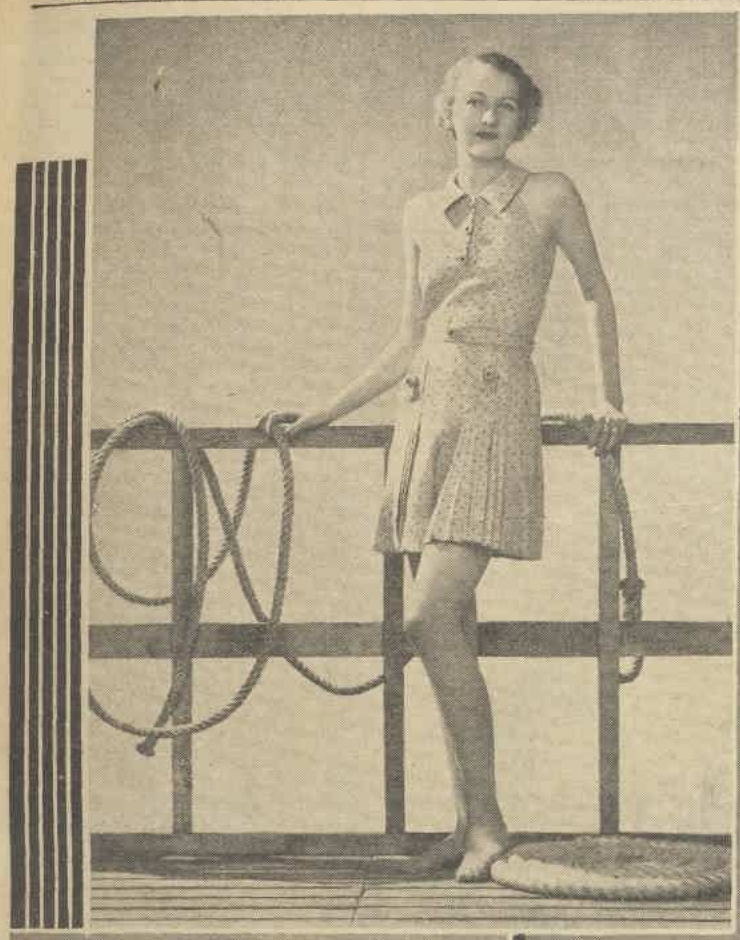
# YARNS... by Anny Blatt

## France's Expert Discusses Her Work



*THIS display of Anny Blatt knitted cruising models includes an evening dress (above) in yarn of mixed rayon and cotton; an afternoon ensemble (centre) in silk fibre, and a smart little striped frock of mixed rayon wool. The shorts are of handwoven linen cloth, undyed grey, with red-and-black dots.*

**PHOTOGRAPHS and article from Anny Blatt, by Air Mail.**

FOR three years I have been working on knitted yarns, and within a few months my new idea will be on the market.

I have put an immense amount of work into creating entirely new yarns. Three years ago linen thread for knitting, as it is used to-day, would have been considered a strange madness. It was my idea to have pieces of actual material knitted with the most intricate designs which, later, I cut and make up into garments.

By this method I ensure first a good cut and perfect fit. Then I am able to take every precaution to avoid stretching—that terrible thing which made knitted garments for a long time quite impracticable. My method is complicated, but certain. I stretch my knitted pieces before they are cut and made up.

For this last summer and autumn season I created a new crude silk yarn, which, being pure silk, had the feel of hemp. It makes into very smart dresses with a rather coarse knitted surface, which has an individual charm.

For my new yarns for the end of this year I have gone to your country, Australia, for my wool. I am having an alpaca yarn made up in grey, brown, and beige, which is much softer to the touch than any of the existing yarns.

Another entirely novel yarn I will have is fuzzy, and when knitted will give the effect of fur.

Naturally, since I design for sport wear, my garments are all extremely simple, and while I make them beautiful and smart they must be practicable. Garments for the beach, naturally, also interest me.

But still another of my specialities is the dressing of children, where elegance and practicability must be combined with just sheer wearability. In making hats to match I get an effect of completeness and artistic unity essential to sports wear.

The garments must be simple, although with a new idea and a new line. There is no such thing as fancy and extravagance in sport wear, no room for extraordinary design. And it is this very extreme simplicity which makes this branch of the couture so difficult.

I have evening gowns in knitted material, and even these must necessarily be extremely simple in line. Extravagance becomes ridiculous so easily.

Is there anything more chic than a plain, well-cut suit for the golf course, with sleeves and seams in place? And is there anything more pathetic in the world than the over-dressed woman in the country?

Anny Blatt

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

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# An Editorial

JULY 20, 1935

## LIFE AND AGE

IN this modern age there are people—not many — who live lonely lives from choice. Others have loneliness thrust upon them. And the lot of these is not a happy one.

It is surprising, however, to read of a Sofia peasant, reputedly 107 years of age, who hanged himself because he had no friends left.

The incident gives the world of to-day something to think about.

In the heyday of life friends are easy to find. Success brings them in shoals. Failure, more often than not, means a scatter. Old age sees the stage deserted, and the lights go out.

We think of Marius sitting lonely and deserted amid the ruins of Carthage. We recall Belisarius, hero of a hundred battles, begging for alms in his neglected old age.

What the Greeks thought of loneliness they embodied in their legend of Tithonus, the beautiful youth whom the goddess raised to the Elysian fields —there to become the "grey-haired shadow" of Tennyson's poem, praying vainly for the release of death.

***The mental state that we associate with aloofness from one's fellows is not confined to old or elderly people. There are men and women who are condemned to an existence of few or no friends. It is a matter partly of misfortune, but temperament, and a certain narrowness of outlook, have much to do with it.***

It is a truism that the majority of people reap what they have sown. The friendless state is frequently the sufferer's own fault. The man or woman who cares for other people, who is genuinely interested in their affairs and does what is possible to help, is seldom left without the consolations of friendship.

It is worth bearing in mind, too, that excesses in one direction or another have a way of taking toll in later life. To live temperately is to make provision for a bodily frame and an attitude of mind for which age has no terrors and from which friends will not fall away.

—THE EDITOR.

*Lyric of Life*

### Silver Wedding

IN your hearts the silver bells
Toll their melody of years,
A litany of life. . . .
Every chime a story tells
Of laughter-listed tears.

The silver in your hearts and hair
Is a tale of sweetness told,
Till the silver highway
Of your patience, love, and care
Is paved by God . . . with gold.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

# POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

### The Two Helens

*Helen Jacobs, Helen Wills—*
*At those names Australia thrills,*
*While we wonder, day by day,*
*If your steps will turn this way.*

*"Face that launched a thousand ships,"*
*Ere its beauty knew eclipse,*
*That was Helen, famed of old,*
*Now another story's told.*

*Of two Helens as renowned,*
*And with peace-time laurels crowned.*
*Fleet of foot and sure of hand,*
*Born to conquer and command.*

*Ladies, where on turf kept green*
*Play of foot and hand is keen;*
*And the southern skies are blue,*
*Hushed, we wait to welcome you.*

### How They Took It

WHAT would you say if charged with an offence you hadn't committed—or even with one you had? And what if you were told you had won first prize in a lottery? There is no better test of character than the reaction to surprises like these.

I like the reply of the city motorist who was charged with having left his car in a prohibited area. "I forgot all about it," he informed the traffic "cop." Evidently a carefree individual who doesn't worry and doesn't get on people's nerves.

Illuminating, too, was the explanation of the lady who was charged with negligent driving. "I was thinking," said she, "about my husband's dinner." A woman who can think of an excuse like that should never be brought before the courts.

Also the man in the country who, when told over the telephone that he had won £5000, remarked casually, "That will be handy"—he is in the select class that can "meet with triumph and disaster and treat those impostors just the same."

### Rockefeller's Record

REPUTEDLY the richest man in the world, John Rockefeller, senior, has received many congratulatory messages on his 96th birthday. A cable message says that the veteran, though frail, is in better health than he has been for several years.

There is just a chance that he may bring off an unprecedented double—America's richest man and its oldest.

Not many people envy Rockefeller, or have ever envied him. He has everything that money can buy, and incidentally stands out as a reminder that most of the things worth having are not in the market to be bought. In later life, at any rate, he must have envied some of those robust young baseballers who live on what is equivalent to our basic wage.

Think of the things that Macbeth says should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience, troops of friends! None of these is dependent on how much money a man accumulates in his lifetime.

### City As It Is

THESE men from the open spaces! They see the city for what it is; see it without glamor, and without illusions. Witness the man from outback who had not been in Sydney for 40 years, and was asked what he thought of it.

"There are far too many people," said he, "walking about doing nothing." Just that. Nothing in the spectacle that roused him to admiration or made him want to stay. As for the moving multitudes in the street—well, they seemed to be doing nothing, and getting nowhere.

It was not the whole truth, of course, that dawned on the man who was used to open plains and wide horizons. But his refusal to be impressed by numbers or to gasp in admiration of large buildings is a refreshing change from most of the stuff said and written about big cities of to-day.

### Rough Reception

AUSTRALIA was thrilled at the story of the young Maori woman, Mrs. Adams, who swam ashore with a lifeline at Avalon Beach (N.S.W.). The launch in which she was travelling was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and three people had the narrowest escapes for their lives—the heroine herself, her husband, and another man.

It was an epic story to which the newspapers gave proper prominence. There was not nearly as much prominence given to the sequel, which took place in a Sydney police court.

The two rescued men, about a week after their escape from death, were taken to court on a charge of "offensive behaviour," the said behaviour consisting, according to the prosecuting constable, of "singing and throwing their arms about" in a public street.

Despite their protests that they had lost everything in the wreck and were trying to raise the wherewithal for a bed at night, they were each fined £2 or 4 days' imprisonment. What a welcome to Australia, which we like to think is a hospitable place!

*MADAME ANNY BLATT, famous fashion expert and authority on knitted yarns. An article from Madame Blatt, specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly, appears on page 9.*

### Kings in Exile

IT looks as if more than one civilised nation is turning a regretful eye on dynasties that have been overthrown. In Austria they have repealed the sentence of banishment against the young Archduke Otto, son of the late Emperor Karl. In Greece they are arranging a plebiscite for September on the question of restoration of the monarchy.

In Germany there is the dominant Hitler, who might be powerful enough to found a dynasty of his own, though he seems to have no ambitions in that direction. The monarchists are wondering what will happen after Hitler. They haven't forgotten that there is an ex-Crown Prince in the offing.

Sentiment is all in favor of the hereditary ruler, even if logic is against him. When one comes to think of it, no nation has grown great, or remained great, by force of logic alone. Sometimes in the affairs of men and nations sentiment and expediency are found hand in hand.

# *Fashion Creator's Rapid Rise to World Fame*

***It has become a habit to associate French women with frills and sumptuous satins and all that which makes for the luxurious and the ornamental in life.***

***So it is all the more surprising to discover that the couturiere, who embodies in herself the styles suitable for real sport, actual golf-playing, swift tennis, and long-distance swimming, is a small and dainty Parisian, with all that nervous energy so distinctive of the Latin races.***

SUCH is Anny Blatt, the woman to whom the biggest yarn-makers in France come for ideas, and who five years ago was a society woman, a woman of leisure, devoted to her flowers and her garden, and in no way concerned or interested in the business world and its problems.

"My husband lost 80,000,000 francs (over £1,000,000) in two weeks just over three years ago," so she explained her entrance into the business world.

Before the financial disaster, Madame Blatt had had all that money could buy. She had houses in Paris and country estates; she had horses and all the jewels that a spoilt woman might wish for. And then one day it was all gone.

"I am happier now," she said in her office on the fashionable Faubourg Saint Honore. "I have no car, and jewels mean nothing to me. My work has replaced everything. That for which I really cared, my mountains and my flowers, big walks through the countryside; all that I still have."

## Daring Ideas

MADAME BLATT had studied painting, and it is this, joined to her passionate love of nature, which gives her that infallible sense of color, so distinctive of her work.

Daughter of a man who was a spinner, and wife of a man whose business was cotton, she apparently absorbed technical information without realising it, for, when the moment came for her to plunge into business, she just naturally turned to yarns and those things which can be made of them.

In three years she has become the greatest expert on yarns. She creates new ones for the yarn manufacturers. She tells them what new threads can be made, and just how they should be woven in order to obtain surfaces in the knitted garments that have not been seen before.

She has a positive genius in handling yarns. The most daring ideas are hers in Paris to-day regarding knitted garments, ideas which others take up much later, and which enter the field of popular consumption a year after their creation.

But to invent a new yarn and to have it knitted into a most intricate pattern does not make a garment.

There is the color and the cut, and in these two Madame Blatt has the artist's eye. For color, in which her dresses and suits excel, she turns to nature, to the flowers she has loved all her life.

HAND-KNITTED garments are naturally high-priced, and for some time Madame Blatt has been concerned with the problem of how to utilise her original yarns and original knitting stitches in such a way as to make the garments available to the most modest purses.

### Anti-Smoking Diehards

A CURIOUS paradox is presented by the attitude of New Zealand, or at least a part of it, to women smokers. The sister Dominion led the way with women's suffrage and a lot of other reforms, but the dons at Auckland University have put their collective feet down on cigarette-smoking by women undergrads. Whereat the feminine protests are shrill and bitter.

They have a right to protest. No one is telling the Auckland girls that they mustn't play games men play or study subjects men study. And even in New Zealand they don't claim that the use of tobacco is more injurious either to health and morals than it is in other countries. Sydney and Melbourne Universities don't dictate to the women any more than they do to the men. The objectors in New Zealand should go the way of the dodo.

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# OUR *War-Reporter Goes to* THE FRONT

## *Lower's Inside Story of the Italo-Abyssinio Trouble!*

**By L. W. Lower**
*Australia's Foremost Humorist*

*Illustrated by* :: WEP ::

**I was not surprised when I was instructed to go to Abyssinia as war correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly. I have been told to go to all sorts of places in my time, but never to Abyssinia, and I felt the change would do me good.**

***The principal exports of Abyssinia are bananas, coffee, dates, and Abyssinians. The terrain (you know what a terrain is? You see them at the railway station) is mountainous in spots and flat in other spots.***

*News right from the front line! War Correspondent Lower in action.*

THOSE living on the plains are a very hardy race, as the pub is situated on the top of the mountains, and they are continually climbing back and forth. They toil all the way up and roll all the way down. I had to learn all this before I arrived in Abyssinia in order to be able to converse intelligently with the troops. I speak the language like a native.

As a matter of fact, I speak it more like a native than the natives do. That was why, I suppose, I was never able to make myself properly understood. Haill Salassi, the head man in those parts, gave me every assistance and personally supervised the unloading of my bicycle at Addis Ababa.

I have before me various shorthand notes and copies of cables I sent while in the front line.

Monday: In front line trenches. Wind has changed and is blowing from the direction of Italian trenches. Strong smell of garlic reveals that Italians are less than three hundred yards away. Fairly quiet, but Abyssinians preparing for a forward move at dawn.

Tuesday: Nobody up at dawn. Woke up Commander-in-Chief and said, "Beloved, it is dawn," in fluent Ethiopian. Was told to go away in even more fluent Ethiopian. Have discovered that the forward move will take place after lunch when everybody has had a shave.

Wednesday: Commander-in-Chief has changed plans, and is now preparing for a backward move. Has set an example to troops by being eight miles back already and still moving. Italians advancing, breathing heavily. Abyssinians firing cloves at them.

Thursday: Divisional Commander ill with the vapors. Have taken charge. Have formed fiendish plan. Am just waiting for suitable wind. Have removed all barbed-wire entanglements from in front of our trenches and substituted spaghetti. Have issued orders that every man is to make a noise like fish frying.

Thursday Afternoon: Tremendous victory! Italians halted at spaghetti entanglements and commenced to chew same. Terrific slaughter. I am suffering agony with a bullet through my typewriter, but will carry on.

Friday: Victory not so tremendous as thought. More Italians coming after more spaghetti. Have retired in good order. Troops will follow later on, I suppose. Have caught up and passed Commander-in-Chief, who is very much out of breath. Offered him a lift on my bicycle, which he refused, as I am not going his way.

Saturday: Abyssinian Flying Corps Headquarters. Flying Corps unable to proceed to front as the officers have been using the petrol out of the plane to fill their lighters. Am persuading them to try using methylated spirits in plane, see if it will go.

Saturday Afternoon: Tried the methylated spirits. Plane went. Am saving a piece of the wings and a portion of the pilot as souvenir.

Sunday: Day off under the award.

### Second Week

Monday: Back in front line. All troops madly eating jam. Have eaten nine tins myself since arrival. Object is to get empty tins in order to make jam-tin bombs.

Tuesday: Strange coincidence. Was interrogating Italian prisoner and found that he runs a restaurant in Australia. It appears that I owe him twelve and six. Am having him shot as a spy.

Wednesday: Camped in fever-ridden swamp. Mosquitoes so big we cannot tell them from the Italians. However, our army looks twice as big as it did before. I now weigh 17 stone 10 lbs. The extra ten-stone is lumps.

Thursday: Decided to let enemy have swamp. Italians advanced in massed formation, breathing fiercely. Have retired to the hills.

Thursday Afternoon: Armistice to bury mosquitoes.

Friday: Remarkable thing has occurred. Italians have become so sunburnt that they are mistaking each other for Abyssinians. Terrific fighting. Abyssinians look on, become so pale at the sight that they mistake each other for Italians. Frightful massacres.

Monday: War becoming too involved. Am coming home. Tell wife I have an awful stack of washing for her.

That is the situation as it stands at present, but I warn all thinking men and women to keep an eye on the Italio-Abyssinian war. If the Italians penetrate to Eastern Mongolia there will be repercussions in Bulgaria, which will gravely affect any efforts for peace in the Gran Chaco. Don't say I never warned you.

(Did you notice that I resisted the temptation to say, "Well, Ceylon; Abyssinia Samoa?")

## How does she keep so Slender

HER problem was a natural tendency to put on weight. If it's yours why not solve it as she did? Without fasting, dieting, or violent exercise — just take two Bile Beans at night and you'll "Slim while you sleep."

These fine vegetable pills gradually, safely and surely remove unsightly fat. They tone up the system, keep the blood-stream healthy, and ensure daily elimination of fat-forming impurities.

Bile Beans not only bring a welcome return to slenderness, but they definitely improve your health and your looks. So don't forget to take that regular nightly dose.

"At my work in a gown shop it is essential that I not only retain a slim figure, but that I keep well in general health. When turned forty, to my dismay, I began to put on flesh, but since I have been taking Bile Beans regularly I have got rid of all unwanted fat." Mrs. M. Singleton.

* * * *

"I am delighted with Bile Beans. The regular nightly doses have removed all my surplus fat and I am now twenty pounds lighter than I was 16 months ago. I am also quite free from the headaches." Mrs. O. Spence.

**BILE BEANS**

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE

From a small sketch by Major Lockyer.

## *The First Settlement in Western Australia*

In 1826, the Governor of New South Wales, General Darling, fearing that certain French scientific expeditions in the Pacific had designs upon unoccupied territory, sent a small party under Major Lockyer to establish a settlement in Western Australia, at King George's Sound, where the town of Albany now stands.

Major Lockyer hoisted the British Flag on his arrival and claimed for the British Crown the territory now known as Western Australia.

Nine years earlier, the Bank of New South Wales had been established in Sydney, and, as development continued, this Bank opened branches in all States and New Zealand. The Western Australian Bank, which was established in Perth in 1841, was amalgamated with the Bank of New South Wales in 1927.

**Bank of New South Wales**
(Established 1817)

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*Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 13.* 140C-1933


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*Complete Short Story*

# STOLEN WOMAN

: : BY : : Anne Langham

AS the car turned into a quiet, leafy lane, the man at the wheel looked at the girl by his side. She certainly was beautiful, he thought, especially with those little tendrils of brown hair blowing across the creamy curve of her cheek. Her eyes were fixed on the road in front so that she did not notice the admiring glances which her companion directed towards her. He spoke at last:

"Are you sure you will never regret this?" he asked smilingly. The shake of her head was accompanied by an answering smile.

"No!" she said. "After all, I have had all night in which to think it over, and I feel certain I shall be happy with you."

They did not speak again for some time. She seemed intent on watching the flower-sprinkled meadows as they flashed past, and he was occupied with his thoughts.

"By gad," he was thinking. "I didn't know I had the nerve to steal a woman like this. And from one of my best friends, too!" He chuckled inwardly and stole another glance at the girl. Funny that he had never noticed till to-day how lovely she was. He leant forward slightly and caught a glimpse of those wonderful eyes, which at that moment lit up with joy at the sight of a bluebell glade at the side of the road. No, it had not been her looks that had first attracted him to her, but it would certainly make life far more pleasant than before. Joan was not ugly, of course, but she could not compare with this girl. It made a man feel proud to possess such a woman, at whom all his friends would want to look twice. How his business acquaintances would envy him. He hadn't dreamed it would be so easy to persuade her to leave Brown for him. Poor old Brown. He felt sorry for him, of course, but, after all, she had come of her own free will.

"I suppose he'll cut me whenever we meet, now," he thought. No man likes to feel that another has been more successful with a woman than he. Besides, he has had her for five years, and if he can't keep her after that time, that's his fault. "Perhaps," he mused. "I ought not to have stolen her like this. I might have called on him and had it out properly. Well, it's done now. I've got the woman I want, and, after all, all's fair. . . ." So he quietened his conscience.

The girl spoke at last. "Have you told Joan, yet?" she asked.

"Yes, I broke the news to her this morning. I think it was a bit of a relief to her. She told me she had been wanting to leave me for a long time, but felt that I needed her. She has never been really happy with me, you know."

"I'm glad she didn't take it badly. As you know, we were at the same college together, and I have always liked her. I don't want her to hate me."

"Well, she did me a good turn when she introduced us. Do you remember the day she brought you to the office? Yes, we certainly have Joan to thank for that."

The girl laughed, a delicious, low, gurgling laugh.

"Yes, but don't you think we should be more grateful to the rich Mrs. Morgan? If she hadn't brought her bonds to Cyril . . ."

"Cyril?" The man frowned. "Oh, Brown, you mean?"

"Yes, if he hadn't asked you to come over to discuss the selling of Mrs. Morgan's bonds, we might never have met again."

"Perish the thought," said the man. "Well, we did meet again, and here we are together, I hope, for always." He turned smilingly towards her as he spoke.

"Don't be too sure of me," she retorted.

He frowned again at that. Surely she wouldn't leave him as she'd just left Brown. No. She was his for keeps. He would make life so attractive for her that she would want to stay with him. He could manage women. Think of Joan. He'd kept her all the time he'd wanted her. Poor Joan. He hoped she would be happy. Perhaps she would find someone else who suited her better. She had never been really interested in his business, as a woman should be. But this girl would, he knew. Why, he could tell from the first moment he saw her that she had known all about Brown's work from A to Z. He would be able to discuss all his triumphs and failures with her by his side. His business would go up and up with such a woman to help him. He did like a woman who could take an intelligent interest in a man's work. Lucky that he and Brown were in the same line of business. She would always understand him and his moods. He voiced these thoughts to his companion.

*Please turn to Page 34*

RELIEVES "'FLU" IN A NIGHT!

DON'T wait for the 'Flu to get full grip—take two Esterin tablets and a hot lemon drink *immediately*, and go to bed. Esterin helps to reduce temperature. It contains Esterin Compound, which acts *directly* and safely on the nerve centres, checks the development of disease germs and relieves aches and pains. Nyal Esterin will not form a habit—it is safe and effective and combines ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for relieving pain.
Get a tin from your chemist to-day—24 tablets cost only 1/3.

NYAL
ESTERIN

*Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, Cl.EM Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.*
*NAME* _____
*ADDRESS* _____
WW 20.7.35

YOUNG AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITE BREAKFAST
BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

Get hold of that Cold! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. Greathead's Mixture taken in accordance with the directions will immediately relieve the worst of Colds, and prevent further trouble.
*Famous for over 60 years.*
*Mixed with Honey, children will take it freely.*
Obtainable at all Chemists and Leading Stores.


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# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER

*"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.*
*When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."*

"Now, where the dickens is that toothpaste?"

PA: Young man, I want your attentions to my daughter to cease. You have been described to me as a slippery customer.
SUITOR: Are you sure they didn't say a polished gentleman, sir?

FRIEND: What a strange charm that is that your husband has on his watch-chain!
BRIDE: Yes, it is the first pea I cooked all by myself.

"Your husband is a very mean man, isn't he?"
Oh! I wouldn't say very mean. He did treat me to an ice when we were on our honeymoon!"

JUDGE: Do you know the penalty for bigamy?
BIGAMIST: Yes, your worship, two mothers-in-law.

He may be too weak with his drives or too strong with his putts—but he is perfect with his shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shine for him!

KIWI POLISHES . . . PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER

KIWI

BLACK POLISH — The Quality Boot Polish — TAN POLISH

TAN—*All Shades* — White Cleaner *and Cream*


## Brainwaves

**Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.**

PUZZLED WIFE (waiting on husband at table): But I don't understand, George. What was a jolly nice little pancake? And where's the cork table mat?

"NOW you've left school, my son, you'd better look for a job."
"Not on your life, dad! Let the blighters scramble for me!"

SHE: Before we were married you promised to try to make yourself worthy of me.
He: I've overdone it, and made myself better than you deserve.

FATHER: My son, if only you knew how happy work makes a man.
Son: Don't tempt me, Dad. I am trying to lead a life of self-sacrifice with no thought of happiness.


STEELO

IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!

Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a 6d. packet . . . 5 pads and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

Hypol

HYPOL is all Goodness!

IN SICKNESS, or during convalescence, nothing could be more restorative than this outstanding emulsion.

HYPOL does its best work where there is a tendency to chest weakness. By feeding the lungs, it builds up resistance to that dread disease—Tuberculosis. Many cases regarded as extremely serious have responded to the strength giving power of HYPOL.

You are only trifling with sickness by accepting cheap substitutes. Look at the illustration and demand this package, you will be well satisfied with the results.

Every high-class Chemist and Storekeeper in the Commonwealth sells the genuine HYPOL.

*Made by* Felton, Grimwade & Duerdins Ltd., Melbourne.


National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609411

# *Only One-Fourth* as many days lost because of COLDS

***School tests under supervision of physicians show that Vicks Plan reduces absences due to colds by 75.3%.***

HOME with a cold—falling farther behind every day he is out! Get him back at his desk quickly. Keep him from losing more time when next a cold threatens. Follow the Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds!

The Vicks Plan has been *proved*—in clinical tests among 5,823 persons in schools, universities, and homes. The results of these tests were especially striking among school children. In one group of 2,218 children, 1343 followed the Plan, while 875 did not. The Plan followers had 75.3% fewer absences due to colds. Think of it! For every four days the non-followers lost, the Plan followers lost only one!

Think what a saving this Plan can mean to *your* family in time lost from work as well as from school—to say nothing of the worry and danger and expense it can save. Yet all you have to do is to follow these simple rules:

**1 To Build Resistance to Colds** Live healthfully. Avoid excesses. Eat simple nourishing food. Drink lots of water. Take at least a little exercise every day, preferably out-of-doors. Get plenty of sleep.

**2 To Avoid Catching Cold**—After exposure, or any warning nasal irritation, sneeze or sniffle, use the unique aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Va-tro-nol. You simply put a few drops up each nostril. This remarkable liquid clears stuffy heads *instantly*—prevents many colds altogether, by checking them before they get beyond the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start.

**3 To Relieve the Few Colds that Do Develop**—Some colds, of course, strike without warning or get by even the best defences. Then you need Vicks VapoRub, the vaporising ointment that reaches even the deepest colds by *penetration* and *inhalation*. Just rub it on the chest at bedtime. Its powerful two-fold action relieves most colds overnight.

**Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS**


# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## *Food for Controversy . . . Naomi Mitchison's Latest!*

**Whatever may be the differences of opinion among readers in regard to Naomi Mitchison's latest novel, "We Have Been Warned," one reaction will be common to all: the book will stimulate them.**

**Whether the stimulation will be pleasant or unpleasant will depend entirely upon the political and sex outlook of the person who takes it up. Left-wing sympathisers in politics and people of advanced moral views will find it a spur to their convictions; more conventional readers will be just as deeply stirred, but by antagonism.**

"WE Have Been Warned" deals with a modern period, the early nineteen-thirties in England. Into the political atmosphere of these years, Mrs. Mitchison plunges her main character, Dione Galton, a Highland aristocrat, married to an Oxford don who is also Labor candidate for Marshbrook Bridge. In this milieu, Dione finds herself torn by conflicting convictions. Her inbred love of fine and beautiful things makes her shrink from the ugly conditions of her husband's working supporters. Her Labor principles are assailed by Communist sympathies. Her inclinations veer now towards the old democracy of the clans, and now towards the new ideal of internationalism.

The author has made a very convincing study of Dione Galton. She is a real figure, although one cannot always agree with her creator regarding the motives behind her actions. In matters of sex, Dione Galton, one gathers from Mrs. Mitchison's treatment of her, is governed entirely by high-minded Socialistic conceptions. This is hard to believe. Socialist women who are in love with their husbands (as Dione Galton is) do not go about willing to behave as she was.

**The book is packed with a variety of characters, political and non-political; all contribute to the pattern of the work, and are capably handled. Dione Galton and her family and connections are, of course, the major figures, and it is around them that the action revolves, but craftsmanship and knowledge have not been spared to make the, lesser characters thoroughly convincing, and, in some cases, moving.**

ALTHOUGH the main action takes place in England and Scotland—in this way enabling the author to present a picture of the modern political struggle there—a most interesting section of the book is that dealing with Soviet Russia.

In case it should be thought that this has been dragged in purely for propaganda purposes, it must be said that the Russian trip of Dione and her husband, Tom, is an integral part of the story, having great influence on later developments.

Mrs. Mitchison is an avowed Socialist, and, consequently, she takes this outlook in handling the momentous issues dealt with in her book. She assumes that her readers, although perhaps politically opposed to her, will have her frankness of mind, and hence writes fearlessly of the moral, sexual, and political ideas of her characters.

"We Have Been Warned" is not a novel to pick up for a nice half-hour's reading. It is too serious (not heavy) for that. It is not a narcotic to make you forget the troubles of this world. It will either enthuse or annoy you intensely, but, whichever way you react, you must put it down with a feeling of admiration for the quality of the work in it, and the fine craftsmanship that has combined many different elements to make a good novel.

(Constable; our copy Moore's Bookshop. 8/6.)

*JOSEPHINE BLUMENFELD (Mrs. Alan Bott), whose new volume of stories, "Dip, Lizzie, Dip," has received most favorable notices.*

## SHORT REVIEWS

**"A GAY ADVENTURER." John Blakeney.** Few characters have captured popular imagination to the same extent as that of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Sir Percy Blakeney) made famous by Baroness Orczy. No one ever seemed quite certain if this romantic figure ever existed, but now, with "A Gay Adventurer," one of his descendants, John Blakeney, gives an account of his ancestry and interesting facts concerning his career. The foreword is written by Baroness Orczy. (John Long, 7/6.)

* * *

**"LAWN TENNIS SIMPLIFIED." E. W. A. Budrodeen.** Mr. E. W. A. ("Ted") Budrodeen, the well-known New South Wales tennis coach, has written a booklet entitled "Lawn Tennis Simplified." It should be particularly helpful to beginners, as Mr. Budrodeen emphasises the fact that "it is better to coach a player on his natural style than force him to develop a style that does not suit his particular type." The various strokes are demonstrated, and a chapter is devoted to court etiquette which should prove helpful to the beginner.

**"THE IVORY CHAIR." Jennifer True.** Reuben Dummett succeeded unexpectedly to the country estate which had been in his family for generations, but his pride in his possessions was shadowed by the knowledge that many of his ancestors had been Godless men, indulging in delights of the flesh to a degree which shocked his conventional spirit. He determined to wipe out these blots on family history by establishing a family of his own, and he reared his son under the most unnatural conditions in pursuance of this resolve. The result is easy to imagine. The son Oliver, aided by his love for a childhood friend, Sara, whom he marries, submits to his destiny for a few years. But an inherited urge to roam made him restless and unhappy, and eventually he left home and for many years his whereabouts were shrouded in mystery. An accident results in loss of memory, and he is not able to remember who he is or anything of the past. Things come right in the end, but not before Oliver's wife, and the girl to whom he has become engaged, have been tried greatly in the fires of loneliness and despair. (John Long; our copy Swains.)

* * *

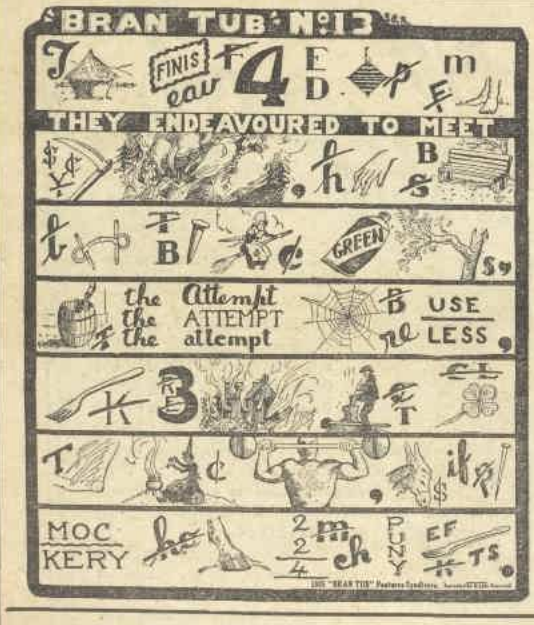
NEW Bridge System: The anchor system, claimed to be so simple that it can be mastered in half an hour, has been admirably explained in a booklet by Anker Jensen (**"Anchor Contract Bidding"**) in collaboration with Richard Machlale and Edward Lyman, obtainable for the sum of 2/-. (Chatto and Windus.)

* * *

**"THE STARS LOOK DOWN." A. J. Cronin.** If Dr. A. J. Cronin did not splash the colors on his canvas quite so heavily he would have produced a more convincing picture of conditions in the coalmining industry in England, and the efforts made for nationalisation, in his latest novel, "The Stars Look Down." He has written convincingly of the home life of the miners, and produced the perfect villain in Joe Gowlan, a bluffer without a conscience, who waxes fat on the misfortunes of others, and in Richard Barras, the mine owner. He portrays the idealist type in David Fenwick, son of a miner at the Neptune Colliery, round which the story centres, and in Arthur Barras, son of the mine-owner; the stoic type in Martha Fenwick, mother of David, and in a lesser degree in Annie, her widowed daughter-in-law. Then for good measure he gives us the ingredients of weak, wayward women in Jenny Fenwick and Laura Millington, of patient Griseldas in Aunt Carrie, and lots of other people that tend to weaken, rather than strengthen, the picture. The whole story suffers by his zeal for over-emphasis. (Gollancz. Our copy, Swains.)

* * *

**"ROLLING DOWN THE LACHLAN." Frank Clune.** Travelling leisurely, and discouraging no one who could give a bit of local color to his story, Frank Clune amassed a wealth of interesting information concerning the early history of New South Wales. Clothing it in a bright and attractive style, he recounts his adventures in "Rolling Down the Lachlan," a book that should appeal alike for its humor and fund of knowledge. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)



## Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A BUSH FIRE, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "They endeavored . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—**"BRAN TUB" No. 13, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY**

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 26th JULY.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 10th AUGUST.

## £50 WON

**RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 10**

**The Winning Competitor in this contest is:—**
**D. REYNOLDS,**
**37 Princes Street, Mortdale, N.S.W.**

His solution was the only all-correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to him.

Prize money will be posted on Friday, August 2nd.

**SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 10**

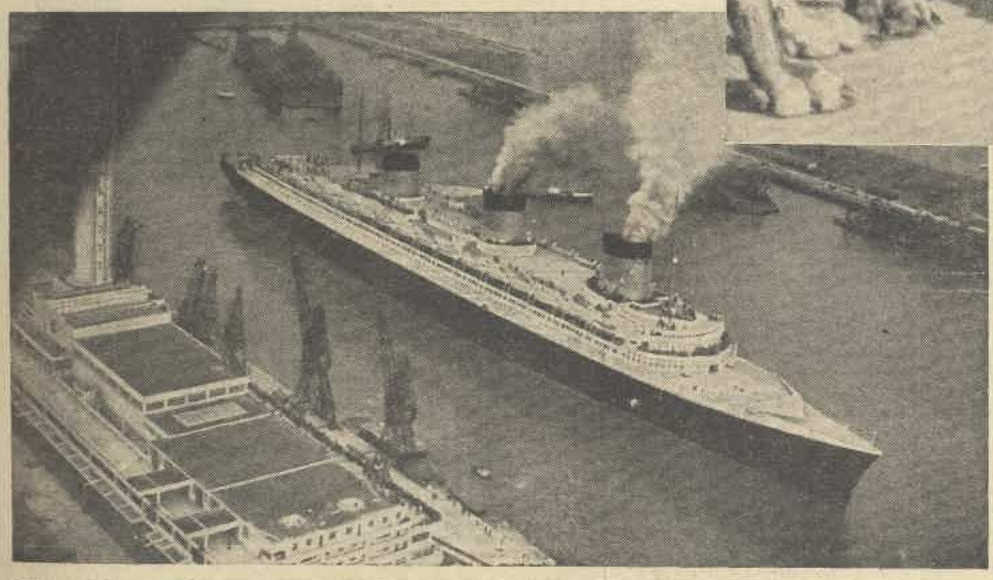
*"A full train, consisting of 29 trucks, was brought to the apex of the line, when suddenly the couplings of the third truck from the engine broke, and 26 trucks bolted down the rather steep gradient."*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609412

# An Australian Wins a World's Beauty!

AN "INTIMATE" STUDY of Lily Damita, film star and a world's beauty, who has married Errol Flynn, a Tasmanian, and former Sydney University undergrad. Of course this photo is a shot from a film. The star does not really bath like this!

A STUDY IN POLITENESS at a dog show. The dogs put their tongues out at the little girl, so she put her tongue out at them! Not the correct thing to do maybe, but who could possibly blame the poor child?



Above: An exclusive study of the great new French liner, the Normandie. The Normandie captured the coveted "Blue Riband" of the Atlantic by travelling at an average speed of 29 knots. Latest news says she has been "tied up" for the winter as she cannot be made to pay during the off season.

H. W. Hattersley, winner of the N.S.W. State Amateur Golf title, looks back with a smile as he watches S. A. Keane, his opponent in the final, playing his last putt on the green. Both players wore slacks and pullovers.

IT WOULD BE difficult to say which of these onlookers is most interested in the N.S.W. Amateur Golf final at Rose Bay.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609413

# WHERE WERE *Sydney's* MUSIC LOVERS?

## *Maurice de Abravanel Conducts Magnificent Orchestral Concert*

By STEWART HOWARD

**Sydney Town Hall was half empty last Saturday night when Maurice de Abravanel, conducting a professional symphony orchestra, provided the finest orchestral concert that this city has had for years. It was not just a good performance. It was splendid, inspiring. It was music.**

***Under de Abravanel's baton, eighty of Sydney's professional musicians demonstrated that a sypmphony orchestra worthy of ranking with the world's finest could become, not a possibility in this country, but a certainty. The irony of the situation is that this organisation will no doubt be allowed to drift apart, while Maurice de Abravanel will return to the best that Australia can offer him—the conductorship of a revue orchestra in Melbourne.***

THERE was no excuse for the many vacant seats in the hall on Saturday night. The programme was an excellent one; de Abravanel was not an unknown quantity. His conducting at the last Menuhin concert gave sufficient proof of his ability. The only conclusion that one can draw from the poor attendance, after contrasting it with the huge audiences that greeted Yehudi Menuhin, is that many of our "music-lovers" are really "personage-lovers." Their interest is not in music, but in the celebrities of music.

The first half of the programme was devoted to the "Eroica" Symphony. That de Abravanel should have chosen this tremendous work is in itself both a tribute to his orchestra and an indication of his own courage. Beethoven is never, in his symphonies, a composer with whom mediocrities can take liberties, but not in any of the four movements of this work did one feel that the beauty and magnificence of the music was being inadequately interpreted.

There was an electric tension between orchestra and conductor, a feeling of controlled, disciplined excitement which communicated itself, through the playing, to the audience. The performance of this great work will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it.

Debussy's "Prelude a L'apres-midi d'un Faun" is, of course, well known to Sydney concertgoers. It was played on Saturday night as it has not been played here for a long, long time. The most jaundiced critic would have found it difficult to point out a flaw. The poignant atmosphere of the work was perfectly preserved. The conductor did well when he signalled N. Amadio, a fine flautist, to stand and receive the applause the audience gave.

The Strauss tone poem, "Don Juan," and Wagner's "Meistersinger's Overture" completed the programme. One could write of each at length, but what is there to say of individual items in a concert which, as an entirety, carried one forward on a mounting wave of enthusiasm?

**This musical treat was not an affair of one well-performed item. Every work played was well played, and conductor and orchestra alike had some small measure of reward when, at the end, the audience, unwilling to cease applauding, recalled de Abravanel so often that at last he was forced to call upon his players to play the National Anthem. It was a triumph!**

A second concert is to be given on Thursday night. If there is any real appreciation in Sydney for first-class music, any real desire to hear good work performed as it should be performed, the Town Hall should be packed to overflowing. If, on the other hand, Maurice de Abravanel and his fine body of musicians have to play, as they did on Saturday night, to a house with far too many unoccupied seats, then we will deserve to bemoan, as we have for years, the lack of a real orchestra in a city that prides itself on being one of the largest in the world.

MAURICE DE ABRAVANEL


END RHEUMATISM and NEURITIS . . .

"Caused by Self-poisoning" says Dr. Agasse-Lafont (Ancien Chef de Clinique of the Paris Faculty of Medicine)

YOU MUST CLEAR UP THE CAUSE

You may get temporary relief from rheumatism, sciatica, muscular pain, neuritis, gout or lumbago, by the use of pain-deadening drugs and tablets, but to be rid of them permanently, you must clear up the cause. COLOSEPTIC does this. It gently stimulates and tones up the colon, thus restoring life to the weakened walls. Also, it activates the three other important eliminative organs — the pores of the skin, the kidneys, and the respiratory system. Because it clears your body of poisons, COLOSEPTIC means a permanent end, and not just doubtful temporary relief, to rheumatism and neuritis. Scientists have traced 95% of to-day's ills to autoxima. End this menace to your health, happiness and efficiency with COLOSEPTIC. You'll be free from the fear of disease. You'll regain all the vitality of vigorous youth.

YEARS OF SUFFERING ENDED

Bangalow, N.S.W.

"I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine, for after years of terrible suffering from constipation and piles, one bottle of COLOSEPTIC did me more good than all the medicines I had ever taken, and after taking a course of it I am overjoyed to be able to say that I am now completely cured."

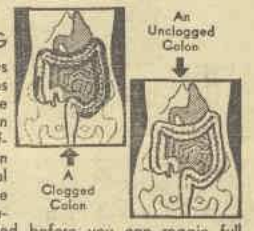
Mrs. M.C.

(The original of this letter may be seen at Head Office.)

Rheumatism and neuritis cannot be permanently overcome unless you get rid of the cause. This, Dr. Agasse-Lafont points out, is autoxima — self-poisoning. Incomplete evacuation of the intestines, caused by to-day's modern foods, leaves decaying food-waste adhering to the walls of the colon. Opening medicines cannot remedy this. They only purge the lower end of the bowels — leaving them irritated and weakened. Autoxima — or self-poisoning — lowers your vitality, causes disease, and leads to serious trouble unless it is checked.

The decaying waste matter in your colon forms virulent bacteria and acids which seep into the blood stream. Every vital part of your body becomes affected, and the way is paved for the cruel attacks of rheumatism and neuritis as well as hosts of other complaints.

Banish COLON CLOG




The left illustration shows how your colon becomes clogged. Germs from the decaying food waste poison the blood stream, which affects every important organ in your body. Regular bowel movements are no guarantee of safety. It is the encrustations that must be removed before you can regain full vitality and health. The right illustration shows the same colon cleared by COLOSEPTIC. All clogging waste has been removed, incomplete evacuation is remedied because life has been restored to the walls and the basic cause of disease has been swept away. Clean your colon with COLOSEPTIC now, and know what it is to be really well.

INTIMATE BOOK ON AUTOXIMA — FREE

Mail the coupon for a trial sample of COLOSEPTIC. You'll receive it by return mail, and, under plain cover, a book telling more about the vital and intimate subject of Autoxima will be sent to you FREE.

It tells you how you are lowering your vitality, and paving the way for disease. Don't hesitate — mail the coupon now!

DRINK Coloseptic (WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA) FOR INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all CHEMISTS. If unobtainable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., Box 2415 R, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

CLIP OUT. JY3

COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2415 R, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima in plain envelope. Also send me my test package of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 6d. in stamps.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

● *"Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."*

● *"Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho! . . . Nope—didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder!"*

● *"Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . ."*

● *"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it!"*

● Johnson's is the softest powder made; and by far the best for baby's skin. For complete protection, use also Johnson's Baby Soap, and Johnson's Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY powder BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. DG-21

*Johnson's Baby Soap Reduced in Price Now 9d. Per Tablet*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# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE'S SECOND GREAT ADVENTURE ENDS TO-DAY. A NEW ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK!

HAWK: An international criminal, has been blackmailing

PRINCESS NARDA: A beautiful girl, and her brother,

PRINCE SEGRID: Who, so Hawk declares, murdered Duke Alban.

MANDRAKE: The master magician, steps in to help the two youngsters. After many adventures he, with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, corners Hawk in his bungalow, and seeks to force from him the truth concerning the murder. Hawk maintains that Segrid did it. By his magical powers, Mandrake causes the bungalow to fly high above earth and then, as Hawk is still recalcitrant, Mandrake orders Lothar to hurl him into space. Now continue—

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609415

# LOOK and *Listen* *when* YOU DRIVE!

## What Women Motorists Should Do to Keep Out of the Law's Clutches

**It is not difficult to drive a car along a quiet road. Any-one of ordinary intelligence can learn how to do it.**

**The main problem for the woman driver, of whom there are over 100,000 in the chief Australian cities, is to get accustomed to the traffic and the traffic regulations.**

IT is a mechanised age, and the number of cars on the road is always increasing. So, too, is the number of women drivers in proportion to men.

Whereas the girl at the wheel was a novelty 20 years ago she is now a feature of every landscape. In well-to-do homes the girl who does not drive is the exception rather than the rule.

In every State there is a move to make driving safer, and to lessen the number of accidents which run to thousands a year—a big proportion of them fatal. That is why we hear so much about "tightening up" the traffic regulations, and why there are so many more constables on the road.

**In Sydney, since the beginning of June, there have been about 500 traffic prosecutions a week. Most of these are for minor offences, but others in which dangerous driving has been the charge have meant heavy fines.**

### What You Have to Learn

THE woman motorist, with a new driver's licence in her possession, is chary at first of venturing into the city traffic. She does well to be cautious. It is different driving from that of a suburban or country road.

There are places where you cannot park a car. There are streets that permit traffic only one way. There are right hand *turns* you must not take at peak periods. There are crossings at which you must await the constable's signal to go on.

And there is a great deal more. You must give the right-of-way to what is coming on your right. You must have properly-fitted brakes. If you are going to park you must give other cars room to move out. You must not speed. In addition to looking out for other cars, you must look out for pedestrians, who are always liable to jump in front of you.

### Know Your Car

IT will all come easily in time. The first thing is to keep cool. The next is to understand the car you are driving. "Nothing like knowin' yer hoss, sir," says the stable hand to the amateur rider. There is nothing like knowing the car you are out in.

The woman motorist should learn to watch for the man at the street crossing. This officer is at first a source of anxiety, if not of terror. He is the man who books you if you do wrong.

Actually he is a friend and helper; without his directing hand motoring in our cities would be well-nigh impossible.

The traffic "cop" is usually a man of tact and forbearance. He is quick to see the difference between a nervous driver and one who is wantonly careless or negligent.

**Almost invariably he is considerate for women drivers.**

### "Chivalry Not Dead"

"CHIVALRY isn't dead," said the prosecuting officer in one of our courts. "You see that in all this crowd"—he indicated the room full of motorists waiting for their cases to come on—"there are only two or three women. There are plenty more that could have been booked up, believe me!"

On a typical day in a metropolitan court, with a hundred defendants waiting to be dealt with, the offences and punishments work out something like this:—

Breach of Parking Regulations. This is by far the most numerous class of case. The first offender usually gets off with a fine of 5/-, plus 5/6 costs. For a second offence the fine may be 7/6, and for a third or fourth up to 18/6, or more. The offence consists sometimes in parking in a prohibited area, but more often in exceeding the time allowed (20 minutes or half an hour) in a permitted street.

Disregarding a Signal to Stop. This is a more serious matter than contravening the parking regulations, and may mean a fine of from £1 upwards.

Driving with Defective Brakes, or Without Lights. The police are keeping a stricter lookout than formerly for offences of this nature. Fines may be heavy, or merely nominal, according to circumstances.

Driving in a Manner Dangerous to the Public. This is regarded as a serious offence, and fines range up to £20, or more, with cancellation of licence. It may be a matter of excessive speed on the road, undue speed at street crossings, "cutting corners," or something similar.

Driving While Under the Influence of Liquor. This is another serious matter—perhaps the most serious of all from the traffic point of view. Offenders are liable not only to a heavy fine, but to lose their licence.

There are a number of other ways in which you can transgress the traffic regulations, but the above are the chief.

For the woman motorist the requisites to safe driving in the city are a knowledge of the parking regulations—with which it is easy to become familiar on reading the traffic guide book handed out with the driver's licence—and the exercise of ordinary care.

Though there are a number of rules to be observed, they are not hard to follow, and they are not unreasonable. They have, in fact, been imposed for the benefit of motorists themselves.


Kidney Trouble

YOUR kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy by removing waste matter (uric acid) from the blood. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood-stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.

RHEUMATISM, sciatica, lumbago, backache—all these painful ills arise from the one cause—kidney trouble. Remove that cause!

CHECK kidney trouble before it grows on you. It yields almost magically to a remedy that has behind it nearly 50 years of public approval—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. This well-tried remedy acts directly upon the kidneys, strengthening and cleansing them, helping them to carry out their work of removing uric acid from the system.

TWENTY-FOUR hours after the first few De Witt's Pills have been taken, you will know they have acted on the kidneys. Then comes a feeling of fitness and well-being, telling you that your system is being rid of the harmful acid that attacked every muscle and joint in your body. Take De Witt's Pills at bedtime to-night and once again enjoy life. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6.

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

*Nothing is so essential to health in advancing age as keeping the bowels open*

The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels. Advancing age restricts activity and exercise and is responsible for the constipated condition of old folks. The digestive organs are more sensitive to the demands made upon them and rebel more quickly. Old age needs a mild and gentle laxative, one that will end constipation and tone up the system without griping or distressing after-effects.

*All elderly persons should take*

CHAMBERLAINS TABLETS FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
*Banishes Stomach Ills*

A concentrated preparation, very economical. *The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark* BISMAG



REDUCE AT LEAST 7 lbs. in 14 Days—Guaranteed

FULL 30 DAY Treatment Post Free 7/6

NO harmful drugs, no strenuous exercises, no starvation diets — healthy slenderness in a natural way. You lose at least 7lbs in 14 days, or we refund your money in full. Send now!

FAT DISAPPEARS

"Following instructions carefully, I lost 1 stone 12lbs in weight within the month, without feeling any ill-effects whatsoever."—M.H.

Send P.N. for 7/6 To-day. HARROP'S Laboratories, Dept. "A," G.P.O. Box 3828T, Sydney, or to Box 801, Auckland, N.Z.

Slimzall



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30 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS.

ACT NOW!

Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! Eucrasy is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. Users are daily testifying to its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness a moment longer? EUCRASY will sober the drinker and bring Happiness to your home if you USE it. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or voluntarily.

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To introduce our New Catalogue. We will send you this handsome 12-ct. gold-filled SIGNET RING for the cost of engraving only. Artistically hand-engraved with 2 initials. This ring is guaranteed 5 years and equal in appearance to the most expensive. Cash will be returned if not perfectly satisfied. Send Money Order for 2/3 to SIMS & MAYER, Dept. A.W.W., 418-422 Strand, W.C.2, London, England. Est. 32 years.

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*Hundreds of Testimonials from all over the world.*

Fee £2/2/- complete. Details Free. Write now:—

A. W. ROSS, Height Specialist (P.O. Box 15) Scarborough, England.

*Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.*

*Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.*

*IT'S YOUR PAGE*

*The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.*

## FUN AT BUSH SOCIALS!

ONE of my young matron friends, after a trip to the country, complained of the free and uncouth manners encountered at social evenings held at country centres.

I cannot agree with her. I've attended them: noisy, heterogeneous gatherings they were, boisterous without vulgarity, free from familiarity. There were no covert glances of dislike or envy, no shrugs of disdain, no whispered innuendoes. Every man considered his neighbor and his neighbor's wife as good as himself, and his genuine liking was in his frank glance, his hearty tones, his beaming, friendly smile. Men and women looked at each other, clear-eyed and straight. The piercing "hips" and the thunderous "hoo-rays" of young farm lads meant nothing but an excess of spirits (not bottled). The stamping of feet, the shouts and the laughter were indicative only of effervescent youth seeking an outlet. All were full of life and hope, and the world was far away, that world where clothes and money matter.

**£1 for this letter to Mrs. H. Schneider, 576 Ruthven St., Toowoomba, Qld.**

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## A VITAL MEALTIME

WHAT a difference it would make to the future of our children if parents were to acquire the habit of making mealtime conversation interesting and instructive!

Why not discuss current world affairs at table, instead of the usual family or local gossip. The children may not understand everything but would in time gain quite a useful amount of knowledge.

Think how much better it would be if, when our children pick up a newspaper, they should turn to the cable page rather than police court news or fatalities and accidents.

**Mrs. E. C. Seager, Kingscote, Kangaroo Island, S.A.**

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## KEEPING APPOINTMENTS

SHOULD we not be more particular about keeping appointments? From my experience I have found exactness in this regard the exception rather than the rule with most people.

Two examples occurred with me last week:

Having arranged by telephone a business meeting at a place and time convenient to both parties, I arrived in good time, to spend an hour wondering whether the other party would ever turn up. A couple of days later, a friend arranged per letter to meet me at a spot convenient to her. I travelled many miles across the city, arriving at the appointed place with some time to spare. My friend was twenty minutes late, and had only a light apology to offer.

Counting both relatives and friends, I have only a very few who can be relied on to keep strictly an appointment.

Is it a national failing?

**Mrs. J. Burns, 12 Melton St., Auburn, N.S.W.**

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## LONELY GIRLS

ALMOST every day one hears of women and girls who are quite alone in the world, and have no chance of making friends. This appears to me to be the saddest thing in the world, but at the same time I am convinced that such tragedies can be avoided.

It would be difficult to make any hard and fast rules to fit all cases, but may I suggest a few?

If girls would try to be interested and bright and not go about with such sad expressions on their faces they would, I am sure, find things different. Most of these girls work with others, and if they lost their standoffish air and tried to find someone that would suit them as a pal, they would succeed in making themselves and others happy, too.

Always be kind and sympathetic, but don't be officious. If you cultivate this personality it won't be long before many people will "discover" you, and then that lonely feeling will have gone for ever.

**Miss C. Beilby, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.**

## *Souvenir-Hunting As Refined Form Of Stealing*

SOUVENIR-HUNTING is just another form of breaking the eighth commandment, of possessing something that doesn't belong to you with the added distinction that you stole it for the sole purpose of boasting and showing it off afterwards.

It doesn't lessen the offence that the temptation to have "just some little thing as a reminder" is the prevailing passion. Really modest persons never keep souvenirs; they are content with the knowledge of having "been places." It is the egotistical, self-dramatising type that are the offenders.

**Miss A. M. Davis, 28 Seafield Avenue, Kingswood, S.A.**

### Our "Quads"

*I WAS even more interested in the Johnson "quads" than in the Dionne "quins," for are they not ours?*

*I do hope Australasian people will, if necessary, shower these little mites with all necessities, just as Canada, and the whole world, did to the "quins."*

*Remember that charity begins at home. We will not, I am sure, raise £36,000 for our wonder babies, but if we tried we could send useful gifts of clothing, etc. Every little helps.*

*E. J. M. BIARD,*
*230 Vulture St.,*
*Sth. Brisbane, Q.*

### Quite Harmless Habit

A. K. FISHER'S opinion may be theoretically correct. It is, however, well known that some young people (and older ones too!) make a habit of souveniring trifles from functions (these being of very little value) with an object of recalling these occasions when they reach the stage that the memory of petty misdemeanors in the hoary past will give them somewhat of a "thrill." If the souveniring habit is limited to the extent indicated it is not likely to breed any vicious form of kleptomania.

**Miss I. D. Ford, Box 3903, G.P.O., Sydney.**

## *Is The Bride's Dowry Quite A Back Number?*

IN France I believe the bride's dowry is discussed between the parents of the contracting parties.

Australian brides can be glad their parents do not take this attitude, although many girls are well-dowried with money and property, where wealth is enjoyed.

The average man gladly endows his future wife with all his worldly possessions. How many men stop to consider what a share of household accessories a girl possesses in a glory-box that may have taken years to accumulate in the shape of towels, sheets, pillowslips, and all the hundred and one things used in a home, besides the personal clothes, included in a wedding outfit?

**Miss Jeanne Irving, 2 Llewellyn St., Merewether, N.S.W.**

### Men Wouldn't Like It?

HAVE not English and Australian men for some little time now been crying out against women's growing independence, and wouldn't they still further be incensed if the women whom they were to ask to marry were to coolly suggest paying for their share of the home? This foreign dowry system, to my mind, cuts out the chief factor of marriage-love.

"No dowry, no marriage," might become the motto of the man, instead of, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." No! Right-thinking men like to realise that they are the providers, although in these times of depression their women often are the breadwinners, but are they happy about it? Ask them.

**Mrs. M. A. Davis, 28 Seafield Av., Kingswood, S.A.**

### The Man Gains, Anyway

TO quote Mrs. Ballantine's letter re dowries (29/6/'35), her friend thinks that the woman should contribute towards the cost of the home.

Well, does she not do this when she prepares her trousseau? Of course, she could save the money (as a dowry) instead of buying household linen, but as it would have to be spent on those things eventually, it seems as broad as it's long.

As for the bridegroom being entitled to some monetary compensation for taking the girl off someone else's hands, it seems to me that any man who considers that side of it is not very much in love, and, anyway, I should say he is gaining an asset rather than a liability, for is he not getting someone to wait on him hand and foot for the rest of his life?

**Mrs. E. Adams, care 29 Mort St., Moore Park, N.S.W.**

## *Of Course Women Can Keep Secrets, Women Say*

I DO not agree with Miss A. Higginbotham (29/6/'35), that women cannot keep a secret. No doubt when women are fickle and make friends and intimate friends of each and everyone they meet, it stands to reason they are not too particular as to what they say, or to whom it is said. Make friends sparingly, try them, and then trust them, and see how you get on. I have very few intimate friends, but I hold many confidences of theirs that, were I to tell what I know to busybodies, they would soon turn it into scandal. If you love a person, or have their interests at heart, you try to shield them, not to hurt them.

**Mrs. Wright, 31 Murray St., East Colac, Vic.**

### Men Are Worse

REPLYING to Miss Higginbotham (29/6/'35), of course a woman can keep a secret! I know, because I can keep many, and have kept them, and will keep them to the grave.

The people who cannot keep a secret are generally known. One does not confide in them in any vital matter.

A woman can keep a secret better than a man. How many misguided wives have confided in their husbands, only to find he has passed on her confidence to his best man friend who, in turn, passed it on to his wife, who "spilled the beans" all round.

**Mrs. J. H. Titus, Akarana, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.**

### Don't Hold Heaven Up ...As a Reward

**WHEN one realises the effect of some methods adopted by parents to deter their children from wrong-doing, it becomes apparent that the threat of "Not going to Heaven" for this reason or that is not to the child's advantage.**

**"Heaven" should not be held up as a reward to children should they live this life correctly, rather should they be taught the immediate advantages of living and thinking correctly, by parents making every endeavor to illustrate that good thoughts and actions beget happy states of existence, as mischief and wrong-doing produce opposite results.**

**L. H. Brown, Speribo, Walgett, N.S.W.**

### How About Private Secretaries

I DO not agree with Miss A. Higginbotham (29/6/'35) re woman's inability to keep a secret. On the contrary, I have worked with other girls for many years, and can find no trace of the "betrayal of her very best friend," as quoted by Miss Higginbotham. I have known cases of intimate secrets kept over many years by women, and only on exceptional occasions has a confidence been betrayed. Why blame the majority of women for the failing—and it is a failing—of the few? And why, if Miss Higginbotham's accusation is true, are hundreds of women and girls at the present time giving efficient service in that most confidential of all positions—that of the private secretary?

**Miss G. Brown, Sherwood Rd., Toowong, Brisbane.**

### Here's One Who Can

YES, Miss Higginbotham (29/6/'35) a woman can keep a secret, and when told a thing in confidence I certainly think she is expected to do so.

No doubt some people are ever ready to repeat spicy tit-bits of gossip, and many people cannot refrain from doing so, even if it concerns themselves, and would really be better left unsaid, but everyone is not the same.

On various occasions I have had people confide in me (personal confidences) and frequently things concerning friends and other people, but I feel happy to be able to say that I have never let these people down. Consequently, here is a woman who can keep a secret.

**Mrs. H. Hunter, 192 Wharfe St., Brisbane.**

## CASUAL AUSTRALIAN

WHY is it that Australians generally boast of being "casual," and quote amazing instances with pride?

To be casual is not only to be careless, but also to be inconsiderate, and is an evidence of very bad manners.

Every hostess knows the difficulty of arranging social functions, owing to those they honor with an invitation being so careless about replying. Young men, I think, are the worst offenders here.

So many folk have no sense of time in keeping appointments, others receive gifts without sending along any acknowledgment whatever.

In scores of ways we might mend our manners for the better and become reliable, not only in social but in business life also, and cease to quote "the casual Australian" as virtue and excuse.

**Mrs. D. McColl, Brandy Creek, Vic.**

## ETIQUETTE

**JUST WATCHING a person work may be fair for you, but there are usually disastrous consequences.**

## NOT ICE-CREAM!!

WHAT possesses theatre caterers when they bring round ice-cream and cool drinks at interval in the middle of winter?

I visited a theatre in town last week. Came interval and I was almost frozen stiff. In the act of visualising a delicious cup of steaming hot coffee, my thoughts were rudely shattered by a chilling "Ice-cream!"

Is it too much to expect theatre managers to show a little initiative and more consideration for their patrons in winter by asking caterers to bring round tea or coffee with biscuits at interval? The problem of cups and saucers could be solved by the use of hygienic cartons.

I am sure theatregoers would forever shower blessings on the management that should introduce this long-overdue service.

**Miss M. Russell, 1 Hercules Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.**

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## "BACKBLOCK" KIDDIES

WHY could not more be done for the "Children of the Backblocks"?

Recently a party of school-children—ranging in age from 6 to 14 years—visited Burnie from a town in the interior of Tasmania. Now, although some of those kiddies had seen a train, only one or two—and the party comprised 18—had ever travelled in a train. Most of them had never seen the sea, and very few a ship, or even a motor car. Talkies were completely new to them, and a free programme supplied by the local theatrical management thrilled all of them. A penny-in-the-slot weighing machine held their attention for a long time.

Now that visit was financed by the Parents' Association of the school concerned. It is my opinion that such visits could be arranged by the people who live in the up-to-date towns and the cities of our Commonwealth, who only realise how fortunate they are when such incidents as above are related. Could not municipal or shire councils provide a treat in the form of the above each year—or perhaps more often—for the children of the backblocks.

**Mrs. C. B. Winter, 21 Cotley St., Burnie, Tas.**

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## NEW SANTA CLAUS

LET'S call the next new town that springs up somewhere in Australia "Santa Claus." Children might then mail their Christmas letters to a real Santa Claus and, if the Postmaster-General's Department would co-operate, there could be an official to send replies to the children in letters bearing a special "Santa Claus" stamp. Of course there is a small township by that name somewhere in America, but we could really put our Santa Claus on the map.

**Mrs. J. Dwyer, 3 Union Flats, Union St., Paddington, N.S.W.**

## *Screen Oddities* By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

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"She's such a good girl now!"

Laxettes changed this young lady from a problem child to one of the sweetest things alive. For Laxettes know a great deal about child psychology... as well as about "little insides." Children love Laxettes and wait eagerly for "Laxette time." And Laxettes love children, do them good in the finest way, completely and thoroughly yet gently and easily, with no strain, no nervous upset, no exhaustion. When your own loved child needs an opening medicine, use Laxettes always. No imitation will do. Insist on genuine Laxettes—1/6 a tin at all chemists.

LAXETTES


# MICROPHONE MISHAPS *can be Funny* and SERIOUS

## 2GB Announcers Have a Fund of Stories!

**The other night at 2GB the lights failed. It was a situation to try the ingenuity of any announcer, but the broadcast went on. Probably few people who were listening at the time had any idea that there was anything wrong.**

RECORDED music was impossible, for the turn-tables are electrically operated. There remained the piano, which was immediately requisitioned.

Matches were lit, and even a cigarette-lighter helped to lend light in the darkness so that the usual announcements could be read. Later candles were obtained, and the programme carried on by candle light until the fault in the light supply could be rectified.

**To-day accidents such as these are rare and the listening public is rarely aware of their happening. The control operator sees to that. But when broadcasting was young, all sorts of accidents were apt to happen.**

FOR instance, there would be unexpected interruptions from outsiders. To-day these can be prevented by the announcer switching off the microphone.

But Kathleen Jordan will tell you how at the old A.B.C. when a microphone was on it was on, and only the chief announcer had the power of switching it off, so that if you wanted to cough you either had to broadcast it, or rush and put your head out the window.

And Mrs. Stelzer will tell you how once a voluble Chinese hawker wandered into the studio crying, "Gingah, ladee, Peanuts and feather dustahs, ladee; veree cheap, ladee," all of which went over the air.

Russell and Morgan can tell you of an even more trying experience. They call it the dog-fight that put a station off the air. They were conducting the children's hour. The kiddies were invited along with their pets.

During the course of the session two dogs took an ever-increasing dislike to each other and suddenly decided to fight it out there and then on the studio floor. There was a yelp, children screamed, and pandemonium reigned.

**When the operator recovered from his surprise, he cut the station off the air, and it took five minutes to get those dogs to adjourn their argument to the street.**

### He Was Bigger

BUT it isn't always dogs who cause trouble. There is the recalcitrant broadcaster who needs careful handling. Cyril James will tell you how he met one of these in a well-known theatrical personality.

He had given a talk from 2GB one Sunday night, and arrived the next Sunday to give a second talk. No arrangements had been made for any such a talk, but, nevertheless, the personage was determined to give his talk.

He was bigger than Cyril James, anyway, so, thinking discretion the better part of valor, Cyril James conducted him into a vacant studio, placed him in front of a dead microphone, and left him to give his talk while he went into the next studio and conducted the scheduled programme. When the talk was completed he thanked the gentleman for his very interesting talk.

### Many a Slip

AN accident of another type is the verbal accident, and they are liable to occur so long as announcers are only human, even though there is a warning red light to remind them that the mike is on and every word spoken will be taken down in evidence against them.

**This was brought home to Mrs. Jordan the other day when she gave the wrong date over the air. The telephone wire ran hot for the next ten minutes with listeners telling her of her mistake.**

To this category belongs the howler. Mason Wood has a story to tell of his experience in Melbourne. A well-known old-time cricketer was broadcasting a commentary on the Test match. He was a cheery old fellow without a very liberal education. "Duleepsinhji is at the wicket," he told the listeners.

"He reminds me very much of his uncle, Ranji. He has, in fact, the same soubrette as his uncle had twenty years ago." "I think you mean silhouette," said Mason Wood. And, sure enough, the old fellow had.

### 2GB Highlights

**SATURDAY, July 20.—6.0: Hits from "Naughty Marietta." 7.0: Teapot Reflections. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.0: "Her Weakness." 9.30: Sweethearts of Yesterday.**

**SUNDAY, July 21.—1.15: The Voice from Hollywood. 1.40: Highlights from "Rigoletto." 2.15: Face to Face with Meyerbeer. 7.20: Prof. Francis Anderson—"Dictators." 8.30: Build a Little Home. 8.45: George Edwards—"The Mysterious Mr. Moss."**

**MONDAY, July 22.—11.45: Dorothea Vautier—People in the Limelight. 12.15: Mrs. Philip Webb—"The Children's Friend." 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 8.20: Frank and Archie. 9.0: "Auntie Holds the Purse-strings." 9.15: Melody Travellers. 10.0: Trial of Bywaters and Thompson.**

**TUESDAY, July 23.—12.15: Contract Bridge. 3.30: Dorothea Vautier—Musical Personalities. 6.45: Voice of the People. 9.15: George Edwards — "The Children's Crusade." 9.45: Cyril James.**

**WEDNESDAY, July 24.—8.30: Eileen Boyd, Contralto. 12.0: Community Singing. 6.35: Once Upon a Time. 8.0: Viennese Nights. 9.0: Easy Chair Music with Donald Novis.**

**THURSDAY, July 25. — 12.15: Numerology. 9.15: George Edwards in "The Assassination of Eadward.**

**FRIDAY, July 26.—1.45: Storyteller. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine.**

ISN'T it grand to know that whatever sort of lovely lingerie you wear—woollen, silk or art silk—you can wash it again and again and still keep it pretty as new? Only by using Lux, of course! Lux does away with rubbing—its thick lather takes dirt out gently, preserves the elasticity of wool—so it doesn't shrink. See how safe it is for silk undies—for colours and the most delicate fabrics and it's so inexpensive to use.

A LEVER PRODUCT


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# What Women Are Doing

### Seeking Sunshine

DR. GEORGINA SWEET, who has been closely associated with many women's activities and organisations, will be unable, for health reasons, to take an active interest in such matters in the immediate future.

She has wisely decided to seek rest and sunshine, and left Melbourne last week for Queensland, spending a few days in Sydney en route.

Dr. Sweet has been, among other things, Australian president of the Y.W.C.A., and of the Women's Pan-Pacific Union.

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### To Represent Queensland In Interstate Hockey

A POPULAR sportsgirl, Miss Edna Morrison, of Warwick, has been chosen as one of the team to represent Queensland in interstate hockey matches. She has taken an active part for some years in the doings of the Warwick Harriers Swimming Club, and is among the best of the club swimmers.

Miss Edna Morrison —Regent Studio.

Her sporting prowess in the hockey field has now resulted in her selection in the interstate team.

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morrison, of Warwick, she will be the guest of honor at a complimentary dance to be held under the auspices of the harriers and the Warwick Ladies' Hockey Association before she leaves for the south.

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### Missioner's Wife May Do Some Nursing

THE new hospital which is being built at Kwato Mission Station, near Samarai, will probably claim the services of Mrs. H. V. D. Vaughan before it is very long in existence. Mrs. Vaughan and her doctor husband are on their way to the mission now, with their three children, and they are facing the five years' term that they will spend there with interest rather than dread, although there is not even a governess to look after the few white children there.

The mission has a special interest, for it was started by a well-known cricketer 40 years ago—Mr. Charles Abel—and Mrs. Vaughan says that not since its inception has it looked back. The missionem teach engineering, boat-building, copra-raising, and soap-making to the natives, who were long ago instructed in the way to play cricket.

The new hospital is to have one trained nurse at least, and if the number of patients becomes too much for the tiny staff, Mrs. Vaughan is quite willing to give her services, which should be useful enough, as she was a fully-qualified nurse herself before marriage.

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### She is a Busy And Able Secretary

MISS GERTRUDE JUDE, B.Sc., is confidential secretary to the general-secretary of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia, and has been actively connected with the movement since it began.

Miss Gertrude Jude —Dickinson-Monteath.

First a member of the Australian National Association that developed in Adelaide into the S.A. Liberal Association, she became the first secretary of the first women's branch of the Liberal Union, and held that position for many years.

She was also a foundation member of the National Council of Women, which was re-formed, after a recess, in 1921, and was secretary and international secretary for several years, going in 1925 to America as the State delegate to an international conference.

Miss Jude was one of the first women to join the Lyceum Club in Adelaide, and is interested in the Girl Guide movement, being Assistant State Controller of Voluntary Aid Detachments.

## Studying Public Health

**AN interesting visitor to Australia is Dr. Wu Chi Moy, of Canton. She has been practising for ten years in Canton, where she is the Special Commissioner for Public Health.**

**The Board of Health in Canton controls both the public and private hospitals, and keeps a close guard over the water and food supplies. It also controls the distribution of drugs and is actively engaged in combating tuberculosis.**

**Dr. Wu Chi Moy arrived in Sydney by the Nieuw Zeeland. She has been sent by the Canton Municipal Government on a world tour, inquiring into matters of public health.**

### Educating Future Women Candidates

THE Women's Election Campaign Standing Committee, which has been taken over by the Victorian Women's Citizens' Movement, is very busy preparing interested women so that they will be in readiness when the opportunity arrives for a woman to stand for Parliament.

Already monthly meetings that are of a decided educational value have been arranged. The object of the first meeting was to show how a candidate should deliver a policy speech to a meeting and the manner in which the meeting should proceed from then on.

Mrs. Julia Rapke, who presided, explained in her usual crisp and witty manner the duties of a chairman (or woman), and the mock candidate (Mrs. F. W. Lavis), delivered the policy speech.

During the series of lectures women will be educated in all the procedure with which a Parliamentary candidate should be familiar.

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### Visiting Adelaide to See Her Play Produced

MISS OLA COHN, the Victorian sculptor, is to visit Adelaide particularly to see the presentation by the pupils at the Adelaide School of Arts and Crafts of the dramatised version of her "Fairies' Tree." This tree is in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne, and the quaint animals and fairies she carved there took three years to complete.

Her own story, which she wrote after the tree was finished, has been made into a play by Mrs. Marjorie McLeod, the president of the Dramatists' Club in Melbourne, and the students in Adelaide are very thrilled to be producing it on July 20.

Miss Cohn will be the guest of the girls for a week. A picnic at the Botanical Park and other gatherings have been arranged to celebrate her visit.

### New Secretary Australian Women's National League

MRS. MARGARET B. INGRAM, a newcomer to Australia, has taken up her duties as secretary of the Australian Women's National League of Victoria, the responsible position left vacant by the retirement of Mrs. C. E. Bolitho.

Mrs. Ingram has lived in many parts of the Empire. She was secretary of the National Council of Women in Burma, where also she lectured at Rangoon University.

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### Women's Part in Musical Conference

TWO women took a prominent part in the first annual conference of those interested in musical education at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, on July 12 and 13. They were Miss Maude Puddy, Mus. Bac., and Miss Heather Gell, L.R.A.M.

Miss Maude Puddy

Miss Puddy's address was on Theodor Leschetizky, the man whose influence on pianoforte technique and interpretation has been world-wide. Miss Puddy herself studied under him for seven years in Vienna before the war, and is proud that he dedicated one of his last works to her. She said that some famous artists who owe inspiration to him are Paderewski, Mark Hambourg, and Moiseiwitsch (who invited Miss Puddy to play a duet with him during one of his recitals in Adelaide).

Miss Gell chose as her subject "Dalcroze Principles in Musical Education," demonstrating her address on rhythmics, unequal bar times, exercises on the development and pitch, and the plastic interpretation of form with a group of women from her aural training class at the Conservatorium.

### To Perpetuate a Noble Memory

MEMBERS comprising women from three separate bodies have banded together to perpetuate the memory of Mrs. Emily Mayfield who, they say, was an inspiration to the Liberal women of South Australia for many years.

Shortly after her death it was felt that something should be done to make her name remembered, and the women's branch committee of the Liberal Union organised a fete at which a large sum of money was raised, and subsequently it was decided that the income from this fund should be devoted to the encouragement of study of women's work, particularly in politics.

The committee is therefore offering prizes for an essay on "The economic and physical effects on the Australian nation of inflated food prices," and the entrants must be women members or the daughters of members of the Liberal and Country League.

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### Important Figure in Cultural Life of Hobart

TASMANIA numbers many talented women among her inhabitants, but in Hobart itself quite one of the outstanding is Miss Helen Power, poet and literary critic.

For some years Miss Power has contributed poems to well-known mainland journals, and last year a selected group of poems was published in book form, and aroused much interest and wide appreciation.

Gifted with a keen critical faculty, a deep love of good literature, art, and music, and being the fortunate possessor of a sound scholastic background, Miss Power has for twelve years or more filled a very important role in the cultural life of Hobart. Every winter she holds literary gatherings in her home in Elboden Street, and these gatherings, from small beginnings, have swelled to three packed sessions each week.

There all the best in current literature is read and discussed amid a keenly-interested circle of women of divergent points of view, who eagerly look forward to their weekly gathering.

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### Interesting Wife of Salvation Army Leader

MRS. J. W. DE GROOT, wife of the leader of the Salvation Army in the Dutch East Indies, is accompanying her husband on his visit to Australia, and Australian women have been interested to meet her and learn of the work of this world-wide organisation in the particular territory that her husband controls.

Mrs. de Groot's home is in Bandoeng, West Java. She is a Swiss, and was engaged in Salvation Army work in Switzerland before her marriage.

### Lived Within Historic Fort in India

"FORT" talkies are having such a boom at the moment that if one lives in a fort in India one can expect to have a visit from the movie cameraman before very long.

Movies, in fact, seem to be very much mixed up in the life of Mrs. C. W. Free, who has been living with her husband, Major Free, right within Fort William, in India. While they were there, Mrs. Free was interested in the shooting of scenes for the film version of Kipling's "Soldiers Three" going on about her. Many of the people who were "shot" for fort scenes were the men of the Devon Regiment and their wives.

Major and Mrs. Free will probably see the film in New Zealand, where they are going to spend their furlough and incidentally pay a visit to their three small children.

The couple, by the way, lived for many years in Bengal, so the Major was promptly put on the committee which censored "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" when it was first released in India.

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### Famous Airwoman Has Thought for Others

REALISING that the first cost of obtaining a pilot's ticket is the main reason why there are not more airmen, Freda Thompson has given a scholarship to the value of £50 to the Royal Victorian Aero Club. The scholarship is open to past and present public school boys between the ages of 17 and 25, who have never done any flying. Already there are many entries.

Miss Freda Thompson. —Broothorn.

After her flight from England to Australia, Miss Thompson gave herself a complete rest. She spent two months on a trip to N.S.W. and Queensland, but on that occasion she travelled by car.

She had not handled a plane for three months when she went to Essendon Aerodrome last week, but she is making a regular habit of flying again now.

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### Australian Caught in American Sand Drift

FIRST-HAND news of the terrible dust-storms which are turning the country in North America into a kind of drifting Sahara comes from Mrs. A. A. Johnson, of Newcastle, N.S.W. She was a passenger on one train which was held up overnight on the trip from Los Angeles to New York because two feet of sand had drifted over the railway lines since the last train had passed through!

Not a blade of grass was to be seen anywhere, according to Mrs. Johnson who, although nearly 70, regarded the forced stop in the light of an adventure. The cattle, of course, had all disappeared, as those people who had once had prosperous holdings and ranches there had long since driven their herds to other places in search of food and water.

Mrs. Johnson said the train on which she travelled was held up for 12 hours while gangs of men scooped the sand off the rails, and though it was evening when they stopped, the daylight had broken over the desert scene before the train was able to continue on its way. Even so, every door and window of it had to be closed up for two days before the air was free enough to breathe. Men were employed specially to keep the trainline clear from drifting sand, she said.

## IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP.

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**SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA**

# EDUCATING *the World's Wonder* BABIES

## Doctor Dafoe tells of his plans for the Dionne Quins' schooling

By Air Mail from New York — from G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly

It is a matter of pride in America that the Dionne Quintuplets have been made wards of the King.

*This honor and the great public interest in them has, however, given rise to fears for their safety. Kidnapping is still a dreaded by-product of gangsterdom in the United States of America. True, the children live in Canada, which is very free from crime, but the guardians of the "Quins" are taking no chances.*

DR. DAFOE

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE, who brought the "Quins" into the world, and is now their guardian, told me about his plans for the future of the children.

He recognises that the unique character of the "Quins" makes it almost impossible to hide them from the public, but having saved them from being exhibited in side-shows and theatres he does not want to be accused of showmanship.

The doctor therefore plans a glassed-in room where the children can play and be seen by the public at certain hours.

In order that none of the sight-seers, or anybody else, might kidnap any of the children, two guards are to be employed permanently, one by day and one by night. Rooms for the guards are being built in the rear of the special hospital which has been provided at Callander, Ontario, for the "Quins."

An isolated wing is also being built.

**"Yes, sir, kids are kids," said Dr. Dafoe. "You know how it is, one gets the sniffles and they all do unless you separate 'em at once."**

At the present time the babies are healthy, though they are below the average weight of children at a year old.

"I'd say the bunch of them weigh about 85 pounds," said the doctor. "That's short, because the average baby weighs about 25 pounds at one year.

"They haven't got the strength of normal babies yet, it will probably be August before they do, but they're brighter, and more intelligent and healthier than the average babies."

Dr. Dafoe says that the children are to have a school all to themselves when they get big enough. Professors of child behaviour come from Toronto University once a month to study the "Quins," and they are already planning a course of training and education for them.

A pleasant and very human sort of man is Dr. Dafoe. The "Quins" will love him when they get a little older.

Dr. Dafoe passed through New York during my stay in the city. He was on his way home from the American medical convention in Atlantic City, where doctors from all over the country were intensely interested in the "Quins."

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(Extract from Original Letter.)

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# BARE LEGS *Taboo in* STOCKING *Factories*

## "Fire the Girl without them," Says Director

***Bare legs, usually the special concern of Mrs. Grundy, have now become a cause for indignation among stocking manufacturers.***

***In Leicester, the centre of England's stocking industry, women employees in the hosiery mills have been told that they must wear stockings at work, and the Lord Mayor of Leicester is so carried away that he has flouted modern ideas about exposed skin for health and says that women should wear stockings from a health point of view.***

A SIMILAR difference of opinion among employers and employees in a section of the Australian stocking industry caused some bad knocks in the smooth running of engines of several factories recently.

Practical loyalty to the firm is still a characteristic of modern industry in spite of the modern spirit of independence among workers.

The employee at a mercer's shop dare not join the no-hat brigade because his loyal soul could not bear the tortured look in the eyes of his employer.

Could a brewery employee enjoy light-heartedly the potions brewed by a rival firm? If a butcher boy turned vegetarian, would he not agree that justice was being done if the butcher severed his head on the chopping-block?

There are a few exceptions to the golden rule of practical loyalty to the man that pays the wages. A worker in an artificial limb factory would not let his loyalty persuade him to fling himself recklessly into a street accident; nor would a worker in a patent medicine factory spend his spare time deliberately contracting ailments.

**It is a dark, but nevertheless regrettably true, fact that the high dignitaries of the railways and the tramways travel to important functions not in their trains and trams, but in sumptuous automobiles.**

HOWEVER, in most Australian stocking factories support for the industry they work for is so general among the hundreds of girl employees that they are a many-legged walking advertisement.

One masterful factory director went so far as to say that if a girl turned up at work without stockings she would be fired immediately.

On the other hand, one of Australia's most up-to-date stocking factories—which has just imported the first machine for making a whole stocking in one operation—is a stronghold of the old-fashioned idea of trusting to the employee's sense of loyalty to uphold the sale of the firm's wares without recourse to rules and regulations.

Stockings are not insisted upon, but all the girls wear them. In the summer time they sometimes discard them during working hours, but always wear them when leaving the factory.

In most factories an arrangement is made for girls to buy one pair of stockings a week at a special fixed price, so that the hundreds of legs hurrying to the factory every morning are always an excellent advertisement for the firm.

### No Sentiment

You might think a girl would feel a sentimental pleasure about wearing a pair of stockings she had made herself. This is only true to a small degree, as the girl workers have no part in the actual making of the stocking.

They are concerned with only the beginning and the end of the process. A stocking's life story before it is ready for the shop counter occupies a fortnight. The girls handle the silk from Japan, scouring it first and spinning it on the spools in varying thickness—according to whether it will become sheer, semi-sheer, or service-weight stockings.

Men work the machines that weave the stockings, and girls examine them afterwards for flaws and any necessary mends.

Men deal with the dyeing process, and men also work in a room where the stockings are stretched into shape and paired.

The room is filled with leg models of various lengths and sizes—giving a macabre suggestion that thousands of ballet girls have been subjected to wholesale amputation of their shapely legs.

**The luckiest girl in a factory is the one who tries out all the new models. She has to have pretty legs, but also keen intelligence, and the courage to speak her mind and criticise the models.**

On her criticism rests the fate of a new heel, a new weight, or a new design for the stocking tops. The fate of new colors is decided by the women who buy stockings, through the orders of the big stores.

## TEA-POT TALES

BY JOHN ROGERS

### SIR JOSEPH BANKS

Sir Joseph Banks, who discovered Australia with Captain Cook, was a famous tea expert. He wrote many memoirs on tea growing, and did more than anyone to bring the flavour of tea to its present perfection.

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Mr. James Lyons and Mr. Barnie Lyons will be pleased to interview all sufferers—THERE IS NO CHARGE for Consultations.

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# OUTLANDISH *First-Aid Methods* OUT BACK!

## Amazing Red Tape Endangers Life on East-West Line

From Our Adelaide Representative

**The East-West railway line, one of Australia's national outposts, is to-day a centre of interest owing to the remarkable story attached to the desire of Lady Dugan, wife of the South Australian Governor, to help provide medical facilities for people at Kingoonya.**

***The reason that the C.W.A. recently opened a medical fund was that permission had to be obtained from Melbourne to open the sealed first-aid box before treating any Commonwealth servant who had been injured—however serious the accident.***

**If the patient were not a Commonwealth servant, there were no official medical facilities in the town.**

ON her recent trip into outlying parts of South Australia, Lady Dugan was invited to a meeting of the Kingoonya branch of the Country Women's Association, at which there were members present from various parts of the district as far away as 200 miles. One woman came 90 miles to attend, another 70, and more than half the members regularly travel 40 miles every two months to attend.

"I can imagine the astonishment of Lady Dugan when she first began her tour," remarked Mrs. Harry Coleman, president of the Kingoonya branch of the C.W.A., who is on holiday in Adelaide.

"After England she must have had some big surprises in the home life in the outback, and we appreciate her efforts in trying to do something to obtain medical facilities for the people on the East-West line.

"The Commonwealth Government supplied a box containing anything in the way of medicines and first-aid appliances that would be likely to be wanted for the hardy people who live in or out of Kingoonya, but it also supplied a clause in the rules relating to it that permission must first be obtained from Melbourne to break the seal.

"If the accident to be treated were not severe, a wire would be sent immediately, but if the patient were bleeding dangerously the attendant would naturally break the seal and attend to the wound, probably obtaining permission afterwards.

"That, of course, if the patient were a Commonwealth servant. If he were not, he would have to be driven at full speed to the nearest station, where all first-aid requirements were to be found at the homestead, and the station-owners were humane enough to help the victim of an accident.

**"If any illness or injury is serious, naturally the patient is taken as quickly as possible to the nearest hospital, which is at Port Augusta, 200 miles from Kingoonya."**

### Floating Population

ASKED what the population of Kingoonya was, Mrs. Coleman replied that, at a recent race meeting there, there had been 500 present, but that some of these people were visitors.

In view of the unsatisfactory first-aid facilities, the local Country Women's Association opened a fund and have made available to the people of the district a well-equipped box and an official to attend the injured.

Mrs. Coleman added that several years ago a "hospital" train used regularly to run on the East-West line, in case of the illness of any Commonwealth servant or miner—for there are many big mines in the district. But the "hospital" was never used for the reason that if anybody were seriously ill he would immediately be sent into hospital to avoid all possible risks. A hospital was not usually necessary to treat the victim of an accident.

Since she has been in Adelaide Mrs. Coleman has had a letter from the secretary of the Kingoonya branch of the C.W.A. (Mrs. Pick) stating that a travelling nurse will probably be made available along the railway line.

Mrs. Coleman described the houses of the railway workers in Kingoonya as being one lattice-work room with a proper wooden room on either side of it. A third side opened out to a lattice-work "subway" (as the inhabitants of the cottages call it), and the subway ended in a kitchen—the only room in the house where a stove could be placed.

"The houses," she said, "are built two feet off the ground, ostensibly to keep them cool in summer, but the only thing their being built up does is let in the dust. The latticed rooms are usually filled in with iron or linoleum by the residents, to keep the draughts out and accommodate their families.

"If the houses are not big enough, the Commonwealth will allow the residents to rent little wooden (all the buildings even the houses, are wooden) rooms away from the houses!

"Just at the moment the C.W.A. in Kingoonya is trying to raise some money to build a little school at Glenloth, a mining centre about 15 miles out of Kingoonya, for the 20 children of school-going age there. They have been told that the Government will provide the township with a teacher if the residents build the school."


HOST HOLBROOK says: I drew a special Vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***

# NEW PLASMIC

**America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.**

ACTUAL PHOTO (Untouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, age 57. Taken on July 12th, 1934.

ACTUAL PHOTO (Untouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

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# *Has 'FLU* Left You With *Backache?*

The 'Flu epidemic which has been with us this Winter has left many people suffering with severe Backache.

It is the Kidneys which have been affected, and what is needed to put them right again is a course of Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills.

A few hours after you begin taking Gin Pills, the pains in your back will ease, and will cease altogether in a day or two.

But don't stop at this, continue taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills for at least a week, so as to make certain that the Kidneys have a good flushing out, so that any trace of weakness or inflammation will be removed.

You will then be secure in the knowledge that your Kidneys have regained their health, and that Backache, Rheumatism, Stiff, Swollen Joints, Lumbago or Sciatica will not make your life a misery.

Anyone can take Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills—their composition is such that they cannot help but do you good. They are backed by a reputation of over 35 years, during which time they have brought thousands of one-time sufferers back to health again.

If 'Flu has left you with pains in your back, you will be very wise if you begin a course of Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills to-day.

Immense sales. 27 Pills 1/9—60 Pills 2/9.

DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

# *Let* KINKARA *help you over that "after 'flu" feeling!*

COME back to health. Convalescence after 'flu . . . when depression settles heavily on you . . . that is the time to call on KINKARA'S friendly aid. This delicious tea is rich in all those revitalising elements which restore energy without leaving a trace of harmful reaction. Yes, most assuredly is KINKARA the *health* tea. It is better for your nerves. Best for your health.

Infuse for 5 minutes only.

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FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, RUSSIAN, JAPANESE, etc. Conversational method, without grammatical drudgery.
NEW JAPANESE CLASS
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IRENE VERA YOUNG
Assisted by her MOTION CHOIR
At the CONSERVATORIUM — 25th JULY, 1935, in
A RECITAL OF MODERN DANCE
Plan at Nicholson's. Prices: 5/-, 3/-, and 2/-, plus tax.


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# MARRIED *Women* *as* ATHLETES!

## *Queensland Champion Gives Secret*

***Can a married woman be an athlete? Mrs. Thelma Peake, of Brisbane, supplies the answer. She is a married woman with a little son, and she is the recently acclaimed all-round champion woman athlete of Queensland.***

SEATED one day during the week in the tidy drawing-room of her home in the distant Brisbane suburb of Mitchelton, Mrs. Peake was asked the question. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Of course," she said. "Why not?" And the collection of some thirty silver cups which threw back the bright morning sunshine from a cabinet seemed to re-echo her query.

"I find time to do all my own housework, washing, ironing, and cooking, and attend to my husband and little son, and I am never ill. Then I find plenty of time to practise three times a week at Bell's Paddock, which is close handy, and once a week at Lang Park, in the city."

Her husband is keenly interested in her prowess in athletics, although not an athlete himself. For many years he was interested in cricket and football, playing both games, and when there are contests in which his wife participates he is an enthusiastic spectator.

But her young five-year-old son, Binkie, is his mother's keenest supporter. When at practice or when big contests are in progress he is her constant companion and barracker.

"What comes first—your athletic career or your home?" Mrs. Peake was asked.

### Home First

"MY home, decidedly," she replied. "Athletics is only a bad second if it comes to a question of choice between the two. Of course, I have no other hobbies. I don't do any sewing or knitting, and I don't play bridge."

The champion is a thorough out-of-doors person, and in the summer months she keeps fit by playing baseball, tennis and swimming.

**She follows no set diet, and admits to a fondness for chocolates and sweet things. The only time she gives thought to what she eats is just before an important race.**

It is only about four and a half years since Mrs. Peake took up athletics seriously. It was after she was married, and, curiously enough, it was at the suggestion of her husband, who is not only interested in her successes, but is her chief coach and mentor. He also acts as an official for the Queensland Women's Athletic Association. To the fact that in the first year of her athletic career she concentrated on long distance running Mrs. Peake attributes her staying powers, and cites it as the nucleus of her success.

Her career has been remarkable for many record performances. Her first record was in the 880 yards, which she covered in 2 minutes 32 seconds, in 1932, and which she lowered in the following year by 3 1-5secs.

In 1932 she also held the record for the shot putt. Mrs. Peake considered her greatest achievements were her broad jump record of 17ft. 6½in in 1933, and her eclipsing of it in the following year with a jump of 17ft. 11½in., this being an Australian record for a woman.

**Her time over the 90 yards is equal to the Australian record held by Miss Clarice Kennedy, of New South Wales.**

# HORSEBACK RIDING

***Australian girls are born horsewomen. It makes a gallant picture — a pretty girl who rides gracefully. There is something essentially romantic about the girl who can ride a horse well. McClelland Barclay depicts here the typical outdoor girl after a gallop on her favorite horse.***

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

**OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM**

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

*No stars ..... no good.*

## ★★ THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

**Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Elsa Lanchester, Valerie Hobson. (Universal.)**

FOR those who saw the original "Frankenstein" this film sequel may not be quite so curdling. But it certainly succeeds in hurrying the heartbeats and chilling the blood, which is the test of horror films. Karloff again portrays the lumbering, inhuman monster of Frankenstein's creation with awesome effect. The eerie atmosphere is strengthened by scenes of desolation at night, the gloomy castle interiors, the graveyard, and all the apparatus of black magic in the guise of science with which Frankenstein (Colin Clive), and the sinister Dr. Pretorius, ably played by Ernest Thesiger, are conducting their experiments.

After an interesting prologue in which Elsa Lanchester appears as Mary Shelley, authoress of "Frankenstein" a century ago, we move to the present among the Tyrolean Alps. But modernity scarcely shows itself in these surroundings. Along with the shudders of the tale one is conscious of a feeling of pity for the monster, which is increased when his longed-for mate, brought to life in a curiously Ethiopian mould by the experimenters, recoils from him. His act of self-destruction, in which he involves the female monster and Pretorius, is the only course left to him. Alas, poor monster!—Plaza, com. July 19.

## ★ SHE LOVES A UNIFORM

**Patricia Ellis, Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe. (Paramount.)**

ONE of the brightest burlesques we have seen. This deals with a millionaire's daughter (Patricia Ellis), who dotes on anything in the shape of a uniform, and attempts to elope with a bogus flying officer (Cesar Romero), who wants her money, but finally succumbs to a humdrum friend of her childhood (Larry Crabbe) when she sees him after the Yale-Harvard match in his muddied football rig. It is a uniform of sorts, you see. However, before this happy consummation, she completely quells four rugged specimens, her housemates in Romero's flat, who are hard-working racketeers in a small way, reminding us by her methods of Kipling's description of how primeval Woman domesticated Man. The thug who cannot remember exactly when it was that he last killed a man, and the light-fingered practitioner are equally as wax in her hands.

We thought this joyous band startlingly ignorant of that great national pastime—American football. But their friendly conversation among themselves is peppered with the choicest insults, and when they are on the screen there is "not a dull moment."—Prince Edward, com. July 13.

## ★ THE TRIUMPH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

**Arthur Wontner, Jane Carr, Ian Fleming. (B.D.F.)**

ARTHUR WONTNER, best possible actor for the part, makes us feel in this film version of "The Valley of Fear" that the mind of Sherlock Holmes is like a sweetly-running engine. Ian Fleming is again to the life the respectable doctor who is always several moves behind his admired friend. These two players fit together like hand and glove. To hear from them the familiar refrain: "Amazing, Holmes" . . . "Elementary, my dear Watson," is a perennial pleasure. Leslie Perrins and Jane Carr are also to be well commended for their assumption of American characters. But, with the idea of latterday, dare-devil gunmen from Chicago coloring our thoughts, we wonder that the remaining member of the secret society of "Scourers" should have bothered to seek the aid of Professor Moriarty. And though Moriarty himself is an adequate figure, his flight up the staircase of the ruined tower is very unconvincing.—Mayfair, com. July 13.

## ★ THE COWBOY MILLIONAIRE

**George O'Brien, Evelyn Bostock. (Fox.)**

IT is such a comfort to get a George O'Brien film, where poetic justice is invariably handed out in the final sequence, though it seems touch and go before that moment arrives. And how we enjoy seeing the athletic George extricate himself, and frequently the heroine, too, from the villain's toils! Here O'Brien is a cowboy, retained by the manager of a luxurious hotel in Arizona to play up the Wild West stuff by way of entertaining tourists. However, he and his partner hold a gold-mining claim they are anxious to exploit, but of whose stupendous value they are quite unaware. The somewhat leisurely tale ends with a brisk fight in an inn parlor, and we enjoyed seeing O'Brien, when he follows his quarry to England, wearing his cowboy hat through Piccadilly and the English countryside. Evelyn Bostock is a slimly attractive English heroine. She plays up to O'Brien well both in the stiff reserve of the earlier scenes and when she melts to her cowboy.—Capitol, com. July 19; King's Cross, com. July 20.

## ★ IT'S A BET

**Gene Gerrard, Helen Chandler (B.I.P.)**

WHEN you find that the hero has made a freak bet, it is generally safe to back his winning it. Here Gene Gerrard, ex-reporter of a London newspaper, undertakes to evade for a month being tracked down by his opponent, who is on the directorate of a popular daily. Fleeing through some very lovely stretches of English country, he encounters a helpful damsel (Helen Chandler), on a visit from her native Canada. As for the romantic interest, you can guess it first time. But the havoc created by the manhunt through an itinerant fair provides some really cackling moments, and the climax is well worked. Gene Gerrard is a pleasant exponent of romantic comedy, and Miss Chandler plays her part with charm. However, we wish that our Australian Judy Kelly were not cultivating such an affected accent, and the Devonshire scenes are marred by yokels wearing the now disused smock, and speaking a dialect of their own invention.—Embassy, com. July 12.

## ★ THE MOONSTONE

**David Manners, Phyllis Barry, Jameson Thomas. (Monogram.)**

WILKIE COLLINS' mystery story of a fabulous diamond stolen from an Indian idol has here been brought up to date with such incidentals as motor cars, telephones, and wireless. Later writers have rubbed off the novelty of the sacred jewel with a religious curse upon it; but the manner of its disappearance and its recovery in this picture after it had been brought to the lonely Yorkshire manor house has not, so far as we are aware, been staled by imitation. Also the English atmosphere of the story, though it does not suggest Yorkshire particularly, has mercifully not been shattered by the intrusion of American speech.—Lyric, com. July 12.

## ★ CAPTAIN HURRICANE

**James Barton, Helen Westley. (R.K.O.).**

A PLEASANTLY ambling story here presents against the shipwrecks and storms of that iron-bound coast the lives ashore of retired seafaring folk on Cape Cod. James Barton, as Zenas Henry, whose blustering wins the name of the title, has some difficulty in convincing us of his ungovernable rage with inanimate objects that get in his way. But he is admirable in his scenes with the managing spinster, Abbie, who had for years steadily refused to marry him because of his temper. Helen Westley, too, is seen to advantage as this capable, practical woman who frowns upon the captain's shiftless friends, but is presently won over to take them in hand as well.—Lyric, com. July 12.

## ★ MILLS OF THE GODS

**(Reviewed by E.M.T.)**

**May Robson, Fay Wray. (Columbia.)**

THE mills are here all right, grinding out "plows" first very fast and then slowing down to a standstill in the depression. What one misses is God, who has no place in this industrial community whose economic framework has been shattered. The head of the business (May Robson) makes a gallant fight to keep the wheels turning; but her descendants bode ill for the future of the firm. The girl (Fay Wray), is softened by a sudden passion for the strike leader (Victor Jory), but class divisions are too strong; they love and part to face a world awry. The acting is uniformly good—Raymond Walburn, as the expatriate son gives sound support—and the background has actuality of a rather terrifying kind.—Capitol, com. July 19; King's Cross, com. July 20.

## DANNY BOY

**Dorothy Dickson, Frank Forbes-Robertson. (B.D.F.)**

EACH time a picture like this, apparently an old one, is released it sets back the reputation of British films. It is not that this is more sentimental than several recent American examples; but, whereas Hollywood does a thorough wallow where occasion demands it, the players here seem merely resigned. That is largely due to the slow and clumsy direction. Dorothy Dickson is quite charming enough to deserve better material and handling. Our friend Cyril Ritchard is ill at ease as the man who loses her.—Mayfair, com. July 13.

*GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, as Mimi, in an early scene of the film, telling the actor, Lamotte (Austin Trevor), who is her protector, exactly what she thinks of him.*

# GERTRUDE LAWRENCE *Intriguing Star* of "MIMI"

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

GOSSIP has been busy with the name of Gertrude Lawrence, a favorite of the London stage, and also acclaimed on Broadway, ever since Douglas Fairbanks, jun., went over to England after his divorce from Joan Crawford.

Months ago a Fairbanks-Lawrence wedding was supposed to be due any minute. Recently the cables reported that Miss Lawrence was in the Bankruptcy Court, one of the extravagances mentioned as having brought her there being lavish expenditure on a trousseau.

*DIANA NAPIER, as Madame Sidonie, reigning favorite of the Parisian theatre in "Mimi."*

*FLOUNCING out of bed to pack up and leave Lamotte, Mimi comes upon Rodolphe (Douglas Fairbanks, jun.) in the next room.*

WEDDING bells or no wedding bells, the pair play very convincingly their parts as lovers in "Mimi," the film version of "La Vie de Boheme," the book by Alfred Murger from which Puccini took the story of one of his best-known operas.

And whatever the truth of the gossip which has circulated freely round these two people, so much in the public eye, we can well understand that Douglas Fairbanks, jun., would feel the subtle fascination of a woman who is in her own line one of the most accomplished actresses on the English stage to-day.

Certain it is that he has himself learnt a great deal professionally from his association with her. A little while ago they were acting together on the stage in London in "Moonlight and Silver," which the critics considered not in itself a particularly good piece, but which they unanimously commended for Miss Lawrence's performance.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE is not a newcomer to the screen. She played lead in some silent films in America, and has been seen by Australian audiences in two English talkies—a short comedy called "Early Mourning" and a drama, "Lord Camber's Ladies," of which more anon.

But she has won her reputation by her work on the stage, both in revue and the "legitimate."

She started young, making her debut in pantomime at the age of ten. Like a number of other players who have made a name in the West End, she owed her early stage training to Italia Conti, who runs the well-known dramatic school for children; and she also studied dancing under the celebrated Espinosa.

Graduating from the Conti school to the variety stage, Miss Lawrence quickly rose to prominence in various revues, being starred in "Charlot's Revue," in London, and afterwards repeating her success in that production for more than a whole year in New York. Another triumph for her, both in London and New York, was the musical comedy "Oh Kay."

Later she turned to comedy and drama, playing opposite the late Sir Gerald Du Maurier in John Van Druten's "Behold, We Live," and sharing the honors with Noel Coward in that versatile author's fantastic comedy, "Private Lives."

Though Miss Lawrence is not strictly beautiful, she is extremely graceful, every telling gesture and delightful pose being controlled by the high art that conceals art. And with those wide-set, liquid eyes and pointed chin, and her small, well-poised head, she can appear an enchanting creature.

**The modulations and inflections of her voice make up one of her distinctive charms.**

Gramophone recordings were taken of some scenes between her and Noel Coward in "Private Lives," and it was interesting for those who had not seen Miss Lawrence in the play to compare those passages with the film version of it, which came to Australia afterwards.

Without detracting in any way from Norma Shearer's spirited and highly amusing performance in the same part, it must be admitted that her rendering and Robert Montgomery's of the dialogue, when set against Miss Lawrence and Coward, was banal.

And who could forget Miss Lawrence's delicious intonations, as she varied from the Cockney to the accent of the smart set in that hilarious trifle, "Early Mourning," where a chorus girl who has married into society prematurely assumes her grass widowhood to have become the real thing?

In her dramatic role of Lady Camber, too, every inflexion of the sick woman who discovers her husband's unfaithfulness counted.

SUPPORTING the principals in "Mimi" there are some well-known players. Carol Goodner, a very handsome American who, like Tallulah Bankhead and Rosemary Ames, has made her mark on the London stage, takes the part of Musette. As Madame Sidonie, reigning actress of the Comedie Francaise, there is Diana Napier, the young beauty who played the Court favorite of Tsar Peter (Douglas Fairbanks, jun.) in "Catherine the Great." The news that Miss Napier is engaged to be married to Richard Tauber, the famous tenor, caused much stir recently. Miss Napier also has a part in Tauber's next film, "My Heart's Delight."

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# AGE is *No Deterrent* to *Eisteddfod* COMPETITORS

## Many Enter for Piano Championship

**Despite the influenza epidemic, which, by incapacitating many intending competitors or their teachers, has had a considerable effect on the work of preparation for all sections, the volume of entries for the 1935 City of Sydney Eisteddfod has been extremely gratifying.**

***Eisteddfod officials are particularly pleased with the stimulus given to those eligible to compete in the juvenile piano division by The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship.***

INTEREST in this splendid scholarship has been widespread and intense, and the encouragement given to young students may be gauged from the fact that the Piano Solo Under 14 Section has a greater number of entrants than any other in the syllabus.

THE enthusiasm shown by some young players is remarkable. One little Brisbane girl, aged thirteen, has entered for no fewer than twelve pianoforte competitions, and is, in addition, an aspirant for the Australian Women's Weekly prize. Among the twelve competitions in which her skill will be tested are the City of Sydney open pianoforte championship (all ages), and other championship events.

While this youthful enthusiast possibly heads the list, the number of competitors who have entered for five or six piano competitions is remarkable. Two Sydney girls, each under sixteen, have sent in entries for seven and eight competitions respectively. One of them will be trying in the City of Sydney championship, and both are out to win The Australian Women's Weekly event.

Possibly the youngest competitor who has sent in his entry for Scholarship honors is a boy. He is five years old, but, in addition to competing in piano sections, this versatile prodigy will figure in elocution and singing contests.

**More and more, as the entries have come in to the Eisteddfod organising secretary, has the management of The Australian Women's Weekly been convinced that, in making available its £100 Scholarship, it has performed a worthwhile service to the music-loving youth of Australia. The response has been so enthusiastic, so unmistakable, that doubt on this score would be impossible.**

### Girl's Ambition

JUST what a scholarship means to thousands of earnest young students, prevented by financial barriers from perfecting their studies, but still fighting on under difficulties, may be gathered from this extract from one of the many letters received by the Organising Secretary:—

"I am a young girl living in the country, and have taught myself from textbooks successfully and passed Grade 2 in Conservatorium and A.L.C.M. in London College. I have neither wireless nor gramophone, and am never able to hear music from one year's end to the other, and no one knows how hungry I am to hear it and to be able to interpret it. I do not know whether there will be a chance for me . . . but a scholarship . . . would indeed be gratifying."

It requires very little imagination to realise just how gratifying a scholarship would be. It would mean proper tuition, a chance to move in a musical atmosphere, and, who knows? the development, perhaps, of a pianist of whom Australia would be proud.


## INFLUENZA

SYMPTOMS AND HOW TO BEAT IT WITH HEENZO

Influenza is again prevalent in Australia. Sufferers are advised to take all precautions, as neglect of this ailment generally leads to pneumonia. It's a sure sign you're getting influenza if your head aches, your eyes run and redden, your back pains you, or your throat is sore. The first thing to do is to go straight to bed, and keep warm—it's sheer madness to try and fight it off. You might win; but the chances are you will finish up with something more serious. Be sensible and go to bed, keep the bowels open (preferably with castor oil). Then every three hours take half a teaspoonful of concentrated Heenzo (straight from the original bottle) in half a wineglass of hot water. The medicinal properties of Heenzo will keep the influenza germ in check, and open the pores of the skin, causing the patient to perspire freely. To guard against a relapse, DON'T leave bed until 24 hours after the temperature has abated. To soothe the throat and ease the chest, in cases where the coughing is troublesome, take Heenzo made up as a family cough syrup (instructions on the bottle). As well as being a wonderfully efficient remedy for chest and throat ailments, Heenzo is a great money-saver. A two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual made-up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. You will be delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping-cough. Order a bottle of Heenzo from your chemist or store to-day, and keep it handy for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.***

23 Goulburn Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.



## JAZZ PIANIST

Len Langford, the well-known broadcasting pianist, can teach you to play Jazz and Syncopated Novelty Piano Playing in a few weeks. HERE'S PROOF:

Ten Langford students have secured broadcasting engagements; Twenty-five Langford students are now leading their own dance bands; Langford student wins second prize in Sydney Eisteddfod (Jazz Section, 1934).

RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

You may learn by Postal or Personal tuition. Become the life of the party. Surprise your friends. Send for particulars NOW.

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# THROUGH *Summer* SEAS

**A thousand miles east of Australia is New Caledonia, pearl of the Pacific, a wonder isle of sunshine, shimmering blue waters, coral reefs, and gorgeous tropic vegetation.**

THE Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau now makes available to readers an exclusive cruise to this magic island at the very best time of the year for holiday-seekers, at the remarkably moderate cost of £32 for a three-weeks' trip.

By arrangement with the Messageries Maritimes line the boat will leave Sydney on December 19, returning to Sydney on January 8.

The cruise will provide for stops at ten different ports, and for unusual motor and launch excursions as well as Christmas and New Year festivities on boat or ashore.

Virtually one will be in a foreign land from the moment one joins the boat. The cruise will be in the true French spirit.

The French cuisine of the Messageries Maritimes is world-famous, and the chef will excel himself to provide rare dainties for the curious traveller.

Here is your opportunity to visit a country with a civilisation and customs totally different from one's own—a French colony of star-spangled skies and bronzed and supple-bodied natives in gaudy, flowery garb.

There will be no crowding on this cruise. Twenty-one days, delightfully different, are promised you, and The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will work in association with the Messageries Maritimes Company to make each and every day one to treasure in the memory.

The cost of the whole tour of three complete weeks, including launch and motor trips, is covered by £32, and the steamer accommodation is **first-class**.

Plan well ahead. Write immediately to The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, G.P.O. Box 2607EE, Sydney, or call at the office—Radio House, 300 Pitt Street, Sydney, and pay a deposit which will ensure your berth.


# BRITISH SCIENTIST'S Amazing Health Discovery

**OF VITAL CONCERN TO SUFFERERS FROM CONSTITUTIONAL AILMENTS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS — ASTOUNDING TRIUMPH OVER INFIRMITIES!**

***REMARKABLE NEW METHOD OF DRUGLESS HEALING PROMISES BETTER HEALTH AND LONGER LIFE!***

## OVER 4500 AUSTRALIAN USERS HAVE ALREADY OBTAINED WONDERFUL RESULTS

If ever a man was entitled to speak with authority on the subject of health restoration, that man is Mr O. Overbeck, the well-known scientist. For to-day, at 74 years of age, Mr Overbeck has the bloom of health, the muscular strength, the buoyant vitality, the contagious optimism of a young man, and he owes his present condition entirely to a health process which he discovered and began to put into practice at a time when he was such a complete physical wreck that his doctor told him to make his will, as he had not long to live.

*MR. O. OVERBECK, F.C.S., F.P.C. (London), fit and well as he is to-day.*

### A ROMANCE OF HEALTH RECOVERY

Mr Overbeck's recovery of health and vigour is indeed an astonishing romance. A year or two before the discovery that made such an amazing change in his life he used to spend most of his days stretched out on a sofa. It was painful to see him climbing the staircase to his bedroom on the first floor—a step and a rest, a step and a rest, lest this slight exertion should bring on a heart attack.

His piano, upon which he had so often improvised with masterly execution for the entertainment of his friends, was all but silent now, for the effort of playing even the briefest and least exacting of pieces was too much for him. As for any really active pleasures, they had to be entirely abandoned. A devoted horticulturist, he no longer dared to stoop over his beloved plants, and the glasshouses, where he had raised some of the rarest plants to be found in Great Britain, knew his care no longer. On the rare occasions when he went for a walk in his home town of Grimsby his halting gait and haggard looks were marked by all his friends, who fully shared his doctor's opinion of the outcome of his illness.

Mr Overbeck was, in fact, a prematurely aged man, with an old man's sallow skin and faded eyes, an old man's infirmities and maladies, the victim of chronic kidney trouble and rheumatism, his hair scanty, his sight blurred, his pulse feeble and erratic.

But physically broken down as he was, he still retained the mental outlook, at least, of the trained man of science, and a brain that for years had spent its energies in tackling all kinds of difficult and exacting problems, now turned to the most vital problem of all: how the fires of life, which so obviously were dying down, could be stoked up again and stirred into a cheerful blaze.

### THE SECRET OF YOUTH

He began experimenting, and before long he was convinced that he had discovered the real secret of youth in a new process of cell-rejuvenation. In the true spirit of the scientist, he tried his process on himself. Some mistakes had to be corrected. Then one day he was faced with the startling realisation that his pulse was definitely stronger and more regular, his step firmer, his sight clearer. Gradually, his hair began to grow thicker, too; the twinges of rheumatic pain subsided more and more, the kidney trouble vanished, and his whole outlook on life changed. In short, he was a new man, and friends who met him in the street were flabbergasted by the change which had taken place in his appearance, for, instead of the stooping, woebegone figure they had glanced at furtively with a shake of the head, they saw before them a man with a firm, elastic stride and that fiery glint in the eye which proclaims an eager active brain.

### AN ENTHRALLING VOLUME ALL SHOULD READ

Mr. Overbeck's new health process, by means of which all the cells of the body are recharged with energy, the muscles strengthened, the circulation improved, the vital organs toned up, and the whole system rejuvenated, is fully explained in his enthralling book, the reading of which has for many proved an event to remember as a decisive landmark in their lives.

### DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS?

**ASTHMA .. BLOOD PRESSURE CATARRH .. .. .. .. CRAMP CONSTIPATION EAR AFFECTIONS .. EYESIGHT .. GENERAL WEAKNESS .. HEADACHE HEART AFFECTION .. .. HAIR GROWTH AND RECOLORATION INSOMNIA .. .. INDIGESTION LUMBAGO .. .. .. .. NERVOUS DEBILITY NEURITIS NEURASTHENIA PARALYSIS RHEUMATISM RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS .. .. .. SCIATICA STAMMERING .. .. .. VOICE PRODUCTION .. .. WRINKLES**

The above are a few of the ailments which respond to the new treatment described on this page. Do you suffer from any of these ailments? If so, write for further testimonials and particulars.

### STRIKING REPORTS FROM AUSTRALIAN SUFFERERS

**RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS DALWOOD HOME FOUNDER PRAISES OVERBECK.**

**AMAZING CASE—A. E. DALWOOD.**

76 Pitt-street, Sydney,
5th March, 1935.

Dear Sir,

I have suffered with my feet, from what eminent doctors assured me to be Rheumatoid Arthritis, for some 37 years, and have spent at the very least £1500 on various treatments, including baths at Moree, Rotorua and on one occasion I went purposely to England and underwent the Baths treatment at Buxton, but with no definite result beyond from time to time slight ease from pain and temporary relief.

I have used your instrument for just two years, and am entirely free from pain and my feet are nearly normal, and can wear ordinary shoes with comfort whereas formerly I had to have them made specially.

I am fairly well known in Sydney, and the condition of my feet in the past and at present is known to hundreds. If this testimonial will be the means of helping sufferers in a like manner, I shall feel amply repaid, and I give you the right to use this letter as you desire. I should like to mention that you have never at any time asked for a testimonial from me, and it is out of gratitude for the comfort afforded me by your machine that I take pleasure in expressing my appreciation.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) A. E. DALWOOD.

**INDIGESTION—QUITE GONE ARTHRITIS—100 PER CENT. BETTER.**

Kensington, Sydney.

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that the Overbeck has done me a wonderful lot of good. I was a chronic sufferer of Constipation, also Arthritis in a very bad form, Indigestion, Headaches, and Liver troubles.

In the three months' use of the Rejuvenator my Indigestion is quite gone. Arthritis 100 per cent. better, Constipation nearly corrected, and Liver greatly reduced. I may state I have not had any sign of a cold since using the Overbeck.

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No one should miss the opportunity of obtaining a copy of the challenging and interest-compelling book offered free to-day to every reader of this paper who applies for it on the Form below. The book is printed in large, clear type, on plate paper, and fully illustrated. It throws a flood of light on the health problems of the present age of stress and strain.

Clearly and simply it explains the cause of those constitutional disorders and diseases which so frequently afflict the middle-aged and elderly, and not seldom the young of weak constitution. What is more important still, it reveals how these ailments, disabilities, and infirmities can be banished, and robust health regained and maintained, by a health method that, though scientific, is simple, and easily carried out without assistance in the home.

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Please send me a free copy of "Health and Rejuvenation," containing a full account of your new discovery and convincing proof of the power of your therapy to increase vital energy, strengthen weak constitutions, build up the muscular tissues, tone up the vital organs, soften hardened arteries, normalise the circulation, restore youthful vim and vivacity, and give the elderly a new lease of life. I enclose 6d. in stamps to cover postage.

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W.W. 7/35

# Your last chance to give them

## ALL THEIR FAVOURITE STORIES

## The FINAL Reservation Form in this Great "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" OFFER is published below.... Post it at once!!

IN your hands now is your final opportunity to accept the most glorious offer ever made to childhood—The Australian Women's Weekly's wonderful book, the Children's Treasure House, for the privilege price of only 5/-. But it is necessary for you to make up your mind at once. Reservations definitely close next Monday at midday—so hurry and send in your reservation before the limited supply available is absorbed.

Applications are pouring in — by the score... by the hundred... by the thousand! It seems that everybody wants a copy of the Children's Treasure House for their kiddies—and no wonder! Such a book has never been obtainable before, may never be offered again. Only those who apply AT ONCE can be sure of securing a copy for their children. So act now!—or you may be too late!

Not only mothers and fathers, but everyone who finds pleasure in the happiness of some child, will want this book. It is to avoid causing disappointment to such people that The Australian Women's Weekly publishes this final reminder, stressing the fact that quick action is now absolutely essential to those who wish to reserve a copy. Don't risk being too late. It costs nothing to reserve your copy. Send the Reservation Form below at once!

Remember, this is no ordinary children's book. It is a collection of all the best, all the most beautiful, all the most entertaining stories ever written to delight the hearts of boys and girls. It gives them a hundred trips to fairyland, a thousand gay adventures, hour upon hour of romance, laughter, thrills, enchantment, and — yes, education.

Glance at the list of authors set out below. You will recognise in these names writers who have woven a spell of happiness for the children of many past generations—immortal story-tellers beloved of every child. All their best work, all their most entrancing masterpieces are included in this book. Never before has a single volume given children so many of their favorites together. Then there are pictures—black-and-white illustrations by such famous children's artists as Heath Robinson, Rene Bull, Ann Anderson, H. M. Brock... Story after story... Picture after picture... Truly—a Treasure House!

And the binding... it is the most luxurious children's book you could imagine. Its stiff covers are bound in rich red art cambric cloth, beautifully grained, with title embossed in REAL 22-CARAT GOLD. The spine is delightfully covered by a gay embossed picture, and the whole of the front of the volume bears another embossed design. This superb edition is considerably enriched by decorative end papers printed in color. Dustproof top edges, a beautiful title-page, and a full-color frontispiece. Each book measures 10⅛ inches deep by 7⅜ inches wide. And this book can be yours... for the child you love... almost for the asking... only 5/- for the finest children's book of all time... years of enchantment for a mere fraction of the sum you would expect to pay in the ordinary way. Make absolutely sure of your copy—cut out the Reservation Form below and post it TO-DAY.

## HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
### to secure this priceless volume-

To secure this book is simplicity itself. First of all fill in the reservation form below, and post it at once. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY NOW. On receipt of your reservation form a copy of the CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE will be reserved in your name.

Overleaf you will find your voucher, which entitles you to take part in this offer, and enables you to qualify. All you are asked to do is to cut out ten tokens (series B) from not more than thirteen consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. Paste these tokens down week by week in the space provided on your voucher. When you have saved these ten tokens, bring them, with your voucher and the necessary sum of money, to the Book Department, 321 Pitt Street, and you will be immediately handed your copy of the Children's Treasure House.

Or if you prefer it, your volume will be despatched direct to you. Simply apply in the ordinary way, enclosing your voucher, tokens, and a postal note for 5/-, plus 1/- to cover the cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc., making 6/- in all.

You can commence collecting your tokens this week by cutting out the token B3 which appears in the top right-hand corner of the inside back page of this week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, now on sale. Tokens will appear there each week in the same position, and you need not necessarily begin with token B3. However, the sooner you start, the sooner will this great work be in your hands.

Remember, the Children's Treasure House is nowhere else available except through this offer. The list for applications will definitely close next Monday, so fill in the reservation form at right now, and make sure of a copy. Hurry—before the remainder of the large but limited edition is snapped up by thousands of child-lovers who are reading this announcement today . . . and be sure to order The Australian Women's Weekly, now on sale.

The time to make your reservation is NOW—tomorrow may be too late.

No Applications Received After M

*Reservation Fo*

SEND NO MONEY NOW, BUT P

*To THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, Box 3854T, G.P.O., SYDNE*

*Please reserve for me, in accordance with the a copy of the CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE, of only 5/*

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

NOTE—You may send this Reservation Form in an penny stamp. NO ACKNOWLEDGMENT WILL BE SENT, TED TO ALL WHO POST THIS FORM. THIS OFFER A RESIDING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

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# The CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE

*– the book that will bring joy to thousands of boys + girls... Don't let your children miss it.. Reserve their copy at ONCE!*

## IN ONE ENCHANTING BOOK

*yours* FOR ONLY **5/-**

A list of contents is often a dull thing, but whatever age you may be you will enjoy reading the one printed below. There are many more features than those listed, but it will give you some idea of what this enchanting book contains. Look at the stories and rhymes! What favorites! What memories! And all in one book!

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- Mother Elder
- Ole Luk Oie
- The Little Match Girl

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- The Goose Girl
- The Twelve Brothers
- The Golden Goose
- The Shoes which were Danced to Pieces
- The Miller's Daughter

FABLES OF AESOP
- The Hare and the Tortoise
- The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse
- The Fox and the Goat
- The Fox and the Lion
- The Cock and the Jewel

OLD FAVOURITES
- Dick Whittington and His Cat
- The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe
- Cinderella
- St. George of England
- Undine and the Knight
- Hereward and the White Bear
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- David Copperfield meets Mr. Peggotty
- The Chariot Race—from Ben Hur
- The Bishop's Candlesticks —from Les Miserables
- An Experiment in Housekeeping — from Little Women
- Imogen Comes to Tea—from What Katy Did
- The Combat — from The Talisman

THREE WONDERFUL TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

STORIES FROM THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

STORIES FROM THE HEROES
- The Story of Theseus
- The Story of Perseus
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- The Noble Pigeon
- The Heart of a Monkey
- The Touch of Gold
- The Three Ducklings

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE
- A Midsummer Night's Dream
- The Taming of the Shrew

FAMOUS POEMS FOR CHILDREN BY FAVOURITE AUTHORS
- The Wind in a Frolic
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- The Lake Isle of Inisfree
- Etc., etc., etc.

## 768 Pages of Fun and Happiness for Boys and Girls!

The list of contents is far too long to be given in full, but you have just to glance at the famous writers who have contributed to realise what a really wonderful book it is. Here is entertainment and education for the young folk, the like of which has never been offered before, providing an opportunity which must not be missed. So fill in the Reservation Form and post now!

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| Charles Dickens | Rose Macauley | Lord Tennyson |
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| R. M. Ballantyne | Sir Henry Newbolt | Richard Jeffries |
| Mark Twain | Hilaire Belloc | Walt Whitman |
| Thomas Hardy | John Bunyan | Anthony Trollope |
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"WOMEN'S WEEKLY"

# Here is Your VOUCHER and full Instructions enabling You to secure the

# "CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE"

**IF YOU APPLY AT ONCE, AFTER NEXT MONDAY WILL BE TOO LATE!**

Below is the voucher which enables you to qualify for your copy of the Children's Treasure House... the world's greatest book of popular stories for children. On this voucher you are asked to affix ten tokens... series B... cut from not more than thirteen consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. You may commence to qualify with any token... this week's, next week's, or any subsequent one... but the sooner you begin the sooner will the Children's Treasure House be in the hands of the boy or girl you love. The third token is published this week on the inside back page. Cut it out now while you think of it. To make sure of your copy you must first reserve it on the special form overleaf. If you have not already done so, complete it now and then post it to-day. Reservations definitely close next Monday, July 22. None will be accepted after that date.

**IMPORTANT** Keep the Voucher and Address Form below carefully and then send them in... or bring them in... when you have collected your ten tokens. Be sure to read the simple directions below.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY CHILDREN'S BOOK OFFER!

TOKEN B3

Here is a specimen token similar to the ten of series B you have to cut from not more than 13 separate weekly issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. Tokens appear each week in the top right-hand corner of the inside back page.

USE GUM, NOT PINS

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| 2 | 7 |
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## VOUCHER

### for the CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE

Send this Voucher to The Australian Women's Weekly as soon as completed in accordance with the directions below.

To Book Dept., Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt St. (Box 3854T, G.P.O.), Sydney

Please give me the book as applied for.

**CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE**

for which I enclose **5/-**

Despatch my volume to me. I have added 1/- to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance etc., making 6/- for the Children's Treasure House. Cross out if not applicable.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*No. of Postal Note*.....

If you wish your volume to be despatched, fill in your full name in ink in block letters, and address on the address form and send in with this voucher. Write your name and address on the back of your postal note. Do not send loose stamps.

LEAVE BLANK

Certified and checked by

.....

District Supervisor.

DO NOT DETACH

*Children's Treasure House*

CARRIAGE PAID

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS) .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

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If undelivered, please return to Box 3854T, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

## BE SURE YOU RESERVE YOUR COPY.

## POST FORM OVERLEAF TO-DAY.

## HOW TO QUALIFY

*Simple steps that bring you The Children's Treasure House—Reservations close next Monday*

Cut out the token (Series B) from the right-hand top corner of the inside back page of The Australian Women's Weekly, and paste it on to the first of the ten spaces provided on the voucher. Do this for ten weeks with tokens cut from not more than thirteen consecutive current issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. You will always find the token in the same position each week, and no tokens other than Series B will be accepted in connection with this scheme. You may commence to qualify with Token No. B3, or any subsequent token. Having completed your qualification . . . that is, collected ten tokens of Series B, cut from not more than thirteen consecutive issues—write your name and address on your voucher. Bring in 5/- with your voucher properly completed, and you will be immediately handed your volume of the Children's Treasure House.

If you require your volume to be despatched to you, write your full name and postal address on the Address Form above. Please write in ink in block letters. Send in for the Children's Treasure House your voucher, address label, ten tokens, and a postal note for 5/-, plus 1/- to cover cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc., making 6/- in all. Remember . . . do not send loose stamps. Write your name and address on the back of your postal note and make it payable to The Australian Women's Weekly. Then send it together with your voucher and address form to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3854T, G.P.O., Sydney. Your volume will then be despatched to you immediately.

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# Intimate Jottings

### Did You Know That—

*Moira Fitzgerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fitzgerald, will make her debut at Grafton races this week? Dance being given in her honor by parents.*

### Shipboard Party

MANUNDA party tremendous whoroosh . . . Vice-Regal enthusiasm added to popularity . . . Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven subject of clever caricaturist on deck . . . Result sold for fourteen guineas . . . Husband and wife bid against each other at auction . . . Enid Hull most successful in selling tickets for ankle competition . . . Judges Holford and Johnson somewhat diffident about examining entries . . . Results surprising . . . Small puppy being raffled charmed entire ship . . . Started off a mass of vivacity but shortly collapsed in sleep.

### New Cabaret

NEW cabarets make their appearance as old theatres close down . . . "Grahams," in Hunter Street, is latest vogue . . . Two grand pianos in good orchestra follow along Continental lines . . . Rhama Medlym is singer who adds attraction to dance rendezvous . . . All gold color scheme artistically carried out . . . During week Mr. and Mrs. Pat Levy, brother Doug, and smart wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Rayner, "Giff," Mr. and Mrs. Tom Vincent, and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Dare sampled fare.

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*Mrs. Glossop, wife of late Captain Glossop, of Emden fame, now staying in old McPhillamy stronghold, Blair Athol, Bathurst.*

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### Military Ball

CAMERADERIE evident between war-scarred generals and young subalterns at A.I.F. Ball . . . Palais Royal donned martial atmosphere for occasion . . . Six little debs. squired by dashing officers in dress uniform were escorted to Vice-Regal party for formal introduction They were Joyce and Beryl McVicars, Violet Coombes, Anne Black, Joan Barnes, and Mavis Archibald . . . Pipers, drummers, and trumpeters added combined efforts to joyful buzz in ballroom.

### Guest from New Zealand

MOST jolly was cocktail party given by Mrs. C. T. Parkinson, wife of headmaster of King's, at Forum Club during week-end . . . Sister-in-law from New Zealand, Mrs. Page, honored guest . . . Artistic and highbrow guests successfully intermixed . . . Among them were Professor Dakin, recovering from flu, Mrs. Dakin, Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Micklem, Laurence Godfrey Smith, Marie Bremner, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Burnell, Gwen Selva, and Mr. and Mrs. George Perrotet.

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*Varelle Burcher, of Vaucluse, will accompany grandmother, Mrs. E. F. Thomas, to Brisbane, for winter cruise.*

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### Versatile Staff

TOWN Hall staff proved versatility at Musicale given in Lady Mayoress' rooms in aid of Clothing Fund on Friday . . . Items reached twenty-five in number, mostly contributed by staff or staff's family . . . Miriam Murray and Cliff Miller arranged programme . . . Lady Mayoress, her sister-in-law, Mrs. L. Parker, niece, Phillipa Parker, Town Clerk, Mr. Hendy, F. J. Smith, Colonel Brackpool, Mrs. W. H. Childs, Agnes McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Weekes, and Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Cameron all present.

### Grafton in July

GRAFTON in July is slogan in North this week... Clarence River Jockey Club meetings Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday... Friday rightfully given over to rest... Kathleen O'Mara, only known woman secretary of racing club in world, attending to second important meeting... Has amazing racing knowledge and considered ideal officer... Dr. E. A. Woodward, popular medical man, chairman of meeting, and host to all and sundry.

### "Just Perfect"

"JUST perfect" is Beatrice Grimshaw's description of climate of Tonga . . . She left last week for favorite haunts in Pacific, with headquarters at Tonga . . . New novel brewing . . . Background will concern group of islands off tourist routes . . . Will stay there for local color while writing in progress . . . Beatrice waved farewell to friends from decks of Monowai.

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*Four State Governors expected at Freemasons' Benevolent Institution Ball at Town Hall on July 25. Everything being done on grand scale. Sixty debs. to make bow to vice-royalty.*

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### Civil and Military

LONG-deferred trip being realised by Mrs. Brunskill . . . Left by Cathay for European holiday. Her father, Mr. H. Raper, accompanies her to Colombo . . . Four Royal Air Force cadets, V. C. Wood, R. D. Welland, R. E. Dupont, and R. M. Lindeman on same ship bound for short service commissions with Royal Air Force . . . Lieut.-Commander Murray-Smith, Gunnery Officer, R.N., also tripping home after two years' Australian service.

### Island Tour

DORIS BUCKLAND, daughter of Sir Thomas Buckland, sailed for Solomon Islands on Saturday . . . Had sad parting from cocker spaniel which follows her even on shopping expeditions . . . Doris is recuperating from appendix operation . . . Unable to play golf or tennis, so thought island tour snappy idea . . . First trip to islands.

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*Muriel Brunskill farewelled at tea-hour on Thursday at Pall Mall library by Nathalie Rosenwax and party of friends.*

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### Friend of Australians

LADY NOVAR, endeared to many Australians as Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, writes entertaining sidelights of London season . . . "Most noticeable," she said, "was rush of young men to the wings" . . . Vicinities of R.A.F. activities and aerodromes very noisy . . . Enjoyed all Jubilee fixtures, but amazed at miscarriage of car arrangements after St. Paul's ceremony . . . Waited with many others in vain and then took tube . . . Lady Novar divides time between homes in North and South of Britain.

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*Portrait of Australian beauty, Lady Furness, painted by Sir John Lavery, now hangs in Royal Academy. Lady Furness remembered in Sydney as Enid Lindeman.*

*MISS ELYNE CHAUVEL, daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel, whose engagement to Mr. Tom Mitchell, champion ski-runner, of Kosciusko, was recently announced.*
—Dickinson-Monteath.

### Financiers Frivol

OFFICERS of Bank of Australasia went gay at State Assembly Ballroom during week-end . . . Manager away on business, but represented by wife, Mrs. A. R. L. Wiltshire, in official party . . . Mr. S. A. Williamson, Mr. H. M. Henry, and clever daughter, Dr. Margery Henry, Mr. C. A. Tonkin also represented powers that be . . . Yellow tartan taffeta chosen for striking frock worn by Valerie Parkhill, who entertained large party . . . Funds go to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

### Rosalind and Orlando

UNIVERSITY dramatics in full blast of rehearsals . . . Having featured farce in past have now turned all serious . . . "As You Like It" to be production at Savoy at end of month . . . Being tall and slim, Judith Halse-Rogers will look well in Rosalind's doublet and hose . . . Len Norman to be Orlando . . . These young amateurs have already played opposite each other on previous footlight occasions.

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*Engagement just announced of Sylvia Harbidge and Thomas Comrie. Fiance on way to Rabaul, where future home will be.*

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### Dancing Daughter

IN spite of fact that her mother, Irene Vera Young, is a dancer, daughter Barbara has had hard struggle to achieve terpsichorean ambitions . . . During school-days Barbara had theatrical enthusiasms sternly kept in check and even suffered scrap-books of footlights stars being burned . . . Persistency won day and Barbara attended Dramatic Art school, and is now helping talented mother prepare recital for modern German dancing taking place at Conservatorium, July 25.

### Bright and Snappy

"BRIGHT and Snappy" revue lived up to title at Savoy production in aid of New South Wales Jewish War Memorial . . . Two smallest members of cast, Heather and Nola Cook, stole limelight . . . Heather bears amazing resemblance to screen's wonder child, Shirley . . . Valerie Curotta useful and decorative adjunct to company . . . Charm of smile still lingers . . . Men's ballet work first-class . . . Satirical dance of sugar plum fairies brought much laughter in train.

### Round the World

GOOD luck to Mr. and Mrs. McBride, who leave next month for most gorgeous travels . . . Stay indefinite . . . Continent will be thoroughly explored before travellers see London . . . Will join Nancy Edols, Mrs. McBride's niece, in England, for chilly Christmas . . . Nancy has lived abroad for eight years and makes no promises about returning to native land.

### Have You Noticed—

*The short yellow socks worn with tweeds by Joan Waddell and her fondness for unusual combination of brown and grey?*

Jane Anne

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# POSTAL SHOPPING PAGE


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SYDNEY'S LOWEST AND FAIREST RATES.
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Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double doll Silk Stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 5/-. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Parillon" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity.

FURTHER SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Every person answering this ad. will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest-quality Shadow-Stripe Milanese Bloomers, worth 4/6, absolutely FREE.

Address only: THE SALVAGE STORES (Regd.), 38 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.

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Every treatment is personal and readers afflicted are advised to write for free diagnosis to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, 977 Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

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If you have bad luck in the Lottery, games, gambling, love, business, you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly Dynamic Loadstones. These loadstones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Posted 3d. extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

Royalty Traders, Room 49 V.R., 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

THE NEW SHALIMAR HOSIERY.

From Factory to You.
3 Pairs for 5/6
6 Pairs for 10/-

To advertise these new stockings the manufacturers of "Shalimar" Hosiery offer this new dull silk with special suspender top and panel heel stocking. All the newest shades. Fully guaranteed. Mail orders postage free. State size and colour when ordering. Keep number of postal note till you hear from us.

Kindly mention this paper.

SHALIMAR MFG. CO.,
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Some 36 exp. 35 mm. Bargains.

Leitz Leica Camera Latest Model II., F/3.5 Lens, F/4.5 Telephoto Lens, F/3.5 Wideangle Lens, Lens Hood, 2 Filters, 2 Magazines, 2 Leather Cases. In excellent order. Cost New .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. over £67/0/0
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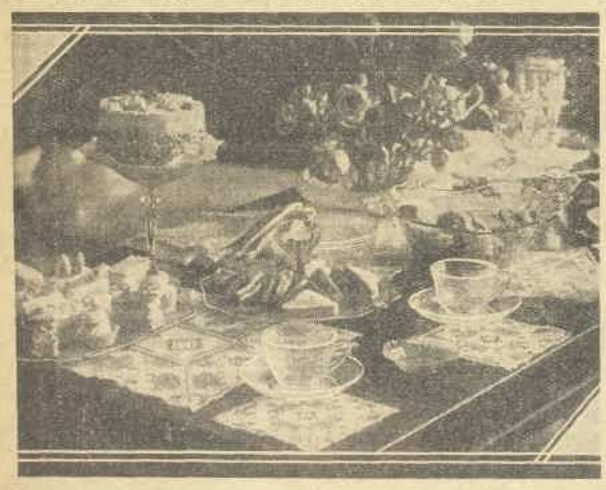
Used Apparatus Dept., 3rd Floor,
379 George Street, Sydney.


# DECORATIVE but PRACTICAL

## *The New Table Glassware*

**Modern science has added its practical touch in perfecting glass that is immune to heat as the average china, will not crack, and is very hard to chip.**

**And glass is growing in popularity, not only because it is hygienic and easy to keep clean, but also because it is beautiful. And so we have glass handles to the doors, glass in the kitchen for cooking and storing, glass in the bathroom, glass book-ends and picture-frames and flowers, glass-topped tables and trays, glass-handled umbrellas, bag-tops, bracelets and ornaments, and glass teacups for tea!**



*EXQUISITE GLASS holds sway on this festive table. The tall, scintillating cakestand, you will note, is similar in shape to the old-fashioned silver stand.*
Glass by courtesy of Farmer's. Women's Weekly photo.

A FEW years ago, almost the only glasses on the table were the beverage containers, jam and butter dishes, and the vases. To-day, one can buy in glass almost every item of tableware, not excluding the handles of the cutlery.

Glass afternoon teacups and etceteras are quite the latest innovation in service and beauty. The idea first originated in America, where their so-called teacups are shaped like glasses, and are used for cold tea and coffee. But it is a recognised fact that no American can make tea, and for the English woman the old teacup shape is retained in the new teacup glass. Only the thinnest, most delicate crystal is used, with a straight or scalloped rim, and a fanciful handle. It is frosted all over with a tiny flower design etched in the crystal, and for tea is specially tinted a pale amber shade, or peach, so that the tannic coloring of the tea blends in perfect harmony.

Sandwich trays like inverted umbrellas are made in the same pale amber etched crystal, and are used without d'oyleys. Cakestands to match stand on stalks like mushrooms, and with the flat trays for assorted cakes, with decorated ears each end for handles, and deeper bowls for a sweet or a savory make a shining, smiling assemblage for ladies at tea.

Silver is combined with glass for practical purposes, and teapot and milk jug and hot water jug, in a new streamlined 20th century design, on a silver tray contrast charmingly with the glass, while reflecting all its smallest subtleties.

Your glass must be posed on lace, and your lace on polished wood. No enchantment is lost here, because the lace is seen through the transparency of the glass, and all its uneven lacy edges are reflected in the table.

### *How To... Stiffen Organdie*

**THE MOST successful way to stiffen organdie trimmings when they are washed is to rinse them in sugar solution. Dissolve a good tablespoonful of sugar in a quart of hot water, and let the solution become cold before rinsing the organdie articles in it. Roll up in a towel for several hours before ironing.**

# SERVICE FOR LADIES

| | |
|---|---|
| BRIGHT AND SHINY MELODIES | A session of cheerful music presented by the man with the smile on his face. Each Tuesday night during July at 6.20. |
| FOR SHOPPERS | A little shopping service for listeners to help them in economical buying. There's Shopping News daily at 8.5 a.m. and a Week-End Special Session each Thursday at 6.20 p.m. |
| FASHIONS, FADS AND FANCIES | Music and hints on what is being worn presented by Miss Grace Saville. Five days a week at 3.15 p.m. |
| IN A CLOCK STORE | Interesting chats on the romance of time and the various ways there are of telling it. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 2.30 p.m. |
| TEAPOT REFLECTIONS | A session of reflections on tea and how to brew it. And don't forget: "Take the pot to the kettle, not the kettle to the pot." Saturday night at 7 o'clock. |
| HOME-LOVERS' SESSION | Hints and suggestions of how to make a house into a home, with bright music added. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 3.45 p.m. |

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

July 20, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. 

# A BREAKFAST SET with Marigolds

## This week's joyous creation from Australia's Needlework Genius . . . Bertha Maxwell!

**ONE of the most charming designs we have issued—this four-piece marigold breakfast set. Stamped ready for quick stitchery, it is obtainable in white and cream linen, also in light yellow, soft, light green, and gobelin-blue Cesarine.**

*Do you ever have a guest in your home, or is there someone in the household who likes breakfast in bed or on the verandah? Then this is the little set which will please the eye and proclaim your good housekeeping, not to mention the pleasure there is for yourself in the stitching of these delightful marigold forms with their rich, soft colors.*

*. . . . Set your tray with brown, green, blue, or orange pottery and china; add an orange with its leaves or a pot of marmalade—and your color picture is complete*

MARIGOLDS! These are "the winking Mary-buds" that ope their golden eyes so early—true flowers of the morning.

Appropriate to breakfast linens, they are here given in simple form on a large-sized tray-cloth and tea-cosy, with a matching bud on a serviette and egg-cosy, the four pieces making one of the most charming sets we have issued.

All stamped ready for quick stitching, with cut edges to finish as you please. . . . Read what we suggest for hems, which are graceful and easy to do.

The cloth measures actually 18 inches by 24 inches, the cosy is 10½ inches wide by 7½ inches high, stamped with a good margin all round for enlarging if you wish, the little napkin (or serviette) is 12 inches by 12 inches, and the quaint little egg-cosy measures about 4 inches each way, with plenty of extra margin.

You may buy the separate pieces if you wish, so that you can make up a set for more than one person; or you may have the set of four items as it appears.

These are the prices and materials:

**Marigold Breakfast Set, in super quality, white or cream linen. Price, 4/- set.**

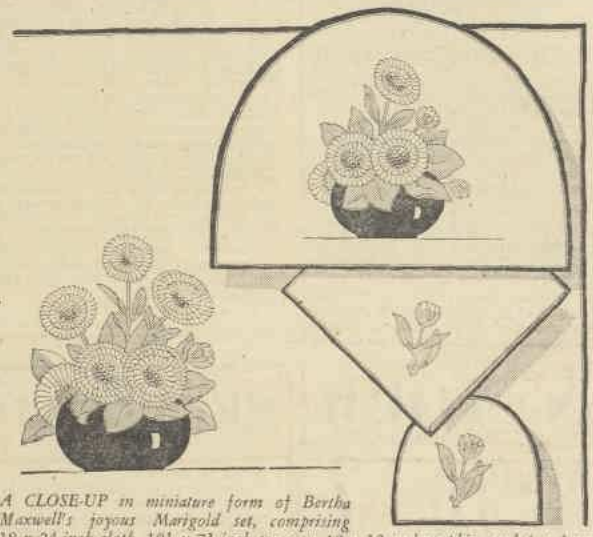
**Cesarine, No. 133 light yellow, No. 149 soft light green, and No. 185 gobelin-blue, a lovely pastel shade. Price, 3/- set.**

**Separate Tray-cloth, 18 x 24 inches, carrying the marigold design, white or cream linen, 1/6; Cesarine, 1/-.**

**Tea-cosy, 10½ x 7½ inches, white or cream linen, 1/3; Cesarine, 1/-.**

**Serviette, 12 x 12 inches, white or cream linen, 1/-; Cesarine, 9d.**

**Egg-cosy, 4 x 4 inches, white or cream linen, 6d.; Cesarine, 4d.**



*A CLOSE-UP in miniature form of Bertha Maxwell's joyous Marigold set, comprising 18 x 24-inch cloth, 10½ x 7½-inch tea-cosy, 12 x 12-inch napkin, and 4 x 4-inch egg-cosy. Any one of these may also be purchased separately. See prices at left.*

### Working Cottons

FOR the flowers, we recommend the lovely golden shades comprised in numbers F. 443, F. 444, and F. 445, giving a range of light gold to dark gold; for the brown centres, F. 478; for the green leaves, F. 498; for working the bowl which contains the flowers use black, or dark blue F. 531, or dark green F. 500, or the same brown as the flower centres.

All these cottons are Clark's Anchor Stranded, lustrous and economical.

### Edges of the Linens

WHEN you receive your linens, iron them smoothly into shape, then consider the edges—decide on the way in which you wish to finish them. The tray-cloth is a very generous size, and could be hemmed to many, many differing sizes of traymobiles. For a change from a worked edge, we recommend plain flat hemming.

Turn the hems to the depth you require for fitting to tray or traymobile, tack and press lightly; then take a fine needle, with a fine cotton to match the linen, and lightly hem at the back. Slip the needle rather through the surface of the material, so that it does not show much on the right side, and do not place the stitches too closely or too tightly. The result is a lovely smooth finish, which irons well, and has a tailored appearance which is quite fascinating.

If you wish to have a worked edge, you may send the linens to be hem-stitched for your crochet; or, having tacked your hems, you may fasten them by french knots or dots worked all along the right side in one of the colors used in the flower groups.

THE design represents a few marigolds in a little bowl, and it appears on the tray-cloth; again, not so largely, on one side of the cosy. On the reverse side of the cosy there is a graceful bunch of flower and bud without the bowl, just the merest touch to save blankness; on the napkin corner and on the egg-cosy, there is just one of the poet's "Mary-buds" to finish the work, without much labor.

### The Stitching

ALMOST every worker will have a different idea of what she wishes to do with the stitching of the flowers. There are endless possibilities for quick light work, or for work involving more stitching.

The bowl can be appliqued in black, brown, green or blue; or it may be simply outlined in one of these colors, using all six strands of cotton. The line on which it stands, and which is shown on either side, should be worked in the same shade, but with less cotton, two or three strands, as it is not so pronounced as the bowl.

The flowers may be begun at the centres, which are brown. They can be filled with knots or dots, or outlined round and round inside until filled: or as shown in the drawing, they can be back-stitched across the centres first one way and then the other, giving a kind of basket effect.

On the linens, they are traced with only the outer ring of dots, so that they may be filled as liked, or with merely the dots worked in brown, the centres may be left open, which is quite a good effect.

The ray-florets, or "petals" come next, and may be worked as lazy-daisy stitches for a quick finish. They are very good in long and short-stitch, or satin-stitching. Simple outlining over all the lines will also look well. They can be worked in all one shade of gold, but if two shades are used, the lower flowers near the bowl should be worked in the deeper shade, the top flowers in the lighter one. The tips of the buds are the deepest color.

The leaves are outlined, or flatly buttonholed all round to a slight depth, which gives them body and color without much filling.

Many of our gardens have patches of these sweet old flowers at this time of the year; if they can be studied a little while doing the embroidery it is help in understanding their forms and tints.

Make up the cosy by joining the two pieces together, and finishing with a hem at the foot all round. Mount over a stuffed shape.

*This enchanting tulips and primrose design is now available in transfer form!*

*IN OUR ISSUE of June 29 we presented this Bertha Maxwell design stamped on ready-to-make aprons. We have had so many requests for transfers that we feel compelled to comply with our readers' desires. And so this sweet tulips and primroses transfer may now be had by all. Transfer measures 20 x 15 inches. Price 1/-.*

## CLEVER IDEAS

**WATERPROOFS**

Waterproofs can be mended on the wrong side with adhesive tape.

**FOR FLASKS AND TEAPOTS.**

TO KEEP vacuum flasks and teapots from becoming "musty," put some crushed eggshells and a little vinegar in them and shake well. Then rinse in warm water and turn upside down to dry.

**PREVENTS IT FROM CRACKING**

YOUR LINOLEUM will not crack if, instead of washing it with soap and water, you use oil and vinegar in equal parts. When soap and water is used, see that it is thoroughly dried. Too much moisture is apt to loosen the section of an inlaid linoleum. Turpentine mixed with warm milk will make your oilcloth look like new, and if you require a varnish for it, dissolve two pennyworth of glue in a quart of water.

**IDEA FOR PANTRY SHELVES.**

AN EXCELLENT idea for pantry shelves is to give them two coats of ordinary white paint, and then a third finishing coat of white enamel. As soon as the enamel dries, wash it over with cold water, and it will harden quickly. Do not cover these shelves with oilcloth or paper, but leave them bare, and notice the improvement. As there are no covers beneath which crumbs and so on can collect, there is nothing to encourage mice; and the enamel is easily wiped clean with a damp cloth. With enamelled shelves, it is never necessary to clean out the whole pantry at once, for it keeps clean all the time.

**USE FOR ART RUBBER**

SOILED SPOTS on blinds or wallpaper can easily be removed with an art rubber.

**LAMP WICKS**

BEFORE USING, the wicks should be soaked in hot vinegar. After the wick has been in use, wipe off any charred part with soft paper. Do not cut the wick with scissors for this makes it uneven, while the wiping with paper preserves the original straight line.

**PERSPIRATION STAINS**

DO NOT wash a garment that is stained with perspiration marks without first getting rid of the stains. To do this, soak the parts affected in cold clear water for about 15 minutes, and then rub the spots with a lemon cut in half. Allow the lemon juice to soak in for a couple of minutes or so, then rinse the garment in cold water and wash in the usual way.

**TESTING EGGS**

IF A new-laid egg is held up to the light, it should look clear, with a faint cloudiness in the centre. No definite "shape" should be seen, and the air space at the top should not be larger than a sixpenny piece—if it is larger the egg is stale. To test for freshness, put the egg in a basin of cold water to which has been added about two handfuls of salt. If the egg is new-laid it will sink to the bottom and lie on its side. If it is a day or two old, it will rise slightly at one side. If stale, it will become almost erect, and if bad it will float.

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# Kill FAT
## Without Risk!

If overweight is spoiling your charm—remember it is also endangering your health! When a fat person finds the heart thumping—when nerves get ragged and digestion upset—when joints ache and head throbs—know that these are among the LESSER penalties to which fat people are liable.

**FAT CAN KILL!** Much nonsense is talked about the dangers of this and that. But there is no doubt about the menace of fatness. Ask any doctor. Fat threatens the heart, affects breathing, nerves, digestion, muscles and joints, and often completely wrecks health.

**No Need, Now, to be Fat!** By means of the famous Enjola Treatment, you can turn your fat into Energy. Without the use of Thyroid or any dangerous drugs or capsules; without stupid starvation diets or exercises; without upsetting your routine, you can be slim! Enjola is the means. It rejuvenates and re-energises as it takes off fat. Thick, bulky waist and bust, ungainly hips, podgy arms, thick ankles, double chin—regardless of age, these disappear as Enjola slims you to normal.

**Coupon** Enjola Company, Suite 122, 44 Carrington-st., Sydney. Please send me .... bottles Enjola. I enclose cost, adding 9d. each bottle towards postage.

Name.....

Address.....

**YOU CAN CONTROL ENJOLA** No risk of excessive results. When down to your proper weight, you simply stop taking Enjola, and reduction ceases. But you HOLD the new, slim, attractive figure you've so easily won! Your whole life and outlook changes. Invitations to brighter, gayer events begin to arrive once more . . . your popularity increases, for everyone, man and woman alike, admires a slim figure, and is repelled by a fat one.

**No Thyroid—No Risk!** Don't hesitate a moment to get the benefit of this modern Treatment. Enjola is different to other reducers. It contains no Thyroid and has no vicious, harmful eliminant action. It contains no worms or parasites. It cannot do anything but improve health, increase energy and TAKE OFF UNWANTED FAT. It forms no habit. The Enjola Company guarantees that Enjola is made of pure, harmless, effective medicinals, of the highest standard, prepared in modern, perfectly-equipped laboratories, under the direct supervision of competent chemists. When you take Enjola, you take the most modern, efficient, SAFE Reducing Medicine ever devised. Enjola costs 6/6 at the Chemists', or you may obtain by post if you send Coupon above, and add postage.

**Enjola** Makes Rapid Slimming Safe


# STOLEN WOMAN

Continued from Page 12

"OF course I'll take an active interest in your business," she said. "After all, it'll be the means of giving me all the things in life I want; nice clothes and a good time. I know which side my bread is buttered."

"Mercenary little wretch," he thought with disappointment. Was that the only reason she had left Brown for him, because he could give her more money? He had to admit that he had certainly used that fact in his arguments and entreaties to persuade her to come to him. Still, it wasn't a happy thought. Perhaps she would leave him if a higher bidder came along. Women are all alike, he decided bitterly. They would sell themselves to the man who could give them most of this world's goods, without a thought as to his character. Serve them right if they were miserable. Then he remembered suddenly that Joan hadn't been like that. She had stuck to him even when his business had been really bad. Now he came to think of it, she had been a loyal little soul. Was he making a mistake? He wondered, while the girl seemed to read his thoughts.

"You know," she said in her low, attractive voice, "I was very poor once. My father died when I was a few months old, and my mother a few years later. I was sent to an orphanage."

She shuddered.

"I can't bear to remember what it was like there. If it hadn't been for a kind visitor who took an interest in me and paid for me to go to college, I might have been slaving away somewhere as a housemaid at twenty-five pounds a year."

"Not you," he retorted. "Some man would soon have noticed your charms and taken you away."

"The wealthy son of the house, I suppose," she answered bitterly. "That sort of thing happens in novels, I know, but not in everyday life, I assure you."

"I'M sorry," he said softly. "I didn't mean to hurt you. But you are attractive, you know."

She laughed, to his relief.

"I don't often break out like that, but—" and her face looked grave again, "I can never forget that my mother died more from starvation than anything else. Do you wonder that I want to get all I can out of life?"

"I understand," he said, more kindly than before. "I hope I shall be the means of giving you some of the things you missed in your childhood."

"You really are a dear," she smiled at him. "I shall be happy with you, I am sure. I only hope you are not going to be disappointed in me."

"I am sure I shall not," he retorted with confidence.

"Ah, but it's a very different thing spending all day and every day with a person, and seeing them just now and again," she said.

"You are taking the same risk, you know," he answered gently, "and I thank you for taking it, my dear."

She smiled very sweetly at him, and for a time they talked about the scenery and various topical events, as if both wished to keep from becoming too emotional. As the car turned into a sleepy suburb, he glanced at the clock under the wheel.

"Twenty minutes past seven," he said. "We'll be just in time for dinner. Hungry?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I do feel a bit peckish," she answered laughingly, "but the ride has been so pleasant that I hadn't noticed it before. This is such a change from the noise and bustle of London."

AS she spoke the man steered the car into a wide drive leading to a large modern house, standing well back from the road. The garden in front was filled with various kinds of flowering shrubs and trees, most of which were looking their best.

"How beautiful!" said the girl, her eyes appraising this colorful display.

"Glad you like it," he answered, not without a hint of pride in his voice. "Ready for dinner?"

"I'm not dressed very suitably," she said with a smile. "I don't want to let you down."

"Oh, there won't be any visitors," he answered. "And you'd look beautiful in anything," he added gallantly, getting out of the car. "Stay here while I prepare the wife."

Laughing, he opened the front door.

"Valerie," he shouted as he ran up the wide staircase. "Val, I've got some good news for you."

As he reached the top of the stair, a tall, beautifully-gowned woman came out of a room leading on to the spacious landing.

She kissed him.

"Why, Don," she said, "I didn't expect you home so early. Whatever has happened, dear?"

"The most marvellous bit of luck, darling," he answered, panting. "Old Brown's secretary, Miss Willis, has promised to come to me in Joan Brett's place. I've brought her home to dinner." (Copyright)

FREE

## A Week's Beauty Treatment!

The charm of shining teeth, rosy gums and sweet breath is worth all the money that could buy it; and you have only to send the coupon below to have this charm for a week. The secret is—

**Euthymol TOOTH PASTE**

Use this night and morning and your mouth will be bathed in sweet-smelling, pleasant-tasting foam, as you brush your teeth; and every dental decay germ that Euthymol meets will be killed within 30 seconds.

**1/3** per tube

**EVERYWHERE**

COUPON

*To PARKE, DAVIS & CO., G.P.O. Box 4198XX, Sydney. Please send me sample of Euthymol.*

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS A.W.W.



**FILLING CUSHIONS**

WHEN YOU are making cushions, do not make the mistake of filling them too full. This makes them hard and uncomfortable. Fill them loosely—with feathers if possible. In order to prevent the feathers from working through the cover it is as well to make an inside case of ticking, which should be waxed.

**OAK FURNITURE**

OAK FURNITURE should be polished occasionally with linseed oil. First wipe the woodwork over with a flannel wrung out in water and vinegar. This will thoroughly cleanse it in preparation for the oil. Dry and apply the linseed oil, rubbing well in. Polish with a very soft cloth.



# YOU SHOULD PLAN YOUR HOLIDAYS AHEAD!

## 2 OR 3 WONDERFUL WEEKS IN SYDNEY AND ALL EXPENSES

*HERE is your opportunity to have a marvellous holiday under superb conditions. The three wonderful weeks will commence on or about August 24, synchronising with excursion fares in New South Wales, and will provide for:*

ALL HOTEL ACCOMMODATION
MARVELLOUS MOTOR AND OTHER TRIPS
THEATRE TICKETS
TRANSPORT FROM TRAIN OR BOAT
UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS ARRANGED BY THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL SERVICE

Do not hesitate, but write NOW for full particulars of this splendid three weeks in Sydney. Total cost from time you arrive till you step on the boat or train on your return journey—only £15/15/- (TWO WEEKS, £10/15/-). Special quotations for those desirous of joining, but who do not require hotel accommodation. If desired, quotations will be given for motor trip from Melbourne, Adelaide, or Brisbane to Sydney. The party will be limited in numbers, so EARLY application should be made to—

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL SERVICE, RADIO HOUSE, 300 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, OR BOX 2607EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



## *Want a Holiday?*

If you are proposing to spend a holiday or take a trip abroad or to another State, write to us about it, or fill in this coupon and post to Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

I am interested in a holiday trip.
Time I could spend on holiday .....
Where I would like to go .....
Amount I wish to pay .....
Name (Miss, Mrs., Mr.) .....
Address .....
State .....



## Xmas Cruise

*Round Magic Islands into a Foreign Country.*

NOUMEA is the nearest foreign country to Australia. It is all different. You hear another language, find new customs. Now is your chance for a REAL cruise. Sydney to Noumea, then nine island ports, back to Noumea, and so to Sydney. Twenty-one days from the day you sail to the day you return. First class only. And the price, including motor, launch trips, and excursions to the interior of New Caledonia, is £32 from Sydney. Melbourne and Brisbane prices on application. Write NOW. Don't be stranded at home when everyone else is going places. Remember, the price quoted provides for First-Class Accommodation on boat, and First-Class French cuisine.

Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, G.P.O. Box 2607EE, Sydney, or Radio House, 300 Pitt Street.



## Europe!

*£129/10/- (No Exchange) Gives You Amazing Voyage.*

WOULD you like to spend Spring in Sicily, when the warm beauty of this magic island casts its irresistible spell? Age-old Sicily, where lived the Phoenicians! Carthaginians! Normans! All have left their impress on this glamorous isle. You can see it! £129/10/- pays all your steamer transport from Sydney via Australian capitals to Naples and return. Then comes your tour of Sicily, and so to Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Prague, Berlin, London, and Paris, and back to Genoa, with every rail fare paid and plenty of time to see everything.

Write to the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, Box 2607EE, or call at the office, Radio House, 300 Pitt Street, Sydney.



## Lovely Tasmania

*A wonderful fortnight's vacation from Sydney, return for £19/6/-.*

FIRST CLASS all the way. Boat and train travel and comfortable cars for motoring through some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Hobart first, and Port Arthur of historic memory! The Devil's Kitchen! Launceston and the rugged grandeur of Cataract Gorge! Just the place for that annual vacation. £19/6/- pays everything from Sydney to Sydney, including comfortable accommodation at hotels or guest-houses. Plan ahead for your holiday in Tasmania's ideal Summer Climate. Write now, or call, for further particulars to—

The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, G.P.O. Box 2607EE, Sydney, or Radio House, 300 Pitt Street.



## Motor Dance Week-End from Sydney

## £2/7/6

HERE is a Women's Weekly Travel Bureau novelty for all who desire a fascinating week-end tour. Leave Sydney Saturday, 1.15, by car to Newcastle via Toggerah Lakes. Arrive Newcastle for dinner at George Hotel. After dinner leave Hotel and proceed to Newcastle Town Hall for dance. After dance return to George Hotel, Newcastle, where night is spent. On Sunday leave Newcastle at 10 a.m. for motor tour of Newcastle sights, beaches, etc., thence to Lake Macquarie for launch tour. Lunch at Swansea Hotel, and leave for Sydney via Pacific Highway at 2.30 p.m. All expenses paid, £2/7/6. First trip, Saturday, August 3. Limited party. Evening dress essential. Early application necessary.

BOOK NOW AT WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU, RADIO HOUSE, 300 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.



## Country Holidays for City Workers

INEXPENSIVE short holidays can be arranged by the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau at Orange, Bundanoon, Kurrajong Heights, Robertson, Blackheath, Hawkesbury Valley, Coolangatta, and other resorts at weekly rates of from £2/2/- per week. These places have been selected as providing comfort, sporting facilities, healthy atmosphere, and good and plentiful food. Send or call for detailed particulars.

The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, G.P.O. Box 2607EE, Sydney, or Radio House, 300 Pitt Street.



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL SERVICE — RADIO HOUSE — 300 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

VISITORS TO SYDNEY ARE INVITED TO SEE THE BIG EXHIBITION OF TRAVEL PICTURES—LARGEST OF ITS KIND EVER HELD. ADMISSION IS FREE.



## DON'T... FORGET

The Thereesian Ball, New State Ballroom, July 30, 8 p.m. For reservations, ring M4946.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Jubilee Musicale, Hotel Carlton, July 30, 2.30 p.m., in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Lewisham Hospital annual ball, The Wentworth, July 29, 8.30 p.m. For reservations ring BW1361.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual ball of the Sydney University Arts Society, July 25, at David Jones'.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual ball of the Bondi Swimming Club at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, July 27.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Dante Alighieri Society's celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Giosue Carducci at the Forum Club, July 25, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The card party at Carlton Hotel, July 24, at 8 p.m., to augment funds of Athletes' ball at Bordern Bros., August 7, in aid of Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children's Institution.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Scottish concert in the Trinity Hall, Concord West, July 24, in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

☆ ☆ ☆

The bridge party and musicale at David Jones' in aid of Travellers' Aid Society in N.S.W., July 23, 2.30 p.m. For reservations ring B5655.

☆ ☆ ☆

The dance organised by Christian Brothers' Old Boys' Union, Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, July 23, 9 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The bridge party and musicale in aid of the Travellers' Aid Society, July 22, at David Jones'. For further information communicate with the organising secretary, Box 1253HH, G.P.O.

☆ ☆ ☆

The plain and fancy dress dance to be held by the Revellers' Club in St. Dominic's Hall, Flemington, July 27. Proceeds in aid of the Homebush West Convent annual ball, to be held September 21.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual ball of the Australasian Holy Catholic Guild, Empress Rooms, Mark Foy's Ltd., July 24, 9 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Third annual ball organised by Clan Mackay Society, State Ballroom, July 20. Proceeds in aid of N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington).

HOST HOLBROOK says: A nice, dainty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***



## Periodic Pain BANISHED!!

Why should you suffer regularly? Why should you not enjoy work or play **every day of the month?**

Actually, many women impose strain on their nervous systems each month by "putting up" with those days of sickening pain. But now science has banished the regular pains and indisposition associated with womanhood. Specialists have produced MIDENE (pronounced "MYDEEN"). You can take MIDENE with perfect confidence, for it contains no harmful or habit-forming drugs, has no ill effects on the internal organs, and does not interfere with the normal processes of nature. Price 2/- (sufficient to last two or three months). If unobtainable from your chemist, write to Box 1053N, G.P.O., Brisbane, and enclose stamps or P/N for 2/-. MIDENE is readily recognised by its dainty blue-enamelled container.***



18oz. Tins

**WHY?** have those Horrid RUST MARKS and GREEN STAINS on YOUR BATH when

**KLEEN-BATH** WILL REMOVE THEM!

"WITH NO SHAKING OF POWDER ALL OVER THE PLACE."

"KLEEN-BATH" CLEANS BATHS WITH EASE AND NO WASTE."

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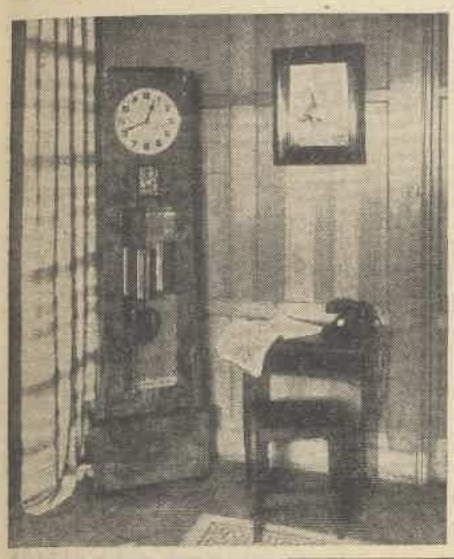
# Romance of the Grandfather Clock!



*"My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,*
*So it stood by itself on the floor.*
*It was taller by half than the old man himself,*
*Though it weighed not a pennyweight more."*

*BLEACHED walnut is used for this modern grandfather clock, with its chromium weights and pendulum. It is decorated with a handsome, hand-carved design.*

TOWARDS the end of the 17th century—in the days of our ancestors — the grandfather clock was first introduced into England, and down through the centuries it has steadily gained in romantic charm and significance, until to-day it occupies a position of considerable importance in the home.

With the passage of years it has at different times embodied the characteristic features of practically every important period of furnishing, yet in the main essentials it has never altered—the size and actual shape have remained. Although the design may have seen many changes the resonant Westminster chimes have been, and always will be, one of the chief charms of the grandfather clock.

*MRS. A. J. STUDDY, of Glencoe, Boggabri, who has been president of the Emerald Hill branch of the Country Women's Association since its inauguration in 1922.*
—Dorothy Welding.

The earliest examples of these romantic timepieces were cased in oak, and were exquisitely carved and turned, sometimes taking years of patient labor and skill to complete. In contrast to this, to-day's trend is for straight lines and flat smooth surfaces, and so we come to such modern designs as that pictured here from Grace Bros. It would prove a decorative and practical addition to a large room or entrance hall furnished after the modern manner.

The present vogue for bleached walnut finds expression in many of the latest examples of new grandfather clocks (such as the one illustrated above) while burr walnut and fumed oak are equally popular. It is interesting to note that most of the wooden casings in Grace Bros.' big collection have been locally manufactured; that is, actually designed and made in Sydney from Australian timbers.

Many of the newer designs, too, meet the modern vogue for chromium with gleaming chrome-plated weights and pendulum, chromium hands, and silvered dial, but even the most modern styles, complete as they are with these up-to-date finishes, still retain the original dignity of line and charm that characterised the earliest grandfather clocks.

***Rug-making...***

**WOULD you like to make a beautiful rug for your home? Then turn to Page 49, where you will find a comprehensive article on rug-making, also color chart of a modern design, with full directions for making. David Jones', who courteously supplied this design to our Home Decorator, will give any further advice by post, or personal instruction in their Demonstration Department, 4th floor.**

## Tea for Prince At 160 m.p.h.

ABOARD each of the two new D.H. Dragon Rapide aeroplanes recently purchased by the Prince of Wales for his personal use will be a canteen for the making and serving of tea whilst in the air. The water will be boiled in an electric kettle similar to those used daily in thousands of Australian homes.

The cruising speed of the Royal aircraft is 160 m.p.h., and never before has it been possible to serve tea or coffee at such speeds except from vacuum flasks.


# LUNG TROUBLE

We offer you a Dry Inhalation Treatment which is definitely not an experiment. With this Dry Inhalation the fumes get right to the trouble, clearing away germ infection from the lung tissues, nasal passages, bronchial tubes, and blood stream.

Each day reports from sufferers are received which state that "Those HAEMORRHAGES have cleared up, also NIGHT SWEATS"; "They can now SLEEP WELL AT NIGHT and all night"; "The TERRIBLE COUGHING spasms cease"; "APPETITE HAS IMPROVED"; "STRENGTH REGAINED"; "And they again ENJOY HAPPY DAYS in comfort, BEING ONCE MORE SOUGHT OUT BY THEIR ONE-TIME FRIENDS."

Many cases, even considered hopeless, have reported complete recovery, and, what is most important . . . THERE HAS BEEN NO RECURRENCE OF THE TROUBLE.
Membrosus, because of the directness of its attack on all these chest complaints, is also very effective in the treatment of——

## CATARRH
## HAY FEVER
## ANTRUM TROUBLE
WITHOUT OPERATION

What wonderful relief it gives almost from the first use. Ultimately it dispels for ALL TIME those dreadful symptoms which are ever present with sufferers from these diseases. They report as follows:—"HEAD NOISES DISAPPEAR"; "HEARING AND SENSE OF SMELL RESTORED"; "CONSTANT SNEEZING FITS, RUNNING NOSE, AND DISGUSTING HAWKING ARE THINGS OF THE PAST"; "WAKE UP IN THE MORNING WITH NOSTRILS AND THROAT CLEAR" . . . and so from shunning and being shunned by friends, they are able to mix with them again to their hearts' content.

Membrosus will help you, too, in this way.

MEMBROSUS IS "DIFFERENT." IT GIVES MORE THAN JUST RELIEF

## ASTHMA
## BRONCHITIS
An Inhalation Treatment that DOES bring lasting results.

Complete recovery is being reported daily from these distressing complaints by those who are using and who have used MEMBROSUS—that remarkable DRY INHALATION TREATMENT.

For sufferers to recover so completely as to lose all distressing symptoms . . . to be able to lie down and sleep at night without fear of attack; for the mucus to be brought away easily; for those wheezing coughs to stop; for that tight-bound-up feeling to disappear; to be able to breathe freely at all times; to lose that shortness of breath, and walk up a hill, work and play games without discomfort; for the attacks to become less frequent and less severe . . . and then to make A LASTING AND COMPLETE RECOVERY speaks volumes for MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION TREATMENT, which is entirely different from all others. It is not inhaled merely to relieve attacks when they come, but by inhaling regularly the attacks become less severe, and less frequent, until they clear up altogether

## MEMBROSUS (Regd.)
DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

Perhaps you have a friend who suffers. Send at once a stamped addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to Membrosus, C/- Irvine Ltd., Chemists (Estd. 29 years), 183 Victoria Road, Drummoyne, N.S.W. Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

## A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

## GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist
6 HUNTER STREET
(3 Doors from George St.) SYDNEY, and at Newcastle

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378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Hordern)

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**IF YOU WANT**
**Freedom from Drudgery**
**To Save Money**
**Bright, Clean Pots & Pans**
**A Cool Kitchen**

**YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY**

LISTEN IN
"CITIES OF PERHAPS"—*Station 2SM*—Every Thursday at 7.15 p.m.
"SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE"—*Station 2GB*, Mondays to Fridays, 2.45 p.m.

*Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:*

**20% deposit**
**2 years' terms.**
**Free Installation (up to a cost of £6)**

*Users of approved Electric Ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.*

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236 PITT ST. (Next to Liberty Theatre) Between Market and Park Sts. DELICIOUS FOOD—MODERATE PRICES.

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REDUCTION IN PRICES
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**42/-**
Smaller & Lighter Pattern.
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**SOILED TIES**

WHEN MEN'S ties become soiled, they can be washed if a tacking thread is first run along either edge to hold the lining in place. Wash them in warm, soapy water, roll in a cloth, press with an iron, and then remove the tacking thread.


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Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY RE-WOVEN.
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# FLU'

**STOP IT BEFORE IT GETS STARTED!**

TAKE a Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet at night with a hot lemon drink, then every six hours if necessary. Used successfully in influenza epidemics. Avoid imitations.

12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS and TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"


# GAY *Adventure*

*Continued from Page 5*

THE first of these were her uncle, the Admiral, and his son, Mr. Bernard Taverner. They came at an awkward moment. Peregrine, who had spent the greater part of the morning in a brocade dressing gown, while the barber and a breeches-maker waited on him, being at the moment engaged in trying to arrange his starched neckcloth.

His sister, who had walked unceremoniously into his room to demand his escort to Colburn's Lending Library, was an interested and rather scornful spectator. "What nonsense it is, Perry!" she exclaimed, as with an exasperated oath he threw away his fourth crushed and mangled cravat. "That is the fourth you have spoiled! If only you would have them made more narrow!"

Peregrine, his face and head quite obscured by his turned-up shirt collar, said testily: "Women never understand these things. Fitz says it must be a foot high. As for four spoiled, pooh, that's nothing! Fitz says Brummell has sometimes ruined as many as a score. Now try it again, John! Fold my collar down first, you fool!"

Someone knocked on the door. Peregrine, with a neckcloth a foot wide round his neck, and his chin to the ceiling, shouted: "Come in!" and in doing so produced a crease in the neckcloth which he felt could hardly have been bettered by the beau himself.

The footman entered, and announced the arrival of Admiral and Mr. Taverner. Peregrine was too much engaged in making further creases by the simple expedient of gradually lowering his jaw, to pay any heed, but Judith jumped up at once. "Oh, Perry, do make haste! It is our cousin! Beg the Admiral to wait, Perkins. We will come directly. Is Mrs. Scattergood downstairs? Oh then, she will see to it all! Perry, will you never have done?"

The cravat had by this time been reduced to more normal proportions. Peregrine studied it anxiously in the mirror, tried with a cautious finger to perfect one of the creases, and announced gloomily that it would have to do. It was still too high to permit of his turning his head more than an inch or two to either side, but this he assured Judith was nothing at all out of the way.

The next business was to get him into his new coat, an elegant blue creation made of the prescribed Bath coating, with long tails, and silver buttons. It fitted him so exactly that the services of the footman had to be engaged to assist in inserting him into it. It seemed at one time as though not even the united efforts of two able-bodied men could succeed in this, but after a grim struggle it was done, and Peregrine, panting slightly from his exertions, turned to his sister and proudly asked her how he looked.

There was a laugh in her eye, but she assured him he was quite the thing. In any other man she would have ruthlessly condemned so absurdly waisted a coat, so monstrous a cravat, such skin-tight pantaloons, but Peregrine was very much her darling, and must be allowed to dress himself up in any dandyfied way he pleased. She did indeed suggest that his golden locks were in considerable disorder, but upon being informed that this was intentional, and had taken him half an hour to achieve, she said no more, but took his arm and went down with him to the saloon upon the first floor.

Here they found Mrs. Scattergood seated on a confidante beside a stout, flushed-looking gentleman with grizzled hair, in whom Miss Taverner had no difficulty in recognising her late father's brother. Mr. Bernard Taverner occupied a chair opposite to them, but upon the door opening to admit his cousins he immediately got up, and made his bow. There was a certain warmth in his smile; his look seemed to approve, even to admire. Judith could only be glad to think that she had chosen that morning to put on the jonquil muslin dress with the lace trimming, and the new kid shoes of celestial blue.

The Admiral had got up ponderously from the confidante, and now came forward with his hand held out and a look of decided relish upon his florid countenance. "So!" he said. "My little niece! Well, my dear! Well!"

She had a moment's fear that he was going to kiss her, a circumstance she could not look forward to with any equanimity, since he smelled strongly of spirits. She put out her hand in a decided way, and after a moment's hesitation he took it, and held it between both of his. "So you are poor John's daughter!" he said with a somewhat gusty sigh. "Ah, that was a sad business! I was never more shocked in my life."

Her brows drew together slightly; she bowed, and withdrew her hand. She could not suppose him sincere, and while determined on showing him all the observance which their relationship demanded she could not like him. She said merely: "My brother, Peregrine, sir."

They shook hands. The Admiral clapped his nephew on the shoulder, supposed him to come to town to cut a dash, did not blame him, but begged him to be careful of his company else he would find himself without a feather to fly with. This was all said with a great air of joviality, while Peregrine smiled politely, and inwardly consigned his uncle to the devil.

Mr. Taverner had moved over to stand beside Judith, and now put a chair forward for her. She took it, reflecting that he did not in any way favor his father.

He drew up a back-stool, and sat down on it. "My cousin is pleased with London," he said smilingly.

"Yes, indeed," she responded. "Though I have seen very little yet. Only some of the shops, and the wild beasts at the Exeter Exchange, which Perry took me to yesterday."

He laughed. "Well, that is a beginning, at any rate." He glanced at Mrs. Scattergood, who was joining in the conversation between the Admiral and Peregrine, and lowered his voice. "You have a lady of quality to live with you, I see. That is just as it should be. I had not had the pleasure before to-day of meeting her, but she is known to me a little by repute. I believe her consequence to be very just. You are fortunate."

"We like her extremely," Judith replied in her calm way.

"And Peregrine, I perceive, has been busy," he said, the smile returning to lurk in his eyes. "Will you be offended with me if I confess I looked twice before I recognised in him the young gentleman I met in Grantham?"

THERE was a twinkle in her own eyes. "At us both, perhaps, sir?"

"No," he replied seriously. "I should always recognise you, cousin." He became aware of the Admiral at his elbow, wanting to claim Judith's attention, and rose at once. "I beg pardon, sir. You were speaking?"

"Oh, you are pleased to be aground there, my boy, I don't doubt!" said his father, poking a finger at his ribs. "I was saying, my dear, it's a thousand pities young Perry here wasn't put into the navy. That's the life for you youngsters—ay, and that goes for you, too, Bernard. With this war, you know, any likely fellow may make his fortune at sea. Damme, if I was but twenty years younger there's nothing would suit me better than to be commanding a snug little frigate to-day! But that's how it is with the young men nowadays! All of them as shy as be-dammed of venturing a mile from town!"

"Come, come, sir, that won't do!" protested Mrs. Scattergood. "I am sure it is quite dreadful only to think of all the officers gone off to that horrid peninsula, and here are you saying young men won't stir out of town! I could name you a dozen charming creatures gone off to be murdered by the French. I myself have a young relative—" she nodded at Judith—"Worth's brother, you know—Charles Audley—the most delightful, audacious wretch—who is there now."

*Please turn to Page 37*


# Don't develop that WASHING-DAY DROOP

AGED THIRTY—
LOOKS FORTY—
FEELS FIFTY—

—BECAUSE OF OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAYS

The strain of the old-fashioned rubbing-scrubbing-washing-day usually results in bent shoulders and dragging steps. When a woman is too tired to hold herself erect she is well on the way to the middle-aged figure. Protect your figure—use Rinso for *easy* washing-days.

With *Rinso* in the tubs and copper you haven't a chance to get fagged-out. No need to spend hours rubbing garments—dirt soaks out of the clothes. And there's no fear of dingy linen after Rinso—instead, there's that *extra*-special whiteness.

*How to wash the Rinso way*

You don't need any bar soap or anything else with Rinso. Just sprinkle some Rinso into the tub and add hot water. Use enough Rinso to make a good lather. Leave the clothes to soak for an hour or two, or overnight. You'll find the dirt just floats out of the clothes . . . the Rinso suds are so full of washing-power.

CHANGE WASHING-DAY TO RINSO-DAY

# Rinso

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

# GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 36

"OH, the army! We do not count the army, I can tell you, ma'am," said the Admiral. "Why, what do they know of the matter, playing at war as they do? They should have been with us in the Trafalgar action! Ay, that was real fighting!"

"You are not serious, sir," interposed his son. "They have seen some hard fighting in Spain."

He spoke quietly, but with a decided air of reproof, fixing his expressive eyes on his father's face. The Admiral looked a little confounded, but laughed it off. He had nothing to say against the fellows in the army; he had no doubt they were a very good set of men; all he meant was they had better have gone to sea.

It was evident from his remarks that the Admiral had less than common sense. Miss Taverner, glancing from him to his son, detected a faint look of contempt in the latter's face. She was sorry for it, yet could scarcely blame him. To relieve the awkwardness of the moment she turned to the Admiral, and began talking to him of the Trafalgar action.

He was pleased enough to tell it all to her, but his account, concerned as it was merely with his own doings upon that momentous day and interspersed with a great many oaths and coarse expressions, could be of little interest to her. She wanted to be hearing of Lord Nelson, who had naturally been the hero of her schooldays. It was her uncle's only merit in her eyes that he must actually have spoken with the great man, but she could not induce him to describe Nelson in any other than the meanest terms. He had not liked him, did not see that he had been so very remarkable, never could understand what the women saw in him—a wispy fellow; nothing to look at, he gave her his word.

MR. TAVERNER had moved to one of the windows with Peregrine, and was engaged in talking of horse-flesh with him. A servant came in with a message for Mrs. Scattergood which took her away in a flutter of apologies and gauze draperies. The door had no sooner closed behind her than the Admiral's conversation took an abrupt turn. Pulling his chair a little closer to Judith's he said in an under-voice: "I am glad she is gone. I daresay she is very well, but a poor little dab of a woman, ain't she? You know, my dear, things are left very awkwardly. You won't like to be in a stranger's hands. And this fellow, Worth, to have the handling of your fortunes! I don't like it. He's a gamester, none too plump in the pocket, I was hearing. There's no denying that was a cork-brained will of your poor father's. But I daresay he was not himself, hey?"

Mr. Taverner must have had remarkably acute hearing, for he turned his head sharply, looking very hard at his father, and before Judith was at the necessity of answering what she could only feel to be impertinences, he had come across the room towards them, and said pleasantly: "Excuse me, sir, I think such a discussion must be painful to my cousin. Judith—I may venture?—I have been trying to engage Peregrine to give me the pleasure of his company at the play. May I hope that you and Mrs. Scattergood will also honor me? I think you have not visited the theatre yet." He smiled down at her. "May mine be the privilege of escorting you to your first play? What shall it be? There's Kemble and Mrs. Siddons at Covent Garden, or Bannister at Drury Lane, if your taste should be for comedy. You have only to name it."

Her cheeks glowed with pleasure. She thanked him and accepted, choosing, to Peregrine's disgust, the tragedy. Her uncle was still busy congratulating his son on his good fortune in having secured such a beauty to be his guest when the door opened, and the butler announced the Earl of Worth.

MISS TAVERNER, taken quite by surprise, exchanged a swift glance with her brother, and began to instruct the butler to convey their excuses to his lordship. It was too late, however; the Earl must have followed the servant up the stairs, for he entered the room while the words of denial were on Judith's lips.

He certainly heard them, but he gave no other sign of having done so than a faint curl of his lips. His coldly appraising gaze took in the company; he bowed slightly, and said in his languid voice that he was fortunate to have found his wards at home.

Judith was obliged to present her uncle and cousin.

The Earl's visit could not have been worse timed; she cared nothing for his opinion, but to introduce the Admiral to him must still be a mortification. She fancied she could perceive a look of disdain in his face, and it was with relief that she brought her cousin to his notice. There at least she had nothing to be ashamed of.

A few civilities were exchanged, the Earl bearing his part in these with a formality that set off Mr. Taverner's easier, more open manners to advantage. A silence, which the Earl made no effort to break, soon fell, and while Judith was trying to think of something to say, and wishing that Mrs. Scattergood would come back into the room, her cousin, with what she must feel to be instinctive good taste, reminded the Admiral that they had another engagement in the neighborhood, and should be taking their leave.

The bell was pulled, the footman came up to usher the visitors out, and in a few minutes they were gone.

The Earl, who had been calmly inspecting Judith through his eyeglass, let it fall, and said: "I see you have been taking my advice, Miss Taverner." He glanced round the room. "Is this house to your liking? It seems to be rather above the general run of furnished houses."

"Have you not been inside it before?" she demanded.

"Not to my knowledge," he said, raising his brows. "Why should I?"

"I thought it was you who——" she broke off, cross with herself at having said so much.

"Oh no," he replied. "Blackader chose it." He turned his head to look at Peregrine, and an expression of pain crossed his features. "My good boy, are you emulating the style of Mr. Fitzjohn and his associates, or is that monstrous erection round your neck due merely to the clumsiness of your valet?"

"I was in a hurry," said Peregrine defensively, and reddening in spite of himself.

"Then do not be in a hurry again. Cravats are not to be tied in an instant. I hear you bought Scrutton's bay mare at Tattersall's."

"Yes," said Peregrine.

"I thought you would," murmured his lordship.

Peregrine looked suspicious, but judged it wiser not to ask the meaning of this somewhat cryptic remark.

The Earl's gaze returned to Miss Taverner. He said softly: "You should ask me to sit down, you know."

Her lips quivered: she could not but appreciate his lordship's methods. "Pray be seated, sir!"

"Thank you, Miss Taverner, but I do not stay. I came only to discuss your affairs with Peregrine," said Worth with marked politeness.

It was too absurd; she had to laugh. "Very well, sir. I understand there is nothing to be done with my father's unfortunate will."

"Nothing at all," he said. "You had better accept me with a good grace. You will only be made to appear ridiculous if you don't, you know." Then, as she stiffened, he laughed, and putting out his hand tilted her face up with one careless finger under her chin. "Poor beauty in distress!" he said. "But the smile was all that I hoped it might be." He turned. "Now, Peregrine, if you please."

Please turn to Page 38

MADE FOR HOUSEHOLD NEEDS

"3-in-One" works miracles in brightening dull furniture and woodwork. A few drops on any soft cloth wrung out in water give you a dusting and polishing cloth that not only polishes but also cleans and protects the finest finish. Use it for all appliances.

Sold by Ironmongers, Stores, etc., in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. Bottles, and 1-oz. and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

R. W. CAMERON & CO., 24, Bond Street, Sydney.



STRANGE COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN

# REVOLUTIONISE FACE POWDERS

*Miss Charlotte Young—ivory blonde—says, "Pond's Rose Cream is the color for blondes with a white skin or for fair-skinned brunettes."*

## NEW DEVICE FINDS

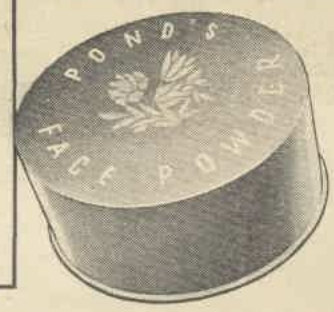
*Bright Blue* IN BLONDE SKIN

•

*Startling Green* IN BRUNETTE

THE ACTUAL RECORD TAKEN BY DELICATE OPTICAL MACHINE PRODUCES NEW POWDER SHADES THAT CORRECT COMPLEXION FAULTS.

*Mrs. Edward Burns—a typical brunette—uses Pond's Rose Brunette, a lovely warm shade. She says: "No other powder has ever seemed so perfect for my skin."*




BLONDES and Brunettes need no longer guess about the face powder they should use. An optical machine has detected colors in human skin which cannot be distinguished by the human eye. By means of this machine, Pond's made a record of the unusual color tones in different skins, and then used this knowledge to blend their new powder shades. You cannot detect these colors in Pond's powder. But they are there, hidden, providing the tints which bring youth, glamour and sparkle to lifeless, sallow skins.

Pond's Powder is used by the smartest American women, who have any number of expensive cosmetics to choose from. Besides its wonderful quality of "enlivening" skin, they love its clinging texture, its subtly alluring scent.

Fill in the coupon below and send for a sample in your shade. New larger box, 1/6; very large box, 2/6.

*Special Offer:*

Mail coupon with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's new Face Powder and Pond's two Creams. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ]

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GRAY HAIR PENCIL

Instantly gives to GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Colors. A novel method that Keeps gray away from Hair Temples and Partings, and Keeps Gray from Spreading. Cannot be detected. Will not Rub or wash off. Delights both married women and To Quickly introduce GRATEX Treatment, Lasts many months. State shade.

Price, 5/6

Send for yours to: ROYALTY TRADERS, Room 46 VB., 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.


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# GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 37

THEY went out of the room together, nor did she again set eyes on the Earl that day. Peregrine came running up the stairs half an hour later, and finding his sister with Mrs. Scattergood, who was deep in the pages of a fashion journal, he announced impetuously that he rather thought they might do very well with Worth for their guardian.

Judith looked warningly towards Mrs. Scattergood, but Peregrine was not to be checked. He had very early in their acquaintanceship insinuated himself into that lady's good graces, and treated her already with a marked lack of respect, and a good deal of affection. "Oh, Cousin Maria, don't give a fig for Worth!" he said airily. "But he has been talking to me, and I can tell you something, Judith, he don't mean to keep too tight a hold on the purse-strings. I fancy we shall have no trouble with him at all. Cousin Maria, do you think Worth will trouble us?"

"No, indeed, why should he? My love, I read here that strawberries crushed on the face and left all night will clear sunburn and give a delicate complexion. I wonder whether we should try it? You know, you have just the suspicion of a freckle, Judith. You will always be going out in the sun and wind, and, my dear, nothing is so destructive of female charms as contact with fresh air."

"My dear ma'am, where will you find strawberries at this season?" said Miss Taverner, amused.

"Very true, my love; I was forgetting. Then it must be the Denmark lotion after all. I wish you will buy some, if you mean to drive with Perry."

JUDITH promised and went away to put on her hat and her gloves. When she drove out presently alone with her brother she spoke to him seriously of their guardian. "I cannot like him, Perry. There is something in his eyes, a hardness, a—a mocking look—which I don't trust. There is a lack of civility, too—oh, worse! His whole manner, his being so familiar with me—with us! It is very bad. I don't understand him. He would have us think that he wanted to be our guardian as little as we wished to be his wards, and yet is it not odd that he should busy himself so particularly with our affairs? Even Mrs. Scattergood thinks it strange he should not be content to let the lawyers settle everything. She says she has never known him to exert himself so much as he does now."

Thus Miss Taverner, in a mood of disquiet.

The Earl, however, seemed to be in no hurry to repeat his call. They saw nothing of him for some days, though their visitors were many. Lady Sefton came with one of her daughters, and Mr. Skeffington, a very tall, thin man, with a painted face and a yellow waistcoat. He was lavishly scented, which set the Taverners instantly against him, and talked a great deal about the theatre. There did not seem to be an actor alive with whom he was not on terms of intimacy. They discovered later that he had written some plays himself, and even produced them. His manners were particularly gentle and pleasing, and it was not very long before the Taverners were quite won over to him. He was so kind one must forgive the paint and the scent.

Lady Sefton had to be liked also; and Mrs. Scattergood assured her charges that neither she nor her popular husband had an enemy in the world.

Lady Jersey, another of the all-powerful patronesses of Almack's, came with Mrs. Drummond-Burrell, a lady of icy good breeding, who said little and looked to be insufferably haughty. Lady Jersey seemed to be very good-natured in her restless way. She talked incessantly throughout her short visit, and fidgeted with anything that came in the way of her fluttering hands. Getting into her carriage again when the call was over, she said: "Well, my dear, I think—don't you?—a charming girl? Quite beautiful! And, of course, the fortune! They tell me eighty thousand at the very least! We shall see all the fortune-hunters at work!" She gave her fairy-laugh. "Alvanley was telling me poor dear Wellesley Poole had left his card in Brook Street already. Well, I am sure I wish the girl a good husband. I think her quite out of the common."

Mrs. Drummond-Burrell slightly shrugged her shoulders. "Farouche," she said in her cold way. "I detest provincials."

It was unfortunate for Miss Taverner that this judgment should soon be endorsed by another. Mr. John Mills, who was called the Mosaic Dandy, went from curiosity to pay a morning call in Brook Street, and came away to spread the news through town that the new beauty might better be known as the Milkmaid. His manners had not pleased Miss Taverner. He was affected, talked with a great air of conceit, and put on so much insolent condescension that she was impelled to give him a sharp set-down.

Mrs. Scattergood admitted the provocation, but was worried over it. "I don't like the creature—I believe no one does. Brummell hates him, I know—but there's no denying, my love, he has a tongue, and can make mischief. I hope he may not try to ruin you."

BUT the nickname he had bestowed on Miss Taverner was sufficiently apt to catch the fashionable fancy. Mr. Mills declared that no gentleman of taste would admire such a blowsy prettiness. A great many people who had been doubtful whether to approve or condemn Judith (for her frank, decided manners were something quite new, only to be tolerated in persons of rank) were at once convinced that she was pert and presuming. Some snubs were dealt her, the throng of would-be admirers began to lessen, and more than one lady of fashion turned her shoulder.

The nickname came to Judith's ears, and made her furious. That any dandy should have it in his power to sway public opinion was not to be borne. When she discovered the extent of the harm he had worked she was not dismayed or tearful, but, on the contrary, eager for war. She would not change her manners to suit a dandy's taste; she would rather force society to accept her in the teeth of them all, Brummell included.

It was in such a dangerous mood that she set out with her brother and Mrs. Scattergood to make her first appearance at Almack's. Lady Jersey, adhering, even in the face of Mrs. Drummond-Burrell's expressed disapproval, to her original opinion, had sent the vouchers: the most important door into society was open to Miss Taverner. It must be for her, Mrs. Scattergood said urgently, to do the rest. The door might yet close.

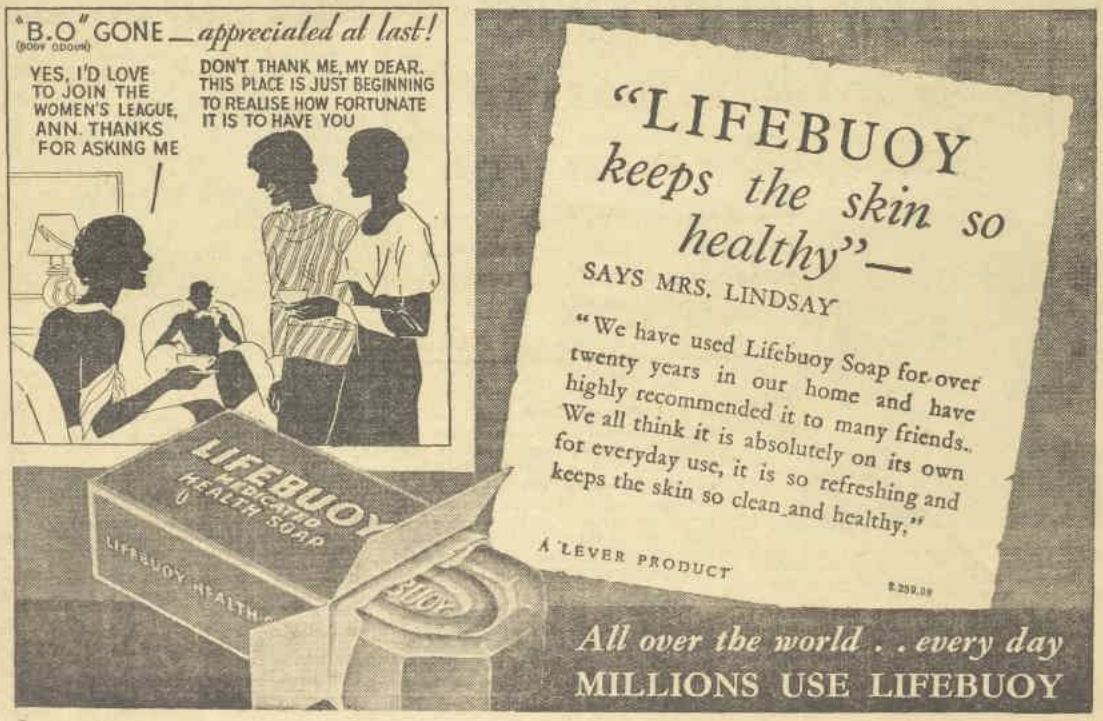
Privately she thought the girl's looks should carry the day. Judith, in a ball dress of white crepe with velvet ribbons spangled with gold, and her hair in a myriad loose curls confined by a ribbon with a bow over her left eye, was a vision to please even the most exacting critic. If only she would be a little conciliating!

The evening began badly. Mrs. Scattergood was so much taken up with her own and Judith's toilet that she had no glance to spare for Peregrine. It was not until the carriage that bore all three of them was half-way to King Street that she suddenly discovered him to be wearing long pantaloons tightly strapped under his shoes.

Please turn to Page 42

HOST HOLBROOK says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.***


## SUE'S FRIEND COMES INTO HER OWN





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"Now I can Wear Pretty Clothes Again MY UGLY FATS GONE"

"I was so fat I just went when I tried to get fitted in youthful styles. Nothing for me but horrid 'stylish stouts.' But then I heard about the BonKora treatment—and in only 3 weeks my 12 excess pounds went."

Such personal stories are common in letters grateful women write us. Why don't you try BonKora? Get a big bottle now.

NO THYROID—SAFE

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS, 6/6 BOTTLE. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora, enclose a Postal Note for 6/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box 2082 L, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plain wrapper.

# THE LEGACY

Continued from Page 7

MARJORIE SUNDELL was leaning over the rail, staring down at him, as he rowed back across the bay. She was smiling; once she fluttered her handkerchief to him.

He reached the Skylark. His feelings were mixed and curious ones. He wasn't in love with Marjorie Sundell. It wasn't that at all.

But what right had he to make friends with these people? After all, the sea and society had given their verdict upon him. He was little better than a common murderer.

* * *

They met on the beach next morning. Marjorie Sundell had been for a swim in the lagoon. Linden, she said, had taken himself off to do some fishing. He was very fond of fishing.

Bill Blake sucked at his pipe and spoke little. Something was oppressing him that morning. It was like a weight, bearing him down, down.

Suddenly he paused.

"Do you mind if we sit down here a minute, Miss Sundell? I—I've something I'd like to tell you."

She glanced at him, then threw herself down on the warm, white sand, looking up into his face.

"Well, Mr. Blake?"

He fidgeted with his pipe, not looking at her at all.

"Miss Sundell, do you ever wonder why a man like me should be here, talking of trying to get that silver from the Glaston Castle?"

"Well, I have wondered rather at times, Mr. Blake."

He turned his head slowly and looked straight at her.

"I'm the man who sank her," he said slowly, and waited, his heart pounding steadily.

She didn't move or flinch away from him, and for that alone he was grateful.

"You mean," she asked quietly, "you're Captain Blake?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me that at first?"

He shrugged.

"I was scared to do it," he said.

"Why?"

"I thought you'd hate me for it."

She seemed to consider for a moment.

"No," she said. "I don't hate you, Captain Blake."

"You know what happened — that night?"

"I heard—tales. Were they true?" Her gaze was disconcertingly direct.

"They said I was drunk that night."

"Were you?"

"No. But I'd had—enough."

Suddenly, as she saw the expression in his face, she put out her hand and laid it gently over his.

"It must have been terrible for you," she said.

HE stared at her. Her face was kind, gentle, understanding. Her young lips smiled at him faintly, a little wistfully, and suddenly that fearful depression lifted from him, almost physically.

The gloom, the bitterness and almost ghoulish amusement went out of his face. A new expression came into his eyes; he smiled slightly.

"I'm glad I told you—now."

"I'm glad, too, Captain Blake."

"Just 'Mr. Blake,' if you don't mind. I dropped the 'Captain' two years ago."

"Very well, Mr. Blake. But what really made you—come back?"

"That's easy, Miss Sundell. You see, I knew—at least, I'd heard—you were left alone in the world and, if you'll forgive me, quite poor. So, to ease my conscience a little, I decided to come here and try to get that bullion out of her.

"I—I was going to send the proceeds to you, if I succeeded, anonymously." He looked away across the water. "But apparently I was misinformed. You're not poor, are you?"

"Yes, quite poor, Mr. Blake. But I can let you into a little secret, too. Mr. Linden has asked me to marry him. We intend to announce our engagement at the end of the cruise.

"You see, for the last two years, before we—we grew to know and like each other, I'd been working as Mr. Linden's secretary."

"A charming fellow," said Blake. "Well, in the circumstances, I don't think I'll bother any more with the Glaston Castle."

"Why not?" she asked quickly. "It's a job of work, isn't it? Forgive me, Mr. Blake, but isn't that just what you need at the moment more than anything else?"

"Perhaps so. But what's the use—now?"

"If it's money you need, I could ask Alec—Mr. Linden. . . ."

"I don't need money, Miss Sundell. The wreck's mine to do with as I like. You see, my father bequeathed it to me in his will." He smiled rather bitterly.

"I think that was rather—beastly," she said.

"Oh, it was just his sense of humor—to leave me the wreck of the ship I'd lost. You see, he owned her. He owned a lot of ships.

"My two younger brothers were both captains. They were always different from me. My father married twice. My mother was his first wife. She died when I was a baby almost. Maybe that had something to do with it.

"I—I was never quite wanted the same as the other two. . . . Oh, I'm not trying to whitewash myself. I dare say I'm a pretty bad egg, anyway."

She rose; so did he. She looked him very straight in the face.

"It's not like a man to talk that way," she said. "Besides, I don't think you're a bad egg, Mr. Blake. I think you're quite the genuine article."

Blake stood alone on the beach, staring out towards the reefs after she had gone. The morning had been kind to him, very kind. He put a match to his pipe and smiled.

The Kanakas prepared his diving-gear. It had rained the day before; the sea had been choppy, but it was now calm and clear and green.

Please turn to Page 46

Mrs. Ward Is 91 Years *Young!*

*Regains Perfect Health with*

JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Containing the Wonderful OIL of JUNIPER!!

Photo by courtesy Ross Studio, 214 Pitt Street, Sydney. Mrs. Maria Ward, a Great Grandmother.

Mrs. Maria Ward, 91 years young, is still bright-eyed, clear-skinned, and youthful in spirit. From 51 Great Buckingham Street, Sydney, Mrs. Ward says:

"I always enjoyed the best of health, but a year or two ago must have been careless and got rheumatism. Then one night I heard about Junipah on the wireless, and I remembered how my father used to talk about Juniper Berries and how good they were for rheumatism. So I tried your Junipah Salts, and now, thank goodness, my rheumatism is almost gone."

END CONSTIPATION

The majority of doctors consider constipation the greatest evil affecting health. Poisons spread through the body, causing immediate unpleasant effects and paving the way for serious disease. Because Junipah Salts contain Oil of Juniper, together with other valuable ingredients, they give immediate relief. They also have a beneficial effect on all conditions arising from the kidneys and stomach, or induced by uric acid, and are an excellent slimming agent.

More for Your Money

Because Junipah Salts are put up in perfectly plain but effective packages, they can be sold to you at a reasonable price. No money is wasted on fancy packing. Junipah costs more than other Mineral Spring Salts to make, but it costs no more to buy.

C-A-L-L-I-N-G ALL CARS

*Honour the Law*

These thrilling Police Radio Patrol Dramas, brought to you by Junipah Mineral Spring Salts, are being broadcast through all important city and country stations throughout Australia.

Sydney listeners should tune in to

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Every Monday and Wednesday at 8 p.m.

"HONOUR THE LAW" will be broadcast also through the following Stations at various dates: 2KO, 2HO, 2TM, 2WL, 4BC, 4BH, 4BO, 4MB, 4GE, 3AW, 3GL, 3AK, 3HS, 3GH.

Listen also to "THE WITCH'S TALE," from 2UW on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8 p.m.

SIX REASONS

WHY YOU SHOULD PURCHASE JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS.

1. The large size costs 2/- against 2/6 or 2/9 for other mineral salts.
2. Contains at least twelve doses MORE.
3. It is different—it contains the precious Oil of Juniper.
4. Junipah does not crystallise in the blood stream.
5. The packages are compact and airtight.
6. Junipah does what is claimed for it.

Junipah Salts are the only Mineral Spring Salts recommended by the New South Wales Society for the Promotion of Public Health.

*Obtainable Everywhere*

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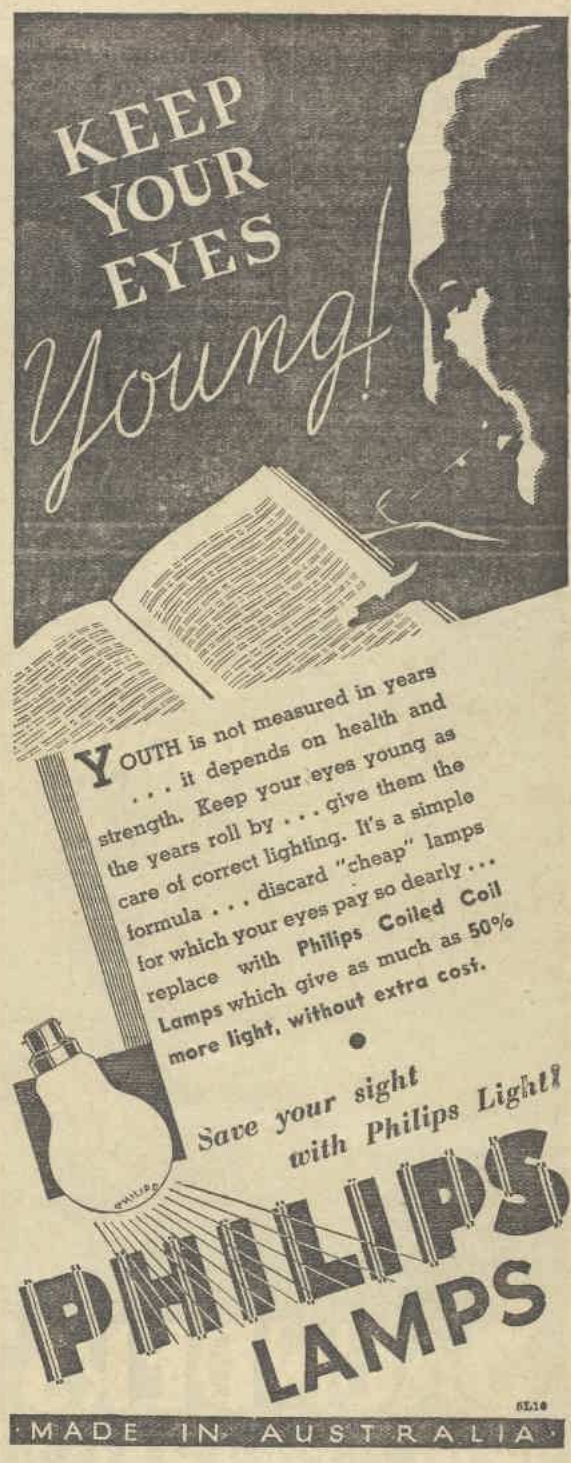


IT'S NICER WITH MUSTARD

Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

– *Keen's Mustard*

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A LUSTY "CROONER"

Life is just one "one grand sweet song" to him, because he is a SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT baby . . .

From this unequalled DIGESTIVE FOOD, he derives the true elements of sturdy growth, and with it the happy disposition that is always the companion of perfect health, and a well-nourished body.

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT is a BUILDER, safe and sure for all GROWING CHILDREN, YOUNG INFANTS, NURSING MOTHERS, INVALIDS and—EVERYBODY.

"Beats the World"

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

FROM ALL CHEMISTS & GROCERS

AIDS DIGESTION ··· BUILDS THE BODY


# FOR *Young* WIVES ... and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

**Nothing is sadder than to see a little baby gradually losing weight week by week. In this article some of the reasons for wasting are given, with their appropriate treatment.**

**Baby should gain steadily after the first few days of life, and loss of weight, however little, means that something is wrong.**

CONTINUED under-feeding will naturally produce wasting. If baby is not gaining, have him "test fed" for 24 hours. It may be that, unknown to you, your breasts are secreting but half of the food which baby needs. Or your nipples may be leaking to such an extent that most of the milk is lost. A day's test feeding will prove beyond all doubt the extent of deficiency. If the verdict is "serious under-feeding," baby will require to have some humanised milk, by bottle, after each breast feed until, with appropriate methods, you have increased your milk supply to meet his demands.

Apart from "general" under-feeding, baby may be suffering from an insufficiency of one particular food element—such as sugar, fat, or protein. The normal average percentage composition of human milk is: Sugar 7 per cent., fat 3.5 per cent., protein 1.5 per cent. A test of a properly-taken specimen of your milk will discover whether or not it is lacking in any of these essential components. If found to be lacking, this can usually be righted by dieting under a doctor's directions.

With babies who are artificially fed it is an easy matter for any mothercraft nurse to work out the percentage composition of the food being given if the mother will merely take pains to tell the nurse exactly how she makes up the food and how much she gives at each feeding.

If additional protein is found to be needed, more milk will be added to the mixture in place of an equal quantity of water; if the deficiency is in the fat content, a due proportion of extra 50 per cent. fat emulsion can be given; if the sugar content is low, it can be brought up to the human milk standard by the use of sugar of milk.

**But in all cases in which baby is being fed artificially, it is useless for the untrained mother to attempt to adjust the milk-mixture by guesswork.**

The proper balance can be worked out only by those trained in the knowledge of calories and percentages; and this advice and knowledge is given to mothers, free of charge, from every Infant Welfare Centre.

## Find the Cause

WASTING may be caused by feeding baby on patent foods which upset the digestion through being such a far cry from human milk. If it is necessary for baby to be artificially fed, make absolutely certain that the food you intend using for baby is the nearest approach possible to human milk.

Digestive disturbances, if not checked in their early stages, may lead to continued loss of weight through constant vomiting or diarrhoea, or both. Indigestion may be due to wrong food, feeding too quickly, or the giving of too large amounts. In hot weather the giving of "bad" milk will cause serious disturbances.

If baby is definitely wasting, and you cannot trace the cause to any of the above, in all probability there is some defect in the nervous, circulatory, or excretory systems, requiring prompt and constant medical supervision. Have baby thoroughly examined as to kidneys, heart, lungs, etc.

**Never let baby go on and on losing weight without finding out the cause.**

One must ensure against the possibility of tuberculosis, syphilis, kidney disease, mental deficiency, or disease of the heart.

Early examination and early diagnosis will, in most cases, give baby a fighting chance.

In the case of a healthy baby, mothers need not be alarmed at an occasional failure to put on the correct number of ounces per fortnight; but stationary weight and loss of weight should invariably put one on one's guard; and continued loss of weight is always a matter to be reported to one's doctor.

Arm Ached with Neuritis

"My left arm was almost useless from neuritis. The piercing pain bothered me all day. At night the sharp twinges would wake me right out of my sleep. I suffered terribly until one day I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' The relief I got from this simple oil was unbelievable. My arm feels fine now."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' is the one remedy that really stops the pains and aches of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. The relief is almost instantaneous because this marvellous oil goes directly to the affected part and quickly draws out all the ache and pain. And it does not burn or blister the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' to-day at your chemist, and see how it relieves pain.

ST JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN



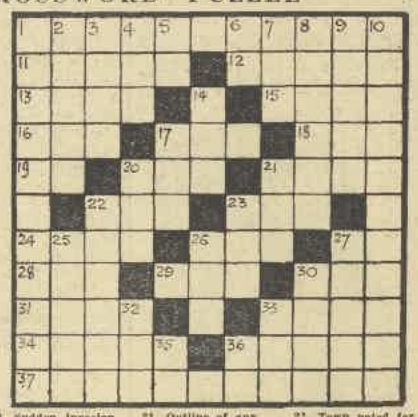
WEARING OUT THEIR NERVES

A Penalty Women Pay

Most women have highly strung, sensitive nervous systems, and live too much on their nervous energy, letting the cares of life take their toll, particularly when middle-age approaches. Mothers and housewives, upon whose shoulders fall most of the burdens of the household, are liable to become worried and tired out, and in a good many cases will under the strain. Overtaxing the nerves leads to too many breakdowns, and women especially should take every precaution to guard their health.

If you have spells of despondency, get nervy headaches, flushes, breathlessness, palpitation, find work getting beyond you, and suffer backache, indigestion and terrible weakness, it is time to restore your nerves and replenish your system with the help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have a remarkable revitalising effect on the blood, increasing and enriching it. This has recently been proved at a hospital clinic, and by tests done by an independent practitioner. Anaemic, nervy, run-down patients were treated with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a short course showed excellent improvements. Blood tests before and after the treatment proved that these pills increase and enrich the blood, restore the whole system, giving new life and new energy. If you suffer from bad nerves, weakness, headaches and backaches, start on Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. ***


## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Equal division of land and property
11. Pleasant
12. Kind of meat
13. Prepare
15. Carpenter's tool
16. Frozen water
17. Favorite notion
18. Large river in Siberia
19. Fare in health
20. Mire
21. Part of a ship
22. No truth in this
23. Little bundle
24. Shanty
26. Drink in small quantities
27. Nearby
28. Beverage
29. Wheel-track
30. Meaning three
31. Royal Australian Navy Australia (abb.)
33. T.A.R.O. (actual)
34. Sportsground
36. Female
37. Quality of being wonderful

DOWN

1. Indoor plant (Pl.)
2. Portuguese town
3. Storm with temper
4. "—— Maria"
5. Referring to
6. Part of verb "to be"
7. Beak
8. Sudden invasion
9. Incrustation on sores
10. Contemplations
14. Stay behind
17. Enemy
20. Offer of price
21. Outline of any country
22. More slender
23. Quick understanding
25. Main part of the body
26. Prosecute
27. Town noted for tapestry
30. Domesticate
32. Australian Natives Association (abb.)
33. 20cwts.
35. One
36. You and me

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE:

ACROSS: Nevada, Arun, ado, aroma, snip, arrive, Cerge, lad, reed, ear, day, dad, led, trot, too, leave, Ursula, dame, lasts, mar, fool, hoists.

DOWN: Nasard, E.D.N., valend, Da., arage, A.M.R., rail, need, orrad, pedal, van, rated, yells, dreams, steers, nor, death, turf, Oslo, U.A.I., mat.


MOISTURE PROOF SANITARY PINC-BAK TOWELS COTTON DRESSINGS MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY PINK BACK PTY LTD


BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years. ***


INDIGESTION RELIEVED AFTER THE FIRST DOSE

What wouldn't you give for a remedy like that—one that gave you *immediate* and welcome relief after just one dose? Think what it would mean to you—the end of those months, those years of suffering, no more stabbing agony, no more "bloated" sensations after meals, no more palpitation or heartburn!

Yes, there really is such a remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is made to give instant relief from *all* stomach troubles, flatulence or heartburn, from mild to acute dyspepsia or gastritis. Its unfailing effect is due to its wonderful three-fold action.

**First,** it neutralises the excess acid that is causing the painful inflammation of the stomach walls, quickly relieving flatulence and palpitation.

**Secondly,** it spreads a soothing, healing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed membrane, and so gives the stomach its chance to regain its proper state of health, while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

**Thirdly,** to make sure of *permanent* relief, one ingredient partially digests the food and so takes a heavy load from the weakened stomach and intestines. Every case of indigestion, however severe, is instantly relieved and your pains vanish. Persevere and your indigestion goes for good.

We publish this letter because it is so obviously genuine, even without name; a convincing picture of gratitude for the sure effect of this new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Writing from Mosman, Sydney, N.S.W., Mr. .....says:—"If any person has suffered more intensely than I from inflamed, painful, distended stomach, acid eructation (gas) and from all those discomforting and heart-breaking signs of a thoroughly disturbed digestion, then I feel profoundly sorry for that person. I bought your Powder because, for one reason, I had already bought everything else and, for another reason, because the ingredients named on the canister appeared to offer something different—something with possibilities of affording relief. They did, very promptly, too, and that relief has been sustained. To-day I am well—really well; full of the joy of life and, for the first time in years, hungry for my meals."

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

*Sold by all Chemists and stores, in sky-blue canister.* 2/6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OLD-TIME FAVORITES, such as daphne, lilac, mignonette, pansies, forget-me-nots, and verbena, share their beauty with the "moderns" in this lovely Australian garden surrounding Wivenhoe, Warrawee, N.S.W., the home of Mrs. I. Robison. On the steps you glimpse Mrs. Robison, who tends the garden unaided — even to the topping and pruning of ornamental trees, shrubs, and roses. Mrs. Robison, who derives unspeakable joy from her hobby, cannot understand why more women do not take up gardening, as it is so beneficial to health and so good for the figure. . . . She believes, too, that if gardening were included in the school curriculum many students would become keen gardeners and benefit later in life.

# Sow, Sow, Sow SEEDS

*This Coming Month — for Days are Lengthening, the Sun is Getting Stronger, and Summer is On the Way!*

—Says the OLD GARDENER.

**The Old Gardener, wishful that plants should have a really excellent start in life, devotes his article this week to the raising of seeds. He explains the sowing of seed in nursery beds, tells how to build the frame, and details the routine of sowing seeds and the early life of the plant. And you won't go far wrong if you carefully read and follow his advice.**

WE have a great deal of work before us in the next few months. Our gardens must be gay for the summer, so we must have a chat to-day on the sowing of seed and the varieties we can put in now.

I always favor sowing seed in the nursery beds. So firstly I will give an idea of a frame which, if properly built, will give wonderful results.

Of course you will build the frame according to desired size.

Secure four good hardwood stakes, drive two in so that they will be at least two feet high for the back. The other two drive in so they will be from 12 to 18 inches high. Nail battens along the top, sides, and bottom, then tack hessian all round. Old corn bags or chaff bags do just as well.

Now cut enough bagging to cover the top, so that when used the whole of the frame is covered. Fasten a piece of water-pipe or gas-pipe on to the free end—an old broom handle will do just as well. The top can then be rolled up or down at will.

The next operation is to dig the soil out to about two feet, then fill in well-rotted manure, leaves, grass—in fact, any material such as just mentioned will, in a few days, generate heat. Tramp this material down well, then place over it about 3 inches of soil.

Mark off little beds, separating each bed with a piece of board. This keeps each portion to itself. When marking off these tiny beds have the boards about half an inch above the soil. This gives plenty of room for watering without washing the soil over the sides. In building a frame, as I have already explained, select a position facing east or north-east and, if possible, against a wall or fence. This gives an ideal situation for seed-raising.

## *Patience Is Rewarded*

THE sowing of seeds is an occupation that needs patience and care. A little longer time and care taken will repay you for the trouble. Sprinkle the seeds carefully and avoid sowing too thickly. Better to make several beds of a kind than scatter them thickly in one bed. Seeds sown thinly give strong, stocky plants. If sown too thickly, they become weak, spindly, and drawn.

No seed should be sown deeper than twice its own thickness, so the smaller the seed the lighter the covering. Very small seeds need no covering, but, when sown, press firmly into the ground with a flat board. Another good tip is to firm the surface with a piece of flat board before the seeds are sown. All seeds like a firm bottom to fasten their tiny roots in—they will do much better this way than when sown in loose soil.

The covering should be cow or horse manure, well-decayed, broken up, and rubbed through a fine sieve. No seed will fail to germinate when covered with this finely-sieved manure. It is ideal for them. The tiny shoot has no difficulty in pushing its way to the surface.

## *Water Carefully*

WATERING is another thing that requires careful attention. The finer the spray on the water-can the better for the beds. Keep the bed just moist, and not too wet. Damping off of the young seedlings will result if too much water is used. After the plants have their third leaf they can be pricked out into boxes, spacing about one inch apart.

Plants handled in this way will give better results than plants straight out of the seed bed. When transplanting time arrives, they can be cut out in blocks and no check will be received in the moving.

## *Sow These*

THESE plants may be sown in the next week or so:

In warm climates, zinnia, candytuft, gaillardia, geum, scabious, dianthus, aster, marigold, statice, callopsis, globe amaranth, antirrhinum, carnation, didiscus, gypsophila, chrysanthemum, dimorphotheca, delphinium, brachycome, calendula.

Flowering bulbs to go in now: Valotta, tuberose, agapanthus, gloxinia, tigrida (tiger lily), canna, begonia (tuberous), and hippeastrum.

GIRLS! NO MORE STRAIGHT HAIR!

New every woman may have beautiful, deep, lustrous waves by using Kathleen Court's "Hennafoam Wave-Set." Simple to use, and inexpensive, this amazing lotion brings the latest Continental idea for waving hair in your own home. Apply "Hennafoam Wave-Set" as directed, wait a few minutes and—**Marvellous Result!** Deep, glorious, beautifying waves are yours—for 6d.! No excuses now for straight hair—"I haven't time to go to the hairdresser's" or "I can't spare the money." "Hennafoam Wave-Set" costs only 2/6 at any good chemists or stores—sufficient for 5 occasions. Try "Hennafoam Wave-Set" **to-day** and see the wonderful improvement it makes in your appearance. Non-greasy, fragrant—"Hennafoam Wave-Set" cannot injure the hair.

WIPE COLDS & 'FLU Off the SLATE

WIPE Colds, 'Flu and Rheumatism off the slate this Winter with 'ASPRO' and banish anxiety and worry from the home. Don't wait till a simple Cold gets hold of you and sends you to bed. TAKE 'ASPRO' AT FIRST SIGNS OF A COLD AND NIP IT IN THE BUD. No home medicine chest is complete without 'ASPRO'! You will find 'ASPRO' helpful to every member of the household, for, besides banishing Colds, 'Flu and Rheumatism, it brings sweet sleep to the sleepless and stops Headaches almost immediately. It soothes the irritable and nervy as nothing else can soothe. Keep 'ASPRO' in the home as an insurance against winter ills. It will save you time and money and does not harm the heart.

'ASPRO' CAN DO IT IN ONE NIGHT

HOW TO TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS AND 'FLU.

TAKE 3 'ASPRO' TABLETS immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and 2 Tablets every three hours afterwards, until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad, in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research, and quick relief is obtained because after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a powerful germicide, an antiseptic, is anti-pyretic, anti-periodic, anti-fermentative, and is a solvent of Uric Acid. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. Always have it in the home ready for any emergency. Buy a packet today.

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| Toothache | Malaria |
| Sore Throat | Sciatica |
| Neuralgia | Gout |
| Hay Fever | Lumbago |
| Feverishness | Dengue |
| Irritability | Asthma |
| Temperature | Neuritis |

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.

'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE.

When you have a sore or relaxed throat, try a gargle made with 'ASPRO.' Prepare the gargle by crushing and dissolving three 'ASPRO' Tablets in half a glass of water; stir well before using. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. Do not let the mixture stand overnight. The reason why 'ASPRO' acts as a soother and effective antiseptic for sore throats is because of its germicidal qualities. There is no need to worry if you swallow some of the mixture when gargling—it won't do you any harm, but will soothe the inflamed membranes of the throat.

23E/35.

ALWAYS KEEP 'ASPRO' IN THE HOME

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OBTAINABLE ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES


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## How to make Teeth Shades Whiter.

**Achieves results impossible before — Try it**

Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH.

One dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is Kolynos. Try it—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night . . . . Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless agents that give the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

HALF-CLEAN TEETH LOOK UGLY. Start using Kolynos. At once your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher. Get a tube of Kolynos to-day.

Sold by all chemists and stores. Kolynos lasts *twice* the usual time—because you use *half* as much.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

*The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE*


# GAY *Adventure*

*Continued from Page 38*

SHE gave a muffled shriek. "Perry! Good God, was there ever anyone more provoking? Peregrine, how dared you put those things on? Oh, you must stop the carriage at once! No one—no one, do you understand—not the Prince Regent himself! is admitted to Almack's in pantaloons! Knee-breeches, you stupid, tiresome boy! You will ruin everything! Pull the check-string this instant! We must set you down."

It was vain for Peregrine to argue; he did not realise how inflexible were the rules at Almack's; he must go home and change his dress—and even that would not do if he came to Almack's one minute after eleven; he would be turned away.

Judith broke into laughter, but her afflicted chaperon, bundling Peregrine out into the street, assured her it was no laughing matter.

BUT when the two ladies at last arrived at Almack's it did not seem to Judith that the club was worth all this to-do. There was nothing remarkable. The rooms were spacious, but not splendid; the refreshments, which consisted of tea, orgeat, and lemonade, with cakes and bread and butter, struck Miss Taverner as being on the meagre side. Dancing, and not cards, was the object of the club; no high stakes were allowed, so that the cardroom contained only the dowagers, and such moderate gentlemen as were content to play whist for sixpenny points.

Lady Sefton, Princess Esterhazy, and Countess Lieven were the only patronesses present. The Austrian ambassador's wife was a little roundabout lady of great vivacity; Countess Lieven, reputed to be the best-dressed and most knowledgeable lady in London, looked to be clever, and almost as proud as Mrs. Drummond-Burrell. Neither she nor the Princess was acquainted with Mrs. Scattergood, and beyond staring with the peculiar rudeness of the well-bred at Miss Taverner, she at least took no further interest in her. The Princess went so far as to demand of her partner, Sir Henry Mildmay, who the Golden Rod might be, and upon hearing her name, laughed, and said rather audibly: "Oh, Mr. Mills' Milkmaid!"

It was left for Lady Sefton to come forward, which indeed she did, as soon as she perceived the new arrivals. Several persons were presented to Miss Taverner, and she presently found herself going down the dance with Lord Molyneux, her ladyship's son.

She had not heard Princess Esterhazy's comment, but she had caught the expressive look that went with it. There was an angry lump in her throat; her eyes were more than usually brilliant. She looked magnificent, but so stern that she put Lord Molyneux in a panic. The sight of Mr. John Mills in conversation with a lady by one of the windows did nothing to soften Miss Taverner's mood. Lord Molyneux felt nothing but relief when the dance came to an end, and having led her to a chair against the wall escaped on the pretext of procuring a glass of lemonade for her.

It still lacked ten minutes to eleven, but although people were continuing to arrive there was no sign of Peregrine. Judith guessed him to be only too glad of an excuse not to come, for he did not care to dance, but she had never felt more lonely in her life, and hoped every moment to see him walk in.

Mrs. Scattergood, having met with several of her friends, was deep in conversation, but broke off suddenly to dart up to her charge. "Mr. Brummell!" she hissed in Judith's ear. "Do, pray, my love, hold yourself up, and if he speak to you I implore you to remember what it may mean!"

The very mention of any dandy's name was quite enough at this moment to fan Miss Taverner's wrath to a flame. She looked anything but conciliating, and when she turned her eyes to the door and observed the gentleman who had just entered, an expression of undisguised contempt swept over her face.

A lady in a purple turban adorned with an aigrette bore down upon Mrs. Scattergood, and drew her aside with so much condescension that Judith would hardly have been surprised to learn that it was Queen Charlotte herself. She turned away to enjoy to the full her first sight of Mr. George Bryan Brummell.

She could scarcely forbear to laugh, for surely there could be no greater figure of fun. He stood poised for the moment in the doorway, a veritable puppet, tricked out in such fine clothes that he cast the two gentlemen who were entering behind him in the shade. It could not be better. From his green satin coat to his ridiculously high-heeled shoes he was just what she had expected him to be. His conceit, evidently, was unbounded. He surveyed the room through his quizzing glass, held at least a foot away from his eye, and went mincing up to Princess Esterhazy, and made her a flourishing bow.

Judith could not take her eyes from him; he was not looking her way, so she might permit herself to smile. Indeed, the wrath had died out of her face, and given place to a twinkling merriment. So this was the King of Fashion!

SHE was recalled to a sense of her surroundings by a quiet voice at her elbow. "I beg pardon, ma'am: I think you have dropped your fan?"

She turned with a start to find that a gentleman whom she recognised as one of the two who had entered behind the Beau was standing beside her, with her fan in his hand.

She took it with a word of thanks, and one of her clear, appraising looks. She liked what she saw. The gentleman was of medium height, with light brown hair brushed a la Brutus, and a countenance which, without being precisely handsome, was generally pleasing. There was a good deal of humor about his mouth, and his eyes, which were grey and remarkably intelligent, were set under a pair of most expressive brows. He was very well-dressed, but so unobtrusively that Judith would have been hard put to it to describe what he was wearing.

He returned her look with something of drollery in his eyes. "It is Miss Taverner, is it not?" he asked.

She noticed that his voice was particularly good, and his manner quiet and unassuming. She said with decided friendliness: "Yes, I am Miss Taverner, sir. I don't know how you should recognise me though, for I think we have not met, have we?"

"No, I have been out of town this week," he replied. "I should have called, of course. Your guardian is a friend of mine."

*Please turn to Page 50*

HOST HOLBROOK says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising zest.***


CERTAIN TO SELL

## SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

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## "Am I losing my grip?"

It is useless to worry when you find yourself unable to concentrate on your work. Worry only makes worse the nervy condition which is directly responsible for lassitude and loss of grip. The sensible thing to do is to get rid of nerves by fortifying the vital functions of the body. Richer blood and virile tissues are necessary if you really want to banish nerves and regain full command of yourself, zest for life and renewed energy for work.

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Buy a bottle from your Chemist to-day—prices: 4/3 pints, 7/3 quarts.

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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

## New Life & Lustre for Your Hair

### This Treatment will Yield Surprising Results — Try It!

PERFECTLY set waves, the softest, most becoming ringlets, or the cleverest arrangement do not arouse the same comment as lustrous, gleaming hair. This does not necessarily mean that you must be a blonde, brunette, or redhead. The most indefinitely colored tresses—even the undistinguished "straight-as-a-poker" brown—has charm and beauty when it is cared for properly.

FIRST and foremost, shining and abundant hair depends to a great extent on your health.

Already, I have heard many say that the flu has played havoc with their hair; lack of energy and vitality following this wretched complaint quickly showing in dull, lifeless, falling hair.

And I have noted from time to time, too, that the women who subsist on dried toast and other equally uninteresting odds and ends in the hope of losing a stone or so find, to their dismay, that dry, brittle hair and a scalp dandruff-infested is one of the unenviable results.

It is really one of nature's penalties for cutting out fats, butter, milk, and sugar.

Spanish and Italian women, world-famed for their glossy tresses, eat foods rich in oil content. Remember, therefore, that the food you eat plays its part.

For a general toning up of the hair, I know of no better treatment than a special egg shampoo.

You may have heard that eggs have proved extremely nourishing to dry, brittle hair. In addition, they give a lovely sheen to your locks—noticeable even after the first treatment. Which is all to the good, as many impatient souls like immediate results.

### The Preliminary Shampoo

TWO shampoos are used for the treatment: one for the first and thorough cleansing to remove all dust and grease from hair and scalp; and then a second shampoo containing the eggs.

Shred a cake of castile soap in a pint of water, and place over a slow fire until the soap is dissolved. (Substitute tar soap for castile if your hair is oily). Remove from fire and strain through a double layer of cheese-cloth.

Now wet the hair with warm water—don't use hot water—and pour a little of the shampoo over it and lather it well. Not just the surface, but the scalp as well.

Rinse, and then repeat.

The rinsing after the second application of mixture should be as complete as though it were the end of the treatment. Remaining soap only deters from the full benefit of the egg shampoo which is to follow.

*DON'T YOU THINK that soft, undulating waves are attractive? Look at Astrid Allwyn, the Fox Film beauty, pictured above. She would lose much of her charm if her head were plastered with short, tight curls and waves. In any case, the hair should never be kept plastered to the head. It is better to have loose hair, than lose your hair.*

### This Does the Trick!

NOW separate the yolks from the whites of two fresh eggs. Beat both separately—the whites to a stiff froth; the yolks to a mass of minute bubbles.

The yolks should now be stirred slowly to the white of egg with a fork. Slowly add half a pint of luke-warm water, stirring gently with a fork the while.

When this is ready, pour half the quantity slowly over the hair, so that you have sufficient time to rub the mixture through the hair while applying it. If possible, get someone to do this pouring for you.

Now massage the scalp thoroughly for three or four minutes. Then rinse with luke-warm water (make sure that it is only luke-warm) and apply the balance of the egg mixture, seeing that it is distributed well through hair and over the scalp.

Massage again for three or four minutes, and then follow with a thorough rinsing in clear, luke-warm water.

### Follow Up As Advised

IN order to restore the texture and life to coarse, brittle hair, two of these egg shampoos should be given every week for six weeks.

As I said before, you will notice an improvement in the condition of the hair after one treatment. After three or four you may think the hair sufficiently improved to warrant a cessation of the twice-weekly shampoo.

But, please, don't! Those apparently unnecessary treatments towards the end are the ones that will bring the big results. If discontinued, it is very probable that you will be forced, in the interests of hair loveliness, to repeat the entire treatment again.

After you have performed the twice-weekly treatment for the six weeks, you may then continue with one a week for a month. And then, if you want to keep your hair lovely for the rest of your life, continue with the shampoo, but using one egg instead of the two.

By the way, if you have long hair, you will probably find it necessary to multiply the number of eggs used in the early treatment by two.

### Dry Your Hair Slowly

IT is better for the hair to dry finally itself, and if you can forbear wearing a hat for a little while after it has been set, it will look much better.

And here's another tip: Change your parting occasionally if only for a few days, for that will also improve your hair.

You will, of course, wash brushes and combs every two or three days in order to keep them meticulously clean. Dip them in warm water, to which you have added a little ammonia, then in warm, soapy water, finally rinsing in cold.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

*PATIENT: It is now generally recognised that men and women live longer than they did a century ago; but of what use are these additional years if one is not in good health? I think there is nothing more sad than an aged, bed-ridden man or woman. Can anything be done to assure even a moderate degree of good health to the end of life?*

* * *

EVERYONE has an opportunity to grow old these days. Three score years and ten is no longer considered the top-notch in longevity.

In prolonging life medical science has made tremendous progress. Twenty years have been added to the life-span during the past century. The day will come when the age of one hundred years will be an accepted occurrence.

We often fear old age because we think we will become useless. But that need not be. Even if ill, help is available everywhere.

**If we only heed the scientific laws of hygiene and health, comparatively few persons would become chronically bed-ridden.**

### Moderation in All Things

AS things stand now, you actually do not know whether you will be one of those who will become very old. Therefore, get ready for old age. Prepare for its possibility.

To do so, be moderate in all things! Be moderate in eating and in the use of tobacco and alcoholic beverages. Watch your health; get a physical examination every year or two. Develop a hobby. Take an interest in things outside your immediate occupation. Learn to love the great outdoors. Exercise in the open every day. Don't neglect amusements. Try your best to like and find comfort in books.

These few precepts will help to keep you alert, contented, and vigorous throughout the passage of the years.

**Freed from passion, with judgment ripened by long experience, calm and serene in your outlook on life, your old age can be a veritable blessing and a badge of honor.**

### Never Too Old to Learn

OLD age need not be useless. Plutarch learned Latin at seventy. Cato took up Greek at eighty. Dryden did not begin his famous translation of the Iliad until he was sixty-seven. And there are other examples. No one is ever too old to learn or to do something new and worth while.

But be careful lest old age creep upon you before you really are prepared for it. Kidney disease, a heart disorder, liver trouble, hardening of the arteries—these are the insidious diseases that develop so slowly that one scarcely knows what is going on.

Most of us die because of some weak link in the chain of health, because of some particular organ that is not as strong and resistant as the rest of the body.

Locating this weak organ early in life and regulating our activities and food, or whatever may be necessary, effectively thwarts the ravages of chronic illness, lengthens our span of life, and renders all the years, even to the last, efficient and happy.

Be glad that some day you can be old! Make a hundred years your goal! But get ready for it while you are young.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Holbrooks' Queen Olives. They are always popular.***

"POWDERFEE" underthings . . . finished with beautiful French laces . . . perfect in fit! Five sizes are available in Hand-out Lingerie by Prestige

EVEN FROM BIRTH

Baby will thrive "on the bottle" provided that the danger of cow's milk causing an indigestible clot in the infant's stomach is avoided by modifying the milk with

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BF. 15/2.

Blond Hair that Men Adore

*Natural blond colour brought back to even darkened shades*

in one shampoo without bleaching

There is something about bright and shimmering blond hair that attracts men, like a magnet. Don't think that because your hair has darkened to a dull brown shade that you can't bring back to it that golden gleam of childhood, and make it attractively charming and fascinatingly radiant. You can if you use Sta-blond, that glorious shampoo treatment used by millions of light and dark blondes all over the world, who know that it prevents light blond hair from darkening and brings back that rich golden beauty to even the dullest and most faded hair. It makes the permanent wave last longer, and adds that girlhood charm to your face, without injurious bleaching or the use of henna or camomile rinsing. If you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded. Known abroad as Nurblond and **Blondex**. Get Sta-blond today of all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

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HOST HOLBROOK SAYS.

"It is a far cry from the slumberous hillside olive groves of Spain to my modern white walled Australian factories, and then again to the elegant dinner and supper parties, or dainty picnics, where my Olives are served by discerning hostesses.

I pack in tall bottles or glass tumblers a delicious variety:

Small and large Queens, Olives stuffed with Pimiento, Sliced Olives for sandwiches and for the cocktail — Manzanillas."

HOLBROOKS OLIVES

OL4.

**IT COSTS VERY LITTLE** to keep hands beautiful. A cake of **SOLVOL** is all you need. The rich **SOLVOL** lather removes even ingrained grime in a few seconds and leaves the hands white and soft and *clean*, deep down into every pore. Housework hands, mechanics' hands, gardening hands,—it's all the same—**SOLVOL** makes them white.... and it's as safe for the skin as a fine toilet soap!

23-109-19

# SHOW CONFIDENCE *in Your* FAVORITE RECIPE

## ... And Give It a Chance to Win a Cash Prize In Our Best Recipe Competition!

**Put your favorite recipe in the running for a £1 cash prize—it might romp home a winner—if not first, then a place. It costs absolutely nothing to enter our recipe competition, neither in effort nor in money. All you do is write the recipe out clearly, mark it "Best Recipes," and send it in to this office. There is no need for it to be original, though this, of course, may be an advantage.**

**First prize is £1, second 10/-, and there are four at 2/6 each. Here are this week's very excellent sextet of prize-winners:**

### WREATH CAKE

**Half cup yeast, 4 cups flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons dripping.**

Make a sponge overnight with yeast, potato-water, and half the flour. In the morning add eggs, sugar, and dripping with the rest of the flour. Knead well, let rise up well, then cut into four pieces. Roll out each piece, cover thickly with a mixture made of sultanas, brown sugar, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon. Roll one piece lengthwise, then twist. Put into baking tin (round) with small tin in the centre to make hole. Wet the sides with milk to make it keep together. Repeat this procedure with the other three pieces, then let it rise well again. Bake in medium oven for an hour.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Whiting, Sunnyside, Yaven Creek, via Adelong, N.S.W.**

### YE OLDE ENGLISH PORK PIE

For a 4lb. pie use 2lb. of lean pork. The meat cut from a set of ribs is nice as well as cheap. Put through a mincer, add salt, pepper, and a few dried sage leaves. Simmer 2 pig's trotters and any scraps left over from the pork in water (just covered) for 2 hours. Mix a little of the liquid with the minced pork. If the rib-bones are used boil them instead of the trotters.

Mix well 2lb. plain flour, 1lb. lard, pinch of salt, 2 teacups of water. Put the water and lard into a saucepan, bring to a boil, stir gradually with a knife into the middle of the flour, work up as quickly as possible. Knead very smoothly, mould round a large glass or earthenware jar, leave till pastry is cold, then remove with a floured knife. Fill the shell with meat, cover with a lid of paste, making a hole in the centre, glaze, and decorate. Bind round with white paper and pin firmly. Bake in a fairly brisk oven about 3 hours. When the pie is nearly cold, pour in warm liquid from the trotters or bones. This forms a jelly when cold.

**Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. F. Bradley, 15 Park Rd., Milton, Brisbane.**

### GRAPEFRUIT TART

LINE a fairly deep tart-plate with short crust. Take 1 cup milk, here ½ teacup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1 egg, small piece of butter, ½ teacup grapefruit juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Heat milk, add sugar, cornflour mixed to a smooth paste with cold milk, and the salt; cook for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the beaten egg-yolk and cook for a further 3 minutes. Remove from fire and add butter and fruit juices; let cool, then fill the tart shell. Beat up the egg-white to a stiff froth, cover the tart with this, and bake in a moderate oven.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Challenger, 2 Garden St., Hawthorn E2, Vic.**

### ORANGE OMELETTE

**Three eggs, 1oz. castor sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 orange, pinch salt.**

Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs, and cream yolks with the castor sugar. Add juice and grated rind of an orange, stiffly-whisked whites of the eggs, and a pinch of salt. Melt butter, and when hot pour on the mixture and allow to cook, stirring gently for two or three minutes. Then let it color, and with a palette knife carefully turn it over so as to brown the other side. Slit the centre of omelette and put in 2 teaspoons orange marmalade. Fold over carefully, dredge with icing sugar, and serve. Cinnamon may be used if liked.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Enid Carter, 2 Turner St., Gawler, S.A.**

### DATE LOAF

**One cup chopped dates, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.**

Sprinkle soda over dates, add boiling water, sugar, and butter. Beat thoroughly, add beaten egg, then flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together; lastly, nuts and vanilla. Bake in a loaf tin for 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Boyes, 8 Swan St., North Hobart, Tas.**

### FISH DELICKA

Make one pint of good white sauce, and to it add slowly, stirring all the time, ¼ pint of sour cream, enough anchovetta sauce to taste well, and the juice of 1 lemon.

Butter a fireproof dish, lay fillets of fish in it, pour the sauce over, and then cover with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven for ½ hour. Brown well.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Wood, 92 Barooma Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.**

## Growing Seeds ... In Boxes

**MANY who have not the space to make a seed-raising frame as described by the Old Gardener in his expert article (to be found elsewhere in this issue) may raise plants in boxes.**

**Petrol and kerosene tins, also, can be used if cut lengthwise. Punch a few holes in the bottom. Remember, good drainage is essential for plant-raising.**

**Completely cover the bottom with cinders or any material suitable for crocking purposes. Cover these crocks with old leaves, grass, etc., to prevent the soil from mixing with them. Sieve the soil before filling the boxes. The only objection to planting seed in boxes is that they dry out so quickly, and need more attention than nursery-bed methods.**

When **Somebody's growing old in your House**

Time slows up the ability to digest ordinary food and brings for elderly folk the best of all special foods, Benger's, because it can be assimilated with ease and comfort. It is fully nourishing and very delicious. A cupful of Benger's Food between meals and last thing at night enables thousands to enjoy a vigorous and happy old age. *Recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, post free—Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.*

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No. 1 size — 3/-
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Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.

BENGER'S Food

A 345

**HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN**

**The Favour of Other Men**

Unless two pints of bile juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movements get hard and constipated. You get yellow tongue, yellow skin, pimples, dull eyes, bad breath, bad taste, flatulence, dizziness, headache. You have become a bad-tempered, unpleasant-looking person who suffers from an offensive breath. You have lost your personal charm. Everybody wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, oils, laxative pills, laxative candies, or chewing gums and expect them to get rid of the poison that destroys your personal charm. They can't do it, for they only move out the tail end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. Cosmetics won't help at all.

Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decay poison in your bowels. The one mild vegetable medicine which starts a free flow of your bile juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No calomel (mercury) in Carter's. Only fine, mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to win men, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions to-day. Sold in two sizes, 1/3 and 3/-.

Refuse "something just as good," for it may gripe, loosen teeth or scald rectum. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for.

**LOSE FAT Safely—Quickly**

Reduce 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 50 lbs.—as much as you wish with BonKora, the new reducing treatment. There are no dangerous drugs and NO THYROID in BonKora. Don't be fat any longer. Get a bottle of BONKORA from your chemist to-day! Cost 4/6.

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# CHILDREN *Adore* BISCUITS!

## And Grown-Ups have a special weakness for the deliciously crisp, home-made varieties!

BISCUITS can be quickly and successfully made... Decorated in divers ways they make inviting adjuncts to the afternoon tea or bridge party, and delectable emergencies for the more ambitious party.

Even the plainest type is liked by kiddies; but cut in fancy shapes and sprinkled with hundreds and thousands—well, they almost spell "party."

*A GENERAL FAVORITE with the menfolk, crisp, curling, tasty brandy snaps, and easy to make. They will keep for some time if placed while still crisp in an airtight container.*

:: By ::
RUTH FURST
COOKERY EXPERT to The Australian Women's Weekly

*HERE is shown a simple way of adding novelty to the bridge tea. Cutters cost a few pence each. Above: Crystallised cherries, dates, peel or nuts make effective decorations for dainty biscuits.*

I CAN safely say that if you follow to the letter the recipes given on this page (well tried and tested each and every one of them) you will find yourself very shortly with an enviable reputation as a first-class biscuit maker.

Keep a few varieties on hand—well away, of course, from reach of little prying hands and hungry mouths. They make wonderful standbys, and may often save you the humiliation of serving tea with "nothing in the house" when visitors drop in, unexpectedly.

### RASPBERRY MERINGUE BISCUITS

**Eight ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, white 1 egg, 4oz. butter, yolk 1 egg, raspberry jam, 6oz. icing sugar.**

Sift flour and rub in the butter until it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar and make into a dry dough with the yolk and milk. Turn on to a floured board and cut in half. Roll out into a thin sheet. Spread with jam. Make meringue with the unbeaten white of egg and sugar. Spread over the jam. Cut into finger lengths. Roll out the other half and treat in the same way. Place on a greased swiss roll tin. Bake in a very slow oven till a pale brown. Leave on the tin until cold.

### CAIRO BISCUITS

**Two ounces sugar, 5oz. butter, 8oz. plain flour, extra sugar.**

Cream butter and sugar, add the flour gradually, making into a dry dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead very well until smooth. Make into a roll about 1½ inches in diameter. Cut into slanting slices about 1 inch thick and place on greased swiss roll tins. Sprinkle a little sugar over each biscuit. Bake in a slow oven till a pale straw color. Leave on the tin till cold. Serve on a plate on a paper d'oyley.

### BUTTER BISCUITS

**Four ounces butter, scant teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. plain flour, almond essence.**

Cream butter and sugar till as white as possible. Add beaten egg very gradually, then the sifted flour and baking powder, then the essence. Turn on to a floured board. Roll into a thin sheet. Stamp into rounds with fluted cutter. Glaze and bake on greased tin in moderate oven till a pale brown. Leave on the tin till cold.

### BRANDY SNAPS

**Eight ounces plain flour, 6oz. butter, 14oz. sugar, 8oz. treacle, 1 tablespoon water.**

Sift the flour. Mix the butter in till like breadcrumbs, but do not rub it in. Make a well in the centre of the flour. Add the sugar, treacle, and water. Mix well together. Put pieces about the size of a walnut on a greased tin—about 2 inches apart, as they spread very much. Bake in moderate oven about 5 minutes. Roll round a thick pencil. Place on a cake cooler. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

### ANZACS

**Seven ounces rolled oats, 3oz. plain flour, 4oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 large cup coconut, 1 teaspoon treacle, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.**

Mix flour, oats, and sugar well together. Mix the treacle and butter, then add to the dry ingredients. Dissolve the soda in the hot water, add it to the flour, etc. Place in small pieces on a greased tin. Bake for 20 minutes in a very slow oven. Turn on to a cake cooler. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

### AUSTRALIAN BISCUITS

**Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 small eggs, ½lb. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, warm icing, carmine.**

Sift the flour, baking powder, and cinnamon, rub in the butter, add the sugar, make into a dry dough with the beaten eggs. Roll out very thinly. Cut out with plain cutter. Bake in moderate oven till a pale brown. Turn on to a sieve to cool. When cold, join together with jam or lemon cheese. Ice with warm icing, half pale pink and half white. Serve when set on a paper d'oyley.

*All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens.*

### FANCY BISCUITS

**Quarter-pound butter, ½lb. castor sugar, yolks 2 eggs, 3 desserts-oons sherry, ½lb. plain flour, scant ½ teaspoon baking powder, crystallised cherries, chopped almonds.**

Cream butter and sugar very well. Add the yolks, then the sherry, lastly the sifted flour and baking powder. Put the mixture into a forcing bag and pipe and force out into fancy shapes on a well-greased swiss roll tin. Decorate the top with cherries or almonds. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Leave on the tin till cold, serve on a paper d'oyley.

### CURRANT LUNCHEON

**Half-cup currants, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon milk, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vinegar, 1-8 teaspoon soda, 4oz. plain flour, 1½oz. butter, salt.**

Boil the currants in the water. Boil till soft. Boil the sugar, milk, and soda for 2 minutes. Leave till cold, add vinegar. Rub the butter into the flour, add salt. Mix with the milk, etc. Roll out thinly, spread half with currant mixture. Cover with other half. Roll again. Cut into shapes. Prick with a fork. Bake on greased tin in slow oven till a pale straw color.

### CHAMPAGNE BISCUITS

**Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 3 small eggs, 6oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, essence, jam, warm icing.**

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add the yolks and essence, sifted flour, and baking powder, lastly the well-beaten whites. Put a small portion in narrow well-greased tins or sponge-finger tins. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, join two together with jam. Cover with pink and white icing.

### CARAMEL SQUARES

**Quarter-pound butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 1 egg, ½lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup dates, and walnuts.**

Melt butter, add the sugar and egg, then dates and walnuts, and lastly the flour and baking powder, sifted together. Spread on to a greased swiss roll tin, and cook in a moderate oven till crisp. Then, when cooked, cut into squares and leave on the tin until cold.

### DATE BISCUITS

**Half-pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, ½lb. dates, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons water.**

Stone the dates, chop finely, place in a saucepan, add the water, and cook till soft and thick; then allow to become quite cold before using. Sift the flour, rub in the butter, add the sugar, make into a dry dough with the beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board, cut in half. Roll out one half into an 8-inch square. Place on a greased swiss roll tin. Spread with the date jam. Mark into small squares with the back of a knife. Glaze with egg. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cooked leave on the tin till cold. Cut into the marked squares. Sprinkle icing sugar over the top.

### DATE CRACKERS

**Half-pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, a little water, stoned dates.**

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar, make into dry dough with beaten egg. Add a little water, if necessary. Roll out and cut into squares. Place a stoned date in each square, roll up. Glaze and dip in sugar. Bake on greased tin in moderate oven till a pale brown. Turn on to a cake cooler.

EMPIRE PRODUCT
Australia's favourite salmon. In two grades. Red and Gold Labels.
ALLY SALMON
¼, ½ & 1lb. tins

crème La-ne-la
Removes UNWANTED HAIR
TRIAL SIZE 1/- EXTRA LARGE 2/9

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A CUP OF CHICKEN BROTH FOR 1D

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Here is truly a quality Food Product, and every bottle contains full value. Rosella Tomato Sauce retains the concentrated goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes, delicately spiced. No preservatives — no coloring.

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# WHEN SHE LOST 32 LBS. OF FAT

## Her Figure Reappeared

### Improved Hips, Thighs and Neck

You would hardly expect such a change in a woman of 40. Eyes brighter—skin fresher—brain clearer. And most remarkable of all, she regained the graceful free-from-fat figure of her youth. What fairy godmother worked this transformation? Let her tell the story herself:—

"Recently I began to put on weight rapidly, until I found I weighed about 12 stone. In desperation I tried Kruschen Salts. I did not diet in any way, nor deny myself anything I fancied, but discovered that by just taking the daily dose of Kruschen every morning I was losing weight. My eyes became clearer and brighter, and my brain seemed much clearer, too—in fact, I felt decidedly a younger woman. I am now 40 years of age, when women find flesh forming round the hips and thighs, and on the back of the neck, but I have got rid of all that, and feel so much more graceful and youthful, and so fresh in the morning. My present weight is 9 st. 10 lbs. My figure as a whole has reappeared out of what was unsightly superfluous flesh—my skin is clearer and more youthful—the heavy, sluggish feeling has gone, it really is wonderful."—(Mrs.) K. U.

Kruschen strikes at the usual cause of fat. It effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and excessive waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled, Nature is liable to store it up out of the way in the form of fatty tissue. As the action of Kruschen affects surplus fat only, there can be no reduction in weight where there is no such surplus.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.


# THE LEGACY

*Continued from Page 39*

BLAKE put on the copper helmet, a rather old-fashioned affair, and descended the ladder. Even with modern diving apparatus the task before him would have been one full of danger and difficulty. With his antiquated gear the risks were increased a hundredfold. But Blake descended serenely enough.

He had changed a lot in the last few days. He was no longer haunted. . . . He had heaved three full cases of liquor into the sea and smiled contentedly when he'd done it.

Marjorie Sundell's words had taken the place of those written in the Old Man's last will and testament: "I don't think you're a bad egg. . . . I think you're quite the genuine article."

It was Anthony Sundell's daughter who had said that to him. She had come like a clean, sane breeze to sweep the gloom and morbid self-introspection from his mind, and Bill Blake was already sincerely grateful to her for it.

He switched on his lamp, peering about him. He had no telephone attached to his helmet; he couldn't communicate with the Kanakas above. He hoped the pump wouldn't give out suddenly, as it was quite liable to do. . . .

The lights deepened and masses of weed rose to sweep slimily across his thick plate-glass windows. His leaded boots touched the bottom and sank deep as he stood there. Mud. . . . Masses of it, goodness only knew how deep.

And weeds and darkness, the strange, supernatural shadow flung across the sea-bed by the great reefs. He dragged his feet out of the black slime and went slowly forward.

Suddenly, without warning, he was flung violently downward. The mud rose blindingly and his electric-lamp snapped out. He was in utter darkness, struggling madly to free himself from the thick, heavy weed-growths which had twined themselves instantaneously about his limbs. Dragging the knife from his belt, he began to slash and hack at them furiously.

AT last he got free, panting inside his helmet, his ears buzzing, a tightness, like a steel band, across his chest. Yet, with the savage challenge of that black hell below the sea, the fighting instincts of the man rose up imperiously.

He clenched his teeth and struggled onward. Five or six times his lines became entangled with the weed-masses; he had to return and extricate them.

The pressure, too, was bad. He opened the valve, letting more air into his suit to combat the fearful incubus which threatened to weigh him down, like something soft and suffocating.

His fighting instincts were roused completely now. He pushed and floundered on, striving through the blackness. His lamp gleamed feebly again, but it was almost useless against the weeds and the mud.

And yet, situated as he was, almost two hundred feet below the sea, Blake's heart had a steady note—a note that was strong and unafraid for the first time in the last couple of years.

He was finding his manhood again; and his legacy, the wreck of the Glaston Castle, was helping him to do it.

An odd, fantastic, unexpected slice of humor, that—the kind of thing which the Old Man would have appreciated, no doubt, could he have known.

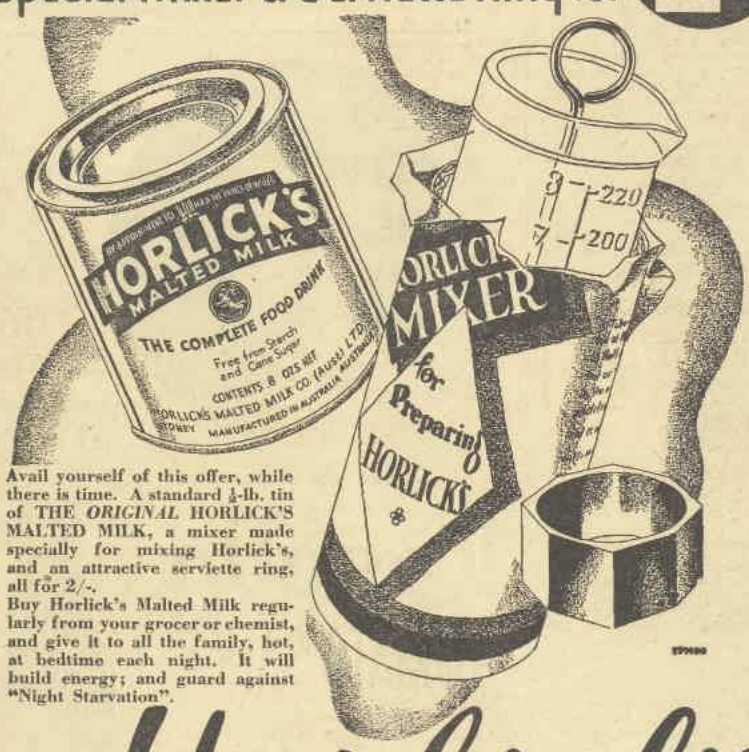
SUDDENLY the fierce sweep of the undercurrents met him, but Blake was prepared. Steadying himself, he hung for a while to the leeward side of the reef, waiting for strength to creep back into his numbed limbs.

He knew he had still a long way to go and that the worst part of it had yet to come. He must husband his resources. He would need every ounce of strength he possessed to pull him through.

*Please turn to Page 48*


# Special 90 Days Offer

½lb. Tin Horlick's Malted Milk Special Mixer & Serviette Ring for 2/-




Avail yourself of this offer, while there is time. A standard ½-lb. tin of THE *ORIGINAL* HORLICK'S MALTED MILK, a mixer made specially for mixing Horlick's, and an attractive serviette ring, all for 2/-.

Buy Horlick's Malted Milk regularly from your grocer or chemist, and give it to all the family, hot, at bedtime each night. It will build energy; and guard against "Night Starvation".

*Horlick's*

MALTED MILK

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, awake refreshed, and have extra energy all day


# GIRLS *Join* MONKEY CLUB

From Our London Office—By Air Mail

***Girls who have just left school and don't quite know what to do with their time are often a great trial to the family. In London just a few of them are well catered for by the Monkey Club.***

THE quaint name does not apply to the members, but to the three little Japanese monkeys, "Speak no evil, See no evil, and Hear no evil."

These monkeys were great favorites as china or brass mantelpiece ornaments in our mothers' younger days, but one seldom sees them now; perhaps because so few of the modern houses have decent mantelpieces!

The club was begun about twelve years ago by Miss Marian Ellison. Girls are eligible for membership at the age of seventeen, and the aim of the club is to provide interest and education for girls of good family who have been "finished" abroad and who do not want to go to a university.

The founders of the club consider that every girl, no matter what her wealth or social position, should have some specialised knowledge to help her to earn her own living should need arise.

Every member must take a certain number of educational subjects, and no one is allowed in without ten weeks' probation.

Between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. the club premises in Pont St. are a scene of great activity, as about thirty experts in all manner of subjects visit there either for private tuition or to lecture. The courses include training in such varied subjects as art, secretarial work, cookery, dressmaking, millinery, housekeeping, languages, gymnastics and sport, biology, dramatic art and literature. Membership is limited to 75 at one time.


HOST HOLBROOK says: Since 1796 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.***

LOOK YOUNGER, *Lovelier*—IN A FEW MINUTES!

Probably the most remarkable beautifying medium ever discovered is Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth'. It is a beauty parlour concentrated into a single cream that, as it disappears into the pores, radiates youthful charm and freshness as nothing else can! It is really seven creams in one. Gives instant loveliness; no matter your age, or how rough, old, freckled or blemished your complexion. Even if you have blackheads, coarse pores, wrinkles or greasy skin, 'Facial Youth' will fade out the defects, making you look years younger in a few minutes — doubling your beauty at once! Nothing else like it! Keeps the tissues supple; positively prevents shiny nose, and also serves to hold powder — which it does with remarkable efficiency. Fragrantly perfumed, but no spirit to sting a sensitive skin, no grease. Use 'Facial Youth' for day-time or evening, to add glamour to your attractiveness, as well as to rejuvenate the skin. Judge the wonderful beautifying powers of this cream in your mirror, and by the compliments you'll get.

Ask your chemist or store toilet goods counter to-day for:

***kathleen court's* 'facial youth' — the *REJUVENATING* Cream.**

Tubes, 1/3, 2/-; Jars, or Liquid Form, 2/6.

Feverish Shivers, Aches and Pains - sure signs of

**INFLUENZA**

Take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder with a glass of hot milk or lemon drink and then go to bed. That is the finest first-aid treatment imaginable for Influenza; treatment any doctor will commend, especially when he knows you are using 'Bayer' A.P.C., because to all doctors the name 'Bayer' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of curative efficacy. It is your best guarantee of quick relief from Colds, Catarrh, Headaches, and a trusty shield against the dangers of Influenza.

*Box of 12 powders, 1/6.*
*Box of 24 powders, 2/6.*
*Of all Chemists.*

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**Famous Asthma Medicine**

Here's good news for all sufferers from distressing Asthma, dread Catarrh and Bronchitis—Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine costs only 5/- for a large bottle. This renowned medicine will give you DEFINITE RELIEF no matter how hopeless your case may seem. Thousands of despairing sufferers have proved its efficacy—it is endorsed by a Royal Physician and thousands of other doctors — it ensures complete and permanent relief.

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*Free* Don't despair! Send a card now for a free copy of our booklet which explains simply and clearly how lasting benefit can be obtained.

Post free from **Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine, Box 1552 E, G.P.O., Sydney, or Box 1211 K, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.1.**

When writing please mention this newspaper.

**Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine is obtainable at all leading chemists at 5/- per bottle or sent direct, post free, from the above address.***


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# Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

## PLEASE NOTE!

**To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.**

**SCHOOLGIRL'S STYLE**
**WW412A.**—The schoolgirl will love a frock with these new-style sleeves. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material for 14 years: 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**FOR A TWEED COSTUME**
**WW408A.**—A useful costume that can be made in the new tweed fabric. Coat has wide revers, a double-breasted fastening, and is fitted with darts. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**RAGLAN-SLEEVE MODEL**
**WW409A.**—Note the fashionable lines of this raglan-sleeve model. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**LOVELY SVELTE LINES**
**WW410A.**—The snappy lines of this frock will meet with your whole-hearted approval. Front blouse panels are ornamented with buttons matching the cuffs on the sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DAINTILY TUCKED**
**WW411A.**—Won't the tiny tot just revel in this daintily-tucked frock! Pattern for 1 to 2 years. Material: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**FIVE HAPPY SUGGESTIONS**
**WW413A.**—Brighten up last year's frock with a dainty new collar. **PAPER PATTERN, complete set of 5, 1/1.**

**MATRON'S MODEL**
**WW414A.**—A style favored by the matron because of its slimming lines. Inverted pleats in the skirt extend from the blouse panels. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**JAUNTY NORFOLK**
**WW415A.**—A jaunty Norfolk to wear over your new sports frock. Material for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**SNAPPY WAISTCOAT BLOUSE**
**WW416A.**—Make this sporty waistcoat to wear with your costume. Material for 36-inch bust: 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

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ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA. — The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.
Should you desire to sell for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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Pattern Coupon, 20/7/35.

## FREE THREE-IN-ONE PATTERN!

**Here's Your Golden Opportunity!**

**THREE of the smartest little frocks may be yours with the aid of this week's three-in-one pattern—and it's FREE!**

**Full directions, as well as diagrams, accompany pattern, which is designed for 36-inch bust.**

**Two and a quarter yards of 54-inch material makes either of the chic belted frocks, and 2¾ yards the very fashionable affair featuring the cape.**


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LOVELY NAILS

FASHIONABLE women have long realized the charm of delicately tinted nails. That is why wherever smart women congregate you can be sure they are wearing one of the beautiful Cutex shades.

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To remove old polish, always use Cutex Oily Polish Remover. It contains no acetone. It does contain a special oil which helps prevent dry cuticle and brittle nails. Avoid the harsh drying effect of acetone-type removers.

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"Every Picture tells a Story"

# Rheumatism!

## Much so-called rheumatic pain is due to weak kidneys

HOW CRIPPLING rheumatic pains can be! Sleep is broken and often the slightest movement causes distress. Improved weather sometimes helps, but the way to ensure good health is to take Doans Backache Kidney Pills without delay. This medicine stimulates weak kidneys, enabling them to filter from the blood the excess uric acid which causes so much rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, backache and urinary disorder.

### RID OF RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA

Mrs. A. Ylonen, 97 Station St., Newtown, Sydney, says: "Some years or so ago a member of my family was suffering very much with disordered kidneys, the symptoms being backache, rheumatism, sciatica and dropsical swellings on his legs. He was often in great pain and was compelled to stay away from work for days at a time. A friend urged him to try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, so he bought a bottle and in a few days his health began to improve so he persevered with the remedy until he had quite recovered."

Six years later, Mrs. Ylonen says: "The cure referred to still holds good, no sign of kidney trouble having returned since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were used some years ago."

**Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon**

**DOANS**
**Backache Kidney Pills**

*The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.*

# THE LEGACY

*Continued from Page 46*

MORE than once he was flung down. Twice terror stabbed him, like a blade passing through his body. He thought for an instant that a sharp bit of coral had penetrated the air-tube.

No air came for quite a time; it seemed ages to him. But suddenly it came in a flood again, sweet and clean, and he gulped it into his aching, tortured lungs.

Once, too, something came swaying horribly out of the blackness straight at him—a giant octopus. Its huge, curling tentacles swept out, like big filmy strands in the obscurity, trying to clutch and take him and squeeze him to pulp.

Blake gasped. Real terror flooded him for an instant. He tried to turn, to flee . . . Then, hot on the heels of terror, came a strange, almost diabolical rage.

"Damn you!" He heard himself shouting crazily inside his helmet. His mouth was foaming. His eyes blazed like fires through the glass. He knew he was hacking, stabbing. How long it went on he never knew; but suddenly the cloudy water was calm again, and empty. The Thing had gone.

He staggered grimly on. He would get to the Glaston Castle, even if he died in doing it. . . . Then, out of the whirling, slipping gloom of the sea, he saw the shape of something. A ship . . .

But it wasn't the Glaston Castle. He stood staring at it almost superstitiously. The lettering on the bows was faded out; she was breaking into fragments, rotting away there on the sea bottom.

And Blake continued to stare at her, while a hundred wild ideas flashed and flew about in his mind. He was well out from the reef at this point. What ship this was he had no idea. That she was a dangerous wreck, set midway in this tricky passage, he knew without doubt.

But the proximity of such a wreck had not been marked on any of his charts. He was positive about that. If they had given even a hint of such a wreck he would never have attempted to take the Glaston Castle through the narrow channel on such a night.

Probably some subterranean upheaval had shifted her to her present position, helped by the powerful, ceaseless undercurrents; and no one had ever suspected it.

And then, like a blast of icy cold air, the stark truth struck him. It was this wreck, not the reefs, which the Glaston Castle had struck that night!

He had always known, declared, that he had kept his ship at a safe distance from the reefs, but nobody had ever shown the slightest inclination to believe him.

But he knew, now, that that was what had really happened that night. There had been no lapse, no actual negligence in his navigation; the whole thing had been just sheer bad luck.

Somewhere beyond the wreck of this strange, unknown vessel must lie the Glaston Castle herself. But he could go no farther now. His nose and ears had already started to bleed.

Turning, he groped and stumbled through the weeds and the mud; but his sense of relief was so strong that he could have cried like a baby inside his helmet.

* * *

He found her lying in the shade of a palm, with Alec Linden beside her. They seemed very happy.

She turned her head and smiled up at him.

"So you didn't quite get to her, Mr. Blake?" she said.

He shook his head; his eyes were clear and steady.

"No, not quite, Miss Sundell."

"But you'll have another go at it, won't you?" she asked.

Blake smiled.

"You can be sure I will," he said. "Why, I've just got my fighting blood up again!"

She patted the soft sand beside her.

"Come and sit here, Mr. Blake. I think Alec wants to talk to you."

Blake sat down. Linden said lazily:

"You know, Blake, I've been doing rather a lot of thinking just lately."

"Yes?"

"It seems to me," said Linden, "that there are possibilities in this Glaston Castle venture of yours. I'm a business man, Blake, and I'm going to make you an offer. Of course, you can turn it down if you want to.

"Well, here it is. I'm willing to provide all the men and modern apparatus you want on the understanding that I receive twenty-five per cent. of the profit. How does it strike you?"

BLAKE didn't hesitate.

"You're on," he said simply. "It's all I needed now."

Linden nodded and got up. He began to stroll away. The girl watched Blake pensively.

"You've got something to tell me, haven't you?" she asked.

He started.

"How did you know that?"

"I just looked at you," she smiled.

"Well, I have," said Blake. "Miss Sundell, I never put the Glaston Castle on the reefs that night. She just struck an uncharted derelict, that's all. I don't think anybody could blame me much."

She rose. Taking him by the hand she led him down to the edge of the lagoon. The water was like a vast mirror.

Blake stared into it, seeing his own reflection. There was a clear, healthy tan in his face again. He held his shoulders squared to the sea wind, and his gaze was steady.

"He bequeathed you the wreck of a ship," she said gently, "and it made a man of you again."

"Yes," he said, "with your help, Miss Sundell."

"Have I helped—just a little?"

"More than a little," he said; "you've been wonderful to me."

"I'm glad . . . And you'll get that bullion from the wreck, won't you?"

"I'll try. . . It's not going to be easy. I may succeed and I may not. But I'll—try."

"DOES it really matter very much whether you succeed or not, just as long as you try?" she said. "After all, it's the striving for the thing, not the thing itself, that matters."

She smiled. "We sail this evening. Alec will arrange everything as soon as we get to Sydney." She held out her hand frankly. "Good-bye and good luck, Captain Blake."

He watched her go, a smile on his lips, his eyes very clear and soft. Only one thing still bothered him a little. He wished the Old Man could have known; but maybe he did.

(Copyright)

# Do you start the day tired?

MORNING tiredness is due to an insufficiency of deep, energy-creating sleep. Only when sleep is peaceful and profound can energy and vitality be fully restored to meet the demands of the coming day.

Ensure this sound, refreshing sleep every night by drinking a cup of "Ovaltine" at bedtime. This delicious tonic food beverage not only soothes the nerves and quickly induces natural sleep, but it provides all the nourishment required for restoring and re-energising the whole system.

But it must be "Ovaltine". There is nothing "just as good". Although imitations are made to look like "Ovaltine", there are obvious and extremely important differences.

"Ovaltine" does not contain Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. "Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, and definitely stands in a class by itself for quality and value.

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*to*
**BEAUTY**

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*Honey & Almond*
**CREAM**

*Buy the 2/6 economy size, which contains 4 times the quantity.*

## HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA

Never yet has there been an Influenza epidemic that included everybody. Always some escape. Is this just luck? No, the answer in one word is RESISTANCE, bodily resistance. If you can keep up your resistance sufficiently you, too, can be immune.

But, you ask, how is it to be done? The simplest, safest and surest way is to see that your body receives every day the Vitamins that are necessary to good health. You can ensure this by taking a daily spoonful of Bemax, the richest Vitamin tonic food.

In the last severe Influenza epidemic, two winters ago, the Bemax staffs were given Bemax daily. At the height of the epidemic the Company was able to report to the Ministry of Health that *not one Bemax employee was absent through 'Flu or for any other reason.*

First-hand experience of this kind is a better recommendation than any advertisement. It would be folly to neglect a health hint so convincingly supported.

Keep free from 'Flu—keep fit on Bemax. You're bound to benefit from Bemax, the richest natural Vitamin tonic food. The 3/6 tin contains a month's supply for an adult, with scale of quantities for children of all ages. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores. Write for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. 12 D.), G.P.O. Box 3679 S.S. Sydney, N.S.W. (Sole Consignees for Australia).

## MAN WORKED OVERTIME WHILE LEG HEALED

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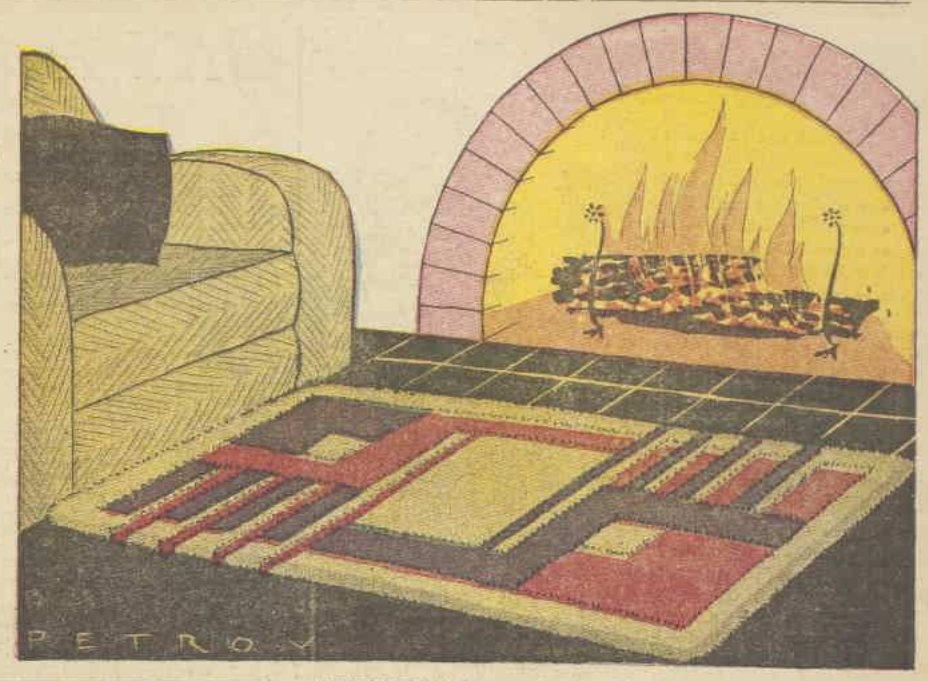
# A Fascinating Hobby . . . . RUG-MAKING

## And a craft in which the whole family can join . . . Here's a smart design to set you off!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

***BESIDES providing an absorbing occupation for winter evenings, vast scope for artistry as regards color schemes and designs, charm and beauty for the home, rugs are amazingly easy to make. A few pounds of rug wool, canvas (ready-stencilled canvases are available at the bigger stores), gauge, hook, scissors, and a chart (such as illustrated here) are the requirements. The stitch is simplicity itself.***

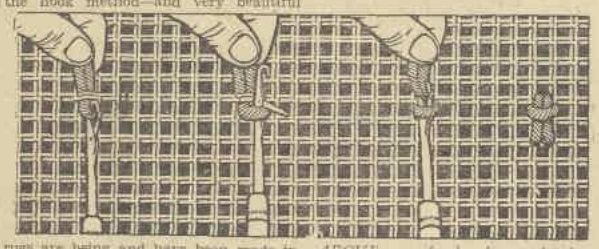



*ARTIST PETROV gives you an idea of how your rug will look when finished. . . . A home is distinguished at once by its cosy atmosphere, its air of welcome and comfort, and what better way of conveying this atmosphere than by colorful rugs!*

RUGS are most interesting things to study; there are so many different kinds, and they hail from all over the world. Home-made ones can be just as varied in design and type as the foreign variety, but have this advantage: You can have your own choice of color-scheme to fit your room. Moreover, you can always copy some particular design that appeals to you, even if it is not always possible to get the same sort of wool as is used in overseas rugs.

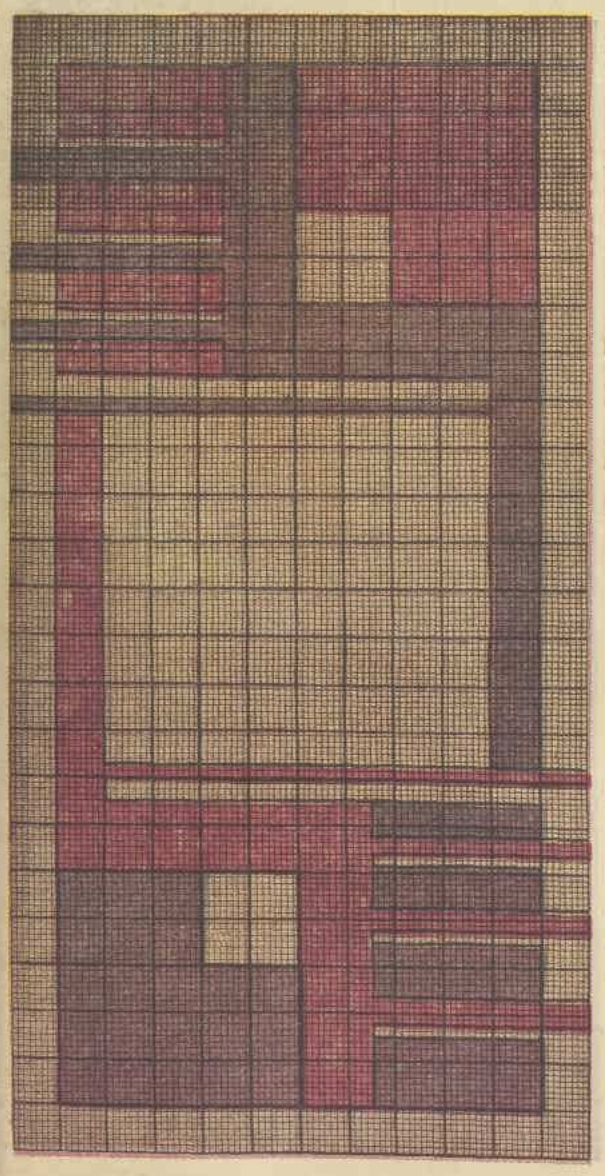
The short-pile rugs are the most popular variety of home-made rugs, and look very professional when completed, especially when worked with Australian-made wool.

Gnome wool, which comes in 72 beautiful shades, is a good wool to use, and it is quite easy to pick out a lovely color scheme when such a range of shades is on offer. This wool can also be used for the older method of rug-making—the hook method—and very beautiful rugs are being and have been made in this way.



*ABOVE are clearly shown the four simple movements by which the tufts are made.*

Turkey rug wool is equally suitable for this method, as it is rather thicker than the other, but not so easy to work with for the short-pile method.



*AT LEFT: Working chart for a lovely geometric-design rug. Instructions for making are given in this article.*

Then there is our old friend cable rug wool, which is always used with a hook and is very quick to do, because it is so thick that it is only necessary to put a piece in every other hole instead of in every hole of the canvas, which is necessary for the other methods.

If a very inexpensive rug is required, a quick and cheap method is to use Harmony wool in a simple half-cross stitch. Of course, these rugs have not the warmth and soft charm of a pile rug, but they are very useful for children's bedrooms, sleeping-out verandahs, sun porches, kitchens, etc.

Carpet-making is another hobby that is growing in popularity every day. Carpets are being made up to 12ft. square in size, and their owners are in every case delighted with the result. The carpets are made with a short pile in Gnome wool. The canvas has to be joined to make it the required size, but this is quite a simple process, as the threads are drawn out of the selvedges and each piece of canvas overlapped the width of one square to give it strength.

The advantages to be found in designing rugs to one's own particular fancy and color scheme are applicable to carpet making, too, and it is anticipated that this year more and more women will embark on the fascinating work of making their own floor-coverings.

### Make This Rug!

THE amount of wool and canvas required to make the rug featured here, which measures 54 inches by 27 inches, using Turkey rug wool, hook method: 1lb. brown, 3½lbs. fawn, and 2lbs. rust—7lbs. in all.

Of course, you may prefer any other 3-color scheme, such as dark green, light green and fawn; dark brown, light brown and fawn; two shades of blue and grey; black, cream and green; black, cream and rose . . . The color combinations are almost unending.

The chart, as you will see is formed of small squares, each corresponding with a square on the canvas. The thick black lines correspond with the blue (or brown) threads in the canvas, and are an aid in counting.

Each square represents a stitch, and there is one stitch for every ridge in the canvas.

For comfort, the worker should sit at a table with the canvas stretched in front, so as to work across the width from selvedge to selvedge. A weight placed on the canvas will help, and the work is then begun from the cut edge of the canvas, and in order to form a strong "edge" or selvedge the canvas should be doubled over for three or four rows and the wool worked through the double thickness.

If the canvas is folded over on the face, it leaves a neat finish at the back; the same applies when finishing the rug. It is easier to work through the double canvas if the last row be done before the two or three which precede it, as this gives a firmer hold on the canvas while manipulating the double row.

To make the stitch, insert the hook under the ridge of the canvas and up through the hole on the other side, push the hook just so far that the ridge of the canvas comes behind the latch; the hook is then lying open for a piece of the cut wool. Double this wool, and place the loop on the hook and withdraw.

On withdrawing, it will be seen that the ridge of canvas automatically pushes the latch down on to the hook and forms an eye, allowing the hook to be withdrawn without catching in the canvas.

Having drawn the doubled wool, or loop of wool, halfway through the canvas, the hook is now pushed through the loop to seize the two loose ends. It is important that the hook be pushed sufficiently far so that the loop comes behind the latch in readiness to close it when the hook seizes the two loose ends of the wool and draws them through the loop, so forming a knot on the ridge of canvas.

If the ends of wool have been kept fairly level there will be but little clipping required to give the rug a finished appearance, and it should be enough to go lightly over it with a pair of scissors.

Before being considered finished, the rug should be subjected to a very thorough rubbing with the hand over the surface to work out the loose fluff. The more thoroughly this is done the more lustrous will be the result and the less fluffing out later.

The amateur may not know the uses of the gauge. It is a strip of wood with a groove cut along one edge, and is used by the wool being wound upon it for the full length without overlapping. Strips of even length are thus released by being cut along the groove with a sharp knife or pair of scissors.

### Short-pile Method

THIS chart is also suitable for the short-pile method of rug-making—using Gnome wool. The rug would be smaller, however.

You would need 11 yards of Goblin check canvas, 24 inches wide; 14 ozs. No. 189 Gnome wool (brown), 2½lb. No. 183 (fawn), and 1lb. 6oz. of No. 157 (rust), or corresponding quantities in any other three-color scheme.

Pamphlets containing full directions, also close-ups of stitches and materials required for making rugs the short-pile method from Gnome wool are obtainable on application.

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## Cure your child's constipation with a LIQUID LAXATIVE

Do doctors and hospitals recommend pills or tablets for children? No! A liquid laxative is always prescribed because the dose can be measured to a drop. Therefore its action is under control, and a perfect movement is attained without any discomfort.

A strong and robust adult may be able to take harsh purgatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs, but they are definitely harmful to children. What kiddies need is a safe, gentle, liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is particularly recommended.

Next time your child is listless, headachy or "out of sorts", give her a dose of "California Syrup of Figs". She will love the delicious taste of this natural vegetable laxative. Cassia, mint and cloves are responsible for its wholesome, fruity flavour.

Don't take risks in such an important health matter. "California Syrup of Figs" will not throw too much strain on a child's bowels. It will not form habits. And it will make your child bright, happy, and carefree again.

**IMPORTANT.** *"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".*


# GAY *Adventure*

*Continued from Page 42*

THIS circumstance was hardly a credential in Miss Taverner's opinion, but she merely said: "You are very good, sir. But how came you to know me?"

"You have been described to me, Miss Taverner. I could not mistake."

A flush stole up into her cheeks; she raised her eyes and looked very steadily at him. "By Mr. Mills, perhaps, sir?"

One of his mobile brows went up. "No, ma'am, not by Mr. Mills. May I ask—or is it an impertinence?—why you should have thought so?"

"Mr. Mills has made it his business to describe me in so many quarters that it was a natural conclusion," said Judith bitterly.

"Indeed!" He looked down at her rather penetratingly. "I am such an inquisitive creature, Miss Taverner: I hope you mean to tell me why you are looking so very angry," he said.

She smiled: "I should not, I know. But I must warn you, sir, it is not the fashion to be seen talking to me."

Both brows went up at that. "On the authority of Mr. Mills?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, as I understand. Mr. Mills has been good enough to christen me the Milkmaid, and to declare that no one of fashion could tolerate my—my person." She tried to speak lightly, but only succeeded in letting her indignation peep through.

He drew up a chair. "Let me assure you, Miss Taverner, that there is not the least need for you to let Mr. Mills' insolence distress you. May I sit down?"

She signified assent; she could only be glad that he should want to. He might not wear a green spangled coat, and lead all London by the nose, but she had rather be talking to him than to any dandy. She said frankly: "I know I should not—and indeed, it doesn't distress me. It only makes me angry. You see, we—my brother and I—have never been in London before, and we wanted very much to—to enter into Polite Circles. But it seems that Society agrees with Mr. Mills—though a great many people have been very kind, of course."

"Do you know, Miss Taverner, you make me feel that I have been out of town longer than I realised?" said the gentleman with one of his comical looks. "When I left London for Cheveley Mr. Mills was not leading Society, I assure you."

"Oh," she said, "you must not think I do not know who does that! I have had the name of Beau Brummell dinned into my ears until I am heartily sick of it! I am told that I must at all costs win his approval if I am to succeed, and I tell you frankly, sir, I have not the least notion of trying to do it!" She saw a slightly startled look in his eyes, and added defiantly: "I am sorry if he should be a friend of yours, but I have made up my mind I neither wish for his good opinion nor his acquaintance."

"You are quite safe in saying what you think of him to me," replied the gentleman gravely. "But what has he done to earn your contempt, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, you have only to look at him!" said Judith, allowing her eyes to travel significantly towards the gorgeous figure at the other end of the room. "A spangled coat!" she pronounced scornfully.

HIS gaze followed the direction of hers. "I am in agreement with you, Miss Taverner," he said. "Though I should not myself call that thing a coat."

"Oh, and that is not all!" she said. "I am for ever hearing of his affectations and impertinences! I am out of all patience with him."

She had the impression that he was laughing at her, but when he spoke it was perfectly solemnly. "Ah, ma'am, but it is Mr. Brummell's folly which is the making of him. If he did not stare duchesses out of countenance, and nod over his shoulder to princes, he would be forgotten in a wee... And if the world is so silly as to admire his absurdities—you and I may know better—but what does that signify?"

"Nothing, I suppose," said Judith. "But if I cannot succeed without being obliged to court his approval I had rather fail."

"Miss Taverner," he replied, the smile dancing in his eyes again, "I prophesy that you will become the rage."

She shook her head. "How can you think it, sir?"

He rose. "Why, I don't think it, ma'am. I am sure of it. Every eye is even now upon you. You have held me in conversation for close on half an hour." He made his bow. "I may do myself the honor of calling on you?"

"We shall be glad, sir."

"I wonder?" he said with a quizzical look, and moved away to where Lord Alvanley was standing against the wall.

Miss Taverner became aware of Mrs. Scattergood at her elbow, in a twitter of excitement. "My love, what did he say to you? Tell me at once!"

Judith turned. "Say to me?" she repeated, bewildered. "He asked if he might call on us, and——"

"Judith! You don't mean it? Oh, was ever anything so— Well! And you was talking for ever! Pray, what else was said?"

Judith looked at her in a good deal of surprise. "But what can it signify, ma'am?"

Mrs. Scattergood gave a suppressed shriek. "Mercy on us! You hold Mr. Brummell by your side for half an hour and then ask me what it can signify!"

Judith gave a gasp, and turned pale. "Ma'am! Oh, good God, ma'am, that surely was not Mr. Brummell?"

"Not Mr. Brummell? Of course it was! But, my dearest love, I particularly warned you! What have you been about?"

"I thought you meant that odious creature in the green coat," said Judith numbly. "How could I imagine——" She broke off, and looked across the room at Mr. Brummell.

Their eyes met; he smiled; unmistakably he smiled.

"I declare I could positively embrace him!" said Mrs. Scattergood, avidly drinking in this exchange of glances.

"You are made, my dear! What a set-down for John Mills! Brummell must have heard of what he said of you, daring to try to set people against you! Such impertinence!"

"He did," said Miss Taverner, dryly. "I told him."

*To be continued*

HORST HOLBROOK says: I mature my Worcestershire Sauce until age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavor.***

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Never go where you will come in close contact with others without first slipping a small tin of May-Breath into your pocket or purse.

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Modern days bring new ideas in dress, in diversions, in diet . . but where health is concerned, old and proven remedies still hold women's allegiance. Still, today, women look to Vickers for aid at those times when energy is at its lowest. Still, generation after generation accepts Vickers Gin as the one medicinal beverage suited to feminine needs . . the one gentle stimulant that is consistently pure—that relieves fatigue, restoring energy and confidence.

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# *See what you can do with this* CHARMING JUMPER

## Face an Admiring World Differently on Four Succeeding Days with the Aid of Adroitly Fashioned Accessories . . .

**FASHION appears to be putting more charm and vivacity into her knitwear, as the season advances... Just consider, for instance, the possibilities of this garment so attractively presented by artist Petrov.**

**On Monday you might sally forth with a chic jabot as its highlight; Tuesday, with a scarf smartly tied; Wednesday, pertly business-like with flat collar featuring; and on Thursday looking quite different with the addition of a panel front... This latter, be it noted, is not illustrated, but directions for making are included.**

*A PRETTY BLUE JUMPER knitted in the well-known blackberry-stitch, but with what a difference! Made in 4-ply Viyella wool, it is accompanied by no fewer than four alternative neck treatments—some of them in navy for happy contrast. The chic front is not shown in sketches.*

THIS smart, imported Viyella garment is made with 4-ply wool on No. 12 needles. The original is carried out in two blues, but what an opportunity for the artistic person to ring the changes with lovely color schemes—toning and contrasting!

The enthusiast will follow these expert directions and make the complete set, but even if only one is made the result will be charming.

**Materials:** 8oz. light blue Viyella 4-ply wool, 5oz. dark blue Viyella 4-ply wool, 2oz. light blue Viyella lace ply, 2 navy buttons, 2 blue buttons, pair of No. 12 bone needles, 1 No. 11, 1 No. 12 Stratnoid crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Length, 19 inches; bust, 32, 34 inches; sleeve seam, 7½ inches.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; sts., stitches; tog., together; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch; ch., chain.

**BACK:** With light blue wool, cast on 134 sts. 1st Row: Knit. 2nd Row: K. 1, * p. 3 tog. (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) all into next st. * repeat * to * to last st., k. 1. 3rd Row: Knit. 4th Row: K. 1 * (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1) all into next st., p. 3 tog. * repeat * to * to last st., k. 1. These 4 rows form pattern which is repeated throughout. When 13 inches have been done, shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows (102 sts.). Continue in pattern until back measures 18½ inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

**FRONT:** Work exactly as for back to end of armhole shaping, ending with either the 2nd or 4th row of pattern. Next Row: K. 50, cast off 2 (leave on spare needle), k. 50. Now work in pattern on each side separately until front measures 17½ inches, ending at centre edge. Next Row: Cast off 4, k. in pattern to end. Next Row: In pattern. Repeat these 2 rows until 34 sts. remain. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. from armhole edge in alternate rows 3 times, then cast off 10 sts.

**SLEEVES:** Cast on 94 sts. Work in pattern for 7½ inches. Shape top by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

**CUFFS:** Work 1 row of d.c. all along lower edge of sleeve. Next Row: 1 d.c. * 1 ch., miss 1 st. 1 d.c. in next. * repeat * to * to end of row. Next Row: Turn with 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st space, then 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each space to end. Repeat last row until 1½ inches have been done. Break off.

**TO MAKE UP:** Press pieces with damp cloth and hot iron. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Crochet a row of double crochet round sleeve edges, and all round neck and front opening, leaving a loop of chain at top right-hand corner for buttonhole. Sew button to top left-hand corner.

### The Jabot

WITH blue lace ply, cast on 136 sts. Knit in rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 3½ inches. In Next Row: K. 2 tog. all the way along. Cast off. Make another piece to match. With a No. 12 crochet hook, work a row of d.c. all round the edges, keeping it flat with the edge. Next Row: 3 ch. (representing 1st tr.) * 1 ch., miss 1 st. of foundation, 1 tr. in next, * repeat * to * to end, join with slip st. Next Row: 2 d.c. in each space, all round. Fasten off. Sew the two pieces of the jabot together, down the centre. (This is, of course, the gathered edge.)

**Neck Band:** Make a length of 20 ch., then slip st. along the top edge of the jabot, then make a length of 22 ch. at other edge, turn. Next Row: 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook * 1 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next, * repeat * to * to end. Next Row: Turn with 2 ch., * 1 d.c. in 1st space, 1 ch. * repeat * to * all along. Repeat this row 3 times more. Break off. Sew button to left-hand end, make a loop for buttonhole at right-hand edge.

### Light Blue Belt

WITH light blue yarn, and No. 11 crochet hook, make a length of 251 ch. 1st Row: 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook * 1 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next, * repeat * to * all along. Next Row: Turn with 2 ch., * 1 d.c. in 1st space, then 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each space to end. Repeat this row 4 times more. Fasten off.

### Light Blue Scarf

THIS is crocheted in two pieces, exactly alike. With blue lace ply and No. 12 crochet hook, make a length of 28 ch. 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, then 1 tr. in each ch. to end. Next Row: Turn with 3 ch., miss 1st tr., then work 1 tr. over each tr. to end. Repeat last row until 53 rows have been done from commencement. In next and every 4th row, increase 1 tr. at each end by working 2 tr. in the last st. and not missing the 1st tr. at the beginning of the row.

Continue this increasing until 55 rows have been done from commencement, then continue without shaping for 24 rows. Shape end by working 3 tr. in the centre st. of each row in the next 22 rows. Break off. Bind the narrow end with prussian binding, join together with hooks and eyes.

### Dark Blue Front

THE stitch. 1st Row: Miss the first 3 ch., insert hook in next ch., draw yarn through, yarn over, insert hook in next ch., draw yarn through, yarn over, draw through all loops on hook (this will be referred to as a group) * 1 ch. insert hook into next st. of foundation ch., draw yarn through, yarn over, insert hook into next ch., draw yarn through, yarn over, draw yarn through all the loops, * repeat * to * to end, turn with 2 ch. 2nd Row: Miss first 2 ch., * then insert hook into the first group, draw yarn through, yarn over, insert hook into next ch., draw yarn through, yarn over, draw yarn through all loops, 1 ch. * repeat * to * to end. The second row is repeated for length required.

With dark blue yarn and No. 11 crochet hook, make a length of 65 ch. Work pattern as given above for 20½ inches. Shape neck as follows: 1st Row: Work over 12 groups, turn, 3 ch., miss 1st group, work in pattern to end. 2nd Row: In pattern (11 groups). 3rd Row: Turn with 3 ch., miss 1st group, work in pattern to end. 4th Row: Slip st. back over 4 sts. (this is from outside edge), 2 ch., then work in pattern to end. 5th Row: Turn with 3 ch., miss 1 group, work in pattern as far as the slip sts., turn. 6th Row: As 4th. 7th Row: As 5th. 8th Row: Slip st. back over remainder of sts., turn, then work 1 d.c. in each st., along the shoulder to make a neat edge. Break off yarn. Join in yarn at other edge and work to match.

**Neck Band:** Make a length of 18 ch., then work 1 d.c. all round neck edge of front, then make 18 ch. at other end. Turn with 2 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook * 1 ch. miss 1 ch. of foundation, 1 d.c. in next * repeat * to * to end. Turn with 2 ch. 1 d.c. in next space, then 1 ch. 1 d.c. in each space to end. Repeat this row twice more. Fasten off. Sew navy button to left end of neck band. Make a loop for buttonhole on right side.

**BELT (DARK BLUE):** Make a length of 253 ch. Work in pattern as for front for 4 rows. Fasten off.

### Dark Blue Collar

WITH dark blue yarn and No. 11 hook, make a length of 105 ch. 1st Row: 1 tr. on 6th ch. from hook, miss 2 ch. * (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next ch., miss 2 ch. * repeat * to * to last ch. (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in last ch., 5 ch. turn (this forms 33 groups). 2nd Row: 1 tr. in space * miss 2 tr. (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next space * repeat * to * to end, 5 ch. turn. 3rd Row: As 2nd, increasing 5 groups by working (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) twice into every 6th space. 4th Row: As 2nd (38 groups). 5th Row: Work over 26 groups, then work (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) into each of next 2 spaces slip st. to tr. of row below, turn. 6th Row: 1 ch. (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) into each of next 2 spaces, then (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next 12 spaces, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) into each of next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. of previous row, turn.

7th Row: 1 ch. (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) into each of next 2 spaces, then (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) into each space to end, but making an extra group where the slip st. came in previous row. 8th Row: 1 group in each space, increasing 1 group in 3rd space from each end, and also in the slip st. of the second (turn). 9th Row: Work over 17 groups, increase in next space, work 6 more groups, increase in next space, work to end. 10th Row: Work 32 groups, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. in row below, turn. 11th Row: 1 ch. (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, then (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next 20 spaces, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. of row below, turn.

12th Row: 1 ch., then (1 d.c., 1 tr., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, then (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in each space to end, increasing 1 group where slip st. of previous row was made.

### The 13th Row

INCREASE 1 group in the 3rd space and then in every 4th space to end. 14th Row: 1 group in each space. 15th Row: Increase in every 5th space. 16th Row: 1 group in each space. 17th Row: Slip st. back over 12 groups (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in next 2 spaces, then (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in each space to within 14 spaces of end, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. of previous row, turn slip st. back over 8 groups, then (1 d.c., 1 tr., 1 d.c.) in next 2 spaces, then work 22 groups, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. of previous row, turn. Slip st. back over 4 groups, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in next 2 spaces, then work 13 groups, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. in row below, turn slip st. back over 2 spaces (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in next 2 spaces, then work 9 groups, then (1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 2 spaces, slip st. to tr. of previous row. Break off.

### Decorative Beading

MAKE a beading all round outside edge of collar, working in the first row 1 d.c. all round, flat with the edge, and in the second row a picot edging as follows: 4 ch., 1 d.c. in 1st of these 4 ch., miss 2 of foundation ch., 1 d.c. in next. Repeat this all round.

Make a length of 164 ch., work picot edging along it, as given for the outside edge of collar. Sew this on right side of collar, about half-way from top edge, but dipping it in centre to follow the line of the curve of the lower edge. Sew button to left side at neck edge. Make loop on right side.

When you come to the *last rinse* remember to add Reckitt's Blue for *whiteness.*

*Make sure it's Reckitt's Blue you buy—see a label on every knob and Reckitt's name on every label.*

1.35

Reckitt's BLUE

*Remember!* Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!


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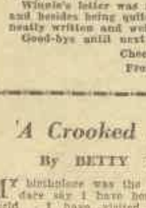
# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

**INVADED by fierce Yaca warriors, the city of Amaru is in dire peril. June Salisbury, prisoner to Gable Zane, a renegade aviator with the invaders, disguises herself as a Yaca warrior and sets out to find Brick Bradford who, with his comrade Manco, now Emperor of Amaru, is helping in the defence. Meantime, Chasca, a princess of Amaru, dons armor to lead the women of the city against the foe. Read on—**

## Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,
If you have to stand about on one of these cold days, or sit in a room without a fire for any length of time, you can quite easily keep warm by taking long breaths.



Introducing BRUCE MacDOUGALL. —Falk.

The fact of drawing in the air deeply stimulates the circulation and puts oxygen into the blood, with the result that more heat is produced, and the larger the quantity you absorb the nearer to the extremities, such as your hands and feet, will it penetrate.

You might try this method instead of stamping your feet and clapping your hands to keep them warm.

The best letter for the week came from WINNIE TONKING, Dalhousie, Ridgewell Rd., Blackheath, N.S.W., and wins the prize of 5/-.

Winnie's letter was all about animals, and besides being quite informative was neatly written and well expressed.

Good-bye until next week,

Cheerio,

From your Pal,

CONNIE.

## 'A Crooked Sixpence

By BETTY PHILLIPS

MY birthplace was the Sydney Mint, and I dare say I have been all over this old world. I have visited musty tills, smelly pockets, greasy hands, and horrid little money-bags.

When I was five years old I had the opportunity of seeing the world through a hole in a sailor's pocket. But later, because I was crooked, I was cast into an old tin box, as folks grew very suspicious of me, thinking I was a bad coin. Foolish mortals, suspicious of a poor, crooked sixpence. I was later taken back to Sydney, where I was at last spent, and then thrown into an old till.

I was given as a present some days later to a small boy who clasped me in a dirty, grimy hand, and took me along all the city back streets, where I got a glimpse of ever so many warehouses. I peered out so intently that suddenly I slipped and fell down, down, crash! Then the little boy looked in vain for me, but he never found his sixpence—nobody has.

I have remained lying in a rusty grating, watching the old world roll by. Watching the city grow and prosper day by day. A most experienced sixpence, though you may doubt it. Some day you may find me.

I am now old and rusty and bent—no longer a shining, crooked coin. My life as a toiler is over, and I am content to be here and happily dream under the warm sun.

Prize of 5/- to BETTY PHILLIPS, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

## The Fairy Dell

By JESSIE LANGLEY

COME! follow me to a township small,
Where the houses are, oh! so tiny,
Compared with the grasses, so very tall,
And their windows are, oh! so shiny.

There's a crystal brook bab-babbling by,
And a little brown bridge spans it o'er,
And the fairy children happily fly
On their woven wings from shore to shore.

Have you seen? Then let us return once more
Up the little white path from the dell,
And leave the fairies to play, as before,
While the little green gnome rings his bell.

Prize of 5/- to JESSIE LANGLEY, 100 George St., Bathurst, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

## JUST FOR FUN

SMALL BOY (to bootmaker): Please, sir, Ma says will you be able to mend these boots?
Bootmaker: Yes, yes, of course, Sonnie. All they need is new soles an' new heels, an' new uppers. The lages are as good as new.

Prize Card to AUDREY TOMLINSON, 17 Ann St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Paddy O'Brien. I says, 'How are you?'
"'Pretty well, thank you, Brady,' says he.
"'Brady?' says I. 'That's not my name.'
"'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien.'
"With that we looked at each other, and, bedad, it was neither of us."

Prize Card to BARBARA CROSSWELL, Smithton, Tas.

Teacher: Tommy, give me a noun.
Tommy: Dust.
Teacher: Good; now a collective noun.
Tommy: Vacuum cleaner.

Prize Card to BETTY KYTE, 9 Devon St., Caulfield SE7, Melbourne.

Teacher: What is the meaning of this, Billy? You've handed in a page with nothing on it for your essay.
Billy: Well, that's what I'd do if I had a million pounds.

Prize Card to BOBBY WOODWARD, 116 Jessie St., Armidale, N.S.W.

Tramp (very dirty): Could you do something for a poor old sailor?
Farmer: Poor old sailor!
Tramp: Yes, sir, I followed the water for twenty years.
Farmer: Well, you certainly look as if you have never caught up with it.

Prize Card to AINSLIE HUMPHRIS, Hazelbrae, Bajool, Qld.

Doctor: You should go home and bury yourself in your work.
Man: But I'm a cement mixer!

Prize Card to MARGARET PILDER, 7 off Laman St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Just Chatter

INTRODUCING BEVERLEY and ALISON ANDREWS, of Wahroonga. —Falk.

MARGARET HOLMES, of Clovelly (N.S.W.), recently had a very enjoyable time at Katoomba; BETTY FROST, of Manangatang (Vic.), is fond of playing cards; OLGA THOMPSON, of 12 Inverary St., Wagga (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with some Pal (age 12-13).

JUNE POTTER, of Darthrook, via Aberdeen (N.S.W.), always reads our popular weekly; NORMA VINEY, of Ormond SE14 (Vic.), is welcomed as a new Pal; SADIE ROBSON, of Werris Creek (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; NOLA CLEMENCE, of Maryborough (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter; ARCHIE SALT, of South Parkes (N.S.W.), likes music.

LOLA BOWLER, of Scone (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; AINSLIE HUMPHRIS, of Bajool (Qld.), always rides her favorite pony, Creamy; JOY CHAPMAN, of Manly (N.S.W.), do write about your car trips!

AUDREY TOMLINSON, of Cessnock (N.S.W.), writes clever verse; MARJORIE JARDINE, of Tannymorel, via Warwick (Qld.), has a cat, a dog, and a canary for her pets; YVONNE CURTIS, of Miranda (N.S.W.), has a big black dog called Nigger.

FRANK ARMSTRONG, of Blakehurst (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes and riddles; LORNA BOWER, of Bundarra, does clever sketches; BILL THOMPSON, of Port Pirie (S.A.), has a new push-bicycle; VIVIAN DIXON, of Uralla (N.S.W.), will soon be celebrating her seventh birthday.

JESSIE LANGLEY, of Bathurst (N.S.W.), writes clever verse; GWEN DUGAN, of Tomingley, is fond of swimming, riding, reading, sewing, and knitting.

JILL ROBERTS, of South Brisbane, paints and sketches pretty pictures; JEAN McKAY, of Diamond Creek, is fond of hiking; DOUGLAS COMPTON, of Chatswood (N.S.W.), you may write a letter on any subject you like.

JOAN GOADBY, of Townsville (Qld.), collects pictures of geographical interest; AUDREY OLIVER, of Tammit Stn., via Mildura, does fancywork and is fond of gardening; MARGARET JOHNSTON, of Rankin's Springs (N.S.W.), has two pets, a dog and a cat.

LINDSAY VERNON, of Carlingford (N.S.W.), likes painting; PEGGY McCONNELL, of Cambrai (S.A.), recently had her twelfth birthday; AUDREY TOMLINSON, of Cessnock (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal.

## FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

SATURDAY afternoon came round all too slowly, but when it did arrive a happy band of boys went down to the river edge to play pirates.

"I'll be Black Heart. I'll be your captain and master!" cried Fred, picking up a stick and tapering one end of it with his penknife.

"Who will I be?" asked timid little Bobby Jones.

"You can be Faithful, my trustworthy servant," said Fred, eyeing him up and down.

This seemed to satisfy Bobby, for he smiled broadly.

By the time the lot of them, which was just half a dozen, had chosen suitable names for themselves they had reached the river bank.

THEY commenced their game, and soon all the boys wanted to be mutineers. Fred had rather a hard time in keeping them in check, but with the aid of his faithful servant he did so, and soon all the mutineers were made to "walk the plank."

A PIRATE BOLD. Prize of 5/- to SHIRLEY HAZEL (9), Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A., for this clever sketch.

After they had "walked the plank" and were all lying around pretending they were dead, Fred felt that the game needed some more life in it. So he yelled loudly at them.

"All hands on deck!" As this did not have the desired effect, he cried it out once more.

"We're supposed to be dead," cried one impatient boy.

"Oh, all right," went on Fred. "I'm tired of this game anyway. Say we play something else."

And then numerous suggestions were made as to what games they would play. And as they could not agree on any one game, they decided to go home.

On the way back, they stopped to look at some wood-choppers, who were having some difficulty in getting down a big ironbark.

"Pretty tough, sir," said Fred to one of the men.

"It certainly is," answered the man, "but that's not all. We don't know which way it will fall."

At that moment there was a crackling sound, and the tree wavered for a few moments, and then slowly started to break at the base.

"Bobby," yelled Fred, "get out of the road."

Fred made a rush towards Bobby, and pushed him out of the way just as one of the lower branches of the tree fell to where Bobby had been standing.

"My word," said the tall woodman to Bobby, "you were lucky your friend was handy."

"Yes; I was," answered Bobby, hardly aware of what he was saying.

"Oh, let's forget about that," went on Fred. "I don't think the tree would have hit him in any case."

"You will never be sure about that," said the woodman, smiling. "Anyway, getting off the subject, would any of you boys like some wood to take home?"

"Yes," answered Fred, "I would, very much."

Needless to say, all the boys didn't mind carrying wood home that was already chopped, and so half-a-dozen mothers got pleasant surprises that night when their sons arrived home with firewood.

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# RISE *and* FALL

*Continued from Page 6*

JANET covered her eyes with her hands, knelt there, shivering a little; Graves turned to Collins. He was a much-travelled man, Graves, and he knew a thing or two. He knew, for instance, what to do to restore a partially drowned man to life.

None too gently Graves pulled him over and started to pump some of the black floodwater out of him. It wasn't an easy job, with the raft rocking and swaying, bumping and rolling; but at last Collins opened his eyes, gulped a breath or two, and sat up, holding his battered head between his hands.

It was a nasty cut and still bleeding. Janet tore a strip from her clothing, and Graves bandaged Collins' head with it. Then, scarcely speaking, they sat or knelt on the raft, trying to pierce the blackness of sky and earth and water.

"LIKE a bloomin' ocean," said Graves. It was. The river had virtually disappeared. No longer could they see the trunks of trees, merely the bright spreading tops of them.

"Somewhere underneath us," said Graves, as if the idea thrilled him, "is the jungle. But how far down is it, d'you think?"

Neither Janet nor Collins made any reply. Graves, kneeling on the swaying planks, studied them carefully.

Something was just beginning to happen to Graves. He didn't know what it was, or what it meant. He knew merely that something was going on inside him, altering him, changing his outlook slightly.

"Who got us on this raft anyway?" Collins demanded.

"I did," said Graves, not boastingly, because it was the simple truth.

Collins didn't look particularly pleased. He glowered at Graves, and suddenly Graves found himself glowering back at Collins. The latter was the first one to glance away.

Graves smiled grimly. A sense of responsibility was growing in him, but it was not entirely that. Kneeling on that raft, with the flood surging all around them, Graves began to shed his sense of inferiority. He felt that he was just as good a man as Collins, if not a better one.

Social distinctions had almost ceased to signify or matter. They seemed to Graves to belong to something that was dead—or dying fast.

He said gruffly to Collins: "Get hold of that pole, and try to keep her from swingin' round."

Collins stared.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" he said savagely.

"I'm tellin' you," said Graves, and something in his expression caused Collins to do as he was told, but he did it with the air of a man who was surprised at his own actions.

Suddenly, without any sort of warning, the raft bumped heavily, twirled round and flung them all into the water. Rather to his surprise, Graves felt his feet touch something solid, and he scrambled up a sort of slope, dragging Janet after him. The raft had gone, swept away in an instant.

"I say," shouted Collins, "where the devil do you think we are?"

Graves laughed.

"It'll be dawn soon," he said, "and then we'll know, I reckon."

He walked upward some way, and instinctively Janet followed at his heels, leaving Collins scowling and muttering on the edge of the flood.

Graves had his matches, in a tin box still dry. He walked down again.

"Better have a fire and dry ourselves," he observed.

Collins looked at him.

"Well, what the blazes are you waiting for, Graves? You go and find the wood to light it."

Graves turned slowly. "Why?" he asked, in a quiet, serious tone.

"What—what do you mean?" Collins stammered.

Graves regarded them.

"Before we go any farther," he said, "we'd better get one thing straight. Until to-night, I've just been a fetch-and-carry man for you, Collins; and also for Westgate. But that's goin' to end right here. D'you get that, or don't you?"

Angrily Collins pushed Janet to one side and strode up to Graves.

"I like your infernal cheek," he said. "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

Graves, without speaking, swung a blow to Collins' jaw that spread him flat on his back beside Janet.

"I've been wantin' to do that for a long, long time," said Graves, without heat. "Now, will you go and get that wood?"

Collins, more surprised than hurt, picked himself up and went. Graves began searching for dry twigs, which were somewhat difficult to find. He had a little pile of them at last, Collins came back with an armful of wood. In a few moments a fire was blazing cheerily under the black skies.

Graves knelt there, with the red blaze of it leaping across his strong, ugly face. And Janet, from the opposite side of the fire, watched him curiously.

A little while ago she had scarcely noticed Graves' existence, except that he was useful for carrying and fetching things and steering the launch up and down the muddy river.

Now, almost miraculously, Graves seemed to have become somebody who mattered quite a lot—was, indeed, essential, to both herself and Collins.

Graves looked up, suddenly; their eyes met through the dancing light of the flames.

"Better take off your shoes and stockings," Graves suggested. "Hang them up on that branch. They'll soon dry there."

She began to take off her shoes and stockings, and Graves noticed what pretty feet and legs she had. He sat with his eyes fixed on her. And something was moving, stirring in that stolid, unreasoning mind of his. His big, coarse hands closed slowly, became ugly bunches, his mouth shut like a trap and he stared down suddenly into the fire.

For suddenly the truth of it had struck him. He was in love with Janet.

He knew, as he sat there, that he must have been in love with her practically ever since he had set eyes on her. But Graves had known his place, his rightful sphere in life. Just a fetch-and-carry man.

Meekly he had submitted, almost unquestioningly; but now—well, Graves no longer felt like a serf, a slave, a fetch-and-carry man.

He looked up at the sky. Something flew across the fire, glittering with a thousand rainbow colors; a bird of paradise, startled and strange.

"Dawn," said Graves, and there was expectancy in his voice.

He rose, stood waiting; and, all the time he stood there, Janet's eyes scarcely left his broad, powerful figure. The blackness was brushed out of the sky; it gleamed palely, ribbed with yellow and gold.

*Please turn to Page 54*

HOST HOLBROOK says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste. In 1½ oz. 3oz. jars ***

When a WOMAN tells you:

that people often take her for years younger than she is owing to her white teeth,

that she's used nothing but Calvert's since she left school—

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for *your* teeth!

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Now there is a simple toilet treatment that is bound to make your skin clearer, fresher, smoother. Each time you wash with the New Rexona Soap you give your skin the benefit of a remarkable new compound of medications, Cadyl, in the Rexona lather. These medications go deep into the pores, drawing away impurities, soothing and stimulating the tissues so that your skin soon begins to glow with a new clearness.

#### START TO-NIGHT!

Start the Rexona skin treatment to-night. You'll see and feel the benefit right from the start.

THE NEW Rexona Medicated SKIN & FACIAL SOAP

Containing CADYL, the new compound of medications

*Corrects Dull skins . . . .*
*. . . Protects Normal skins*

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## A Cold *may end in the hospital*

"Only a cold," you say? But don't forget, pneumonia often develops over night from a neglected cold. The moment you feel a cold coming on, use Mistol. Mistol is made from a famous formula which prevents colds from spreading. A few soothing drops of Mistol in your nose brings quick relief—and effectively stops the most stubborn head-cold. Soon you breathe easily again. Get a bottle of Mistol today with free dropper.

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STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START


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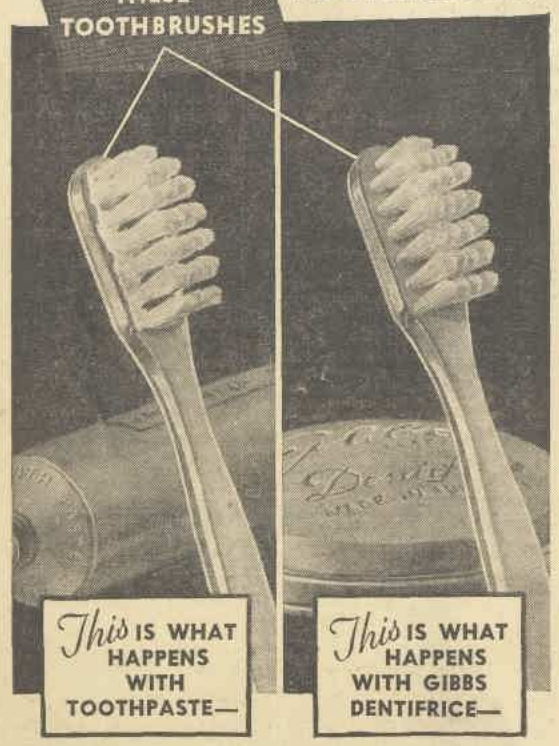
Another REASON WHY

GIBBS DENTIFRICE IS BETTER THAN TOOTHPASTES!

COMPARE THESE TOOTHBRUSHES




—it congeals at the base of the bristles where it cannot reach the teeth.

—it is wasteful and therefore expensive.

—it is unhygienic as, through exposure to the air, it becomes a breeding ground for germs.

—it leaves the bristles absolutely *clean*!

—it stays *on top* of the bristles where it can do the most good.

—every particle of its antiseptic foam can reach the mouth where it swirls around, cleansing and protecting the teeth.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

At all chemists and stores, small tins 1/-, large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLET 2/- all Chemists

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BEFORE IT KILLS YOUR DIGESTION

Famous Harrison-Maclean London Formula — Proven in Millions of Bad Cases — Gives Fastest Relief. Best Route to Restored Stomach Health.

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HARRISON-MACLEAN ANTACID Stomach Powder


# RISE *and* FALL

*Continued from Page 53*

GRAVES looked. They seemed to have found refuge on a sort of small hill-top. There was no other land in sight for miles.

"Might be the end of the world," said Graves; and that, just then, was how he felt.

Collins got more wood. They kept the fire burning. Janet sat on a tree-trunk. Graves stood lost in thought. Collins wandered up and down in angry fear and impatience.

"Graves," said Janet, "how long do you think we shall have to stay here?"

"Can't tell," said Graves, with a shrug.

Collins paused. He must have heard.

"Well, we've got to eat and drink, I suppose?"

Graves glanced up towards the top of the hill, bright with fresh green trees and vegetation.

"Know how to snare birds?" he said.

Collins only stared at him in silence.

"With pegs made out of some sticks," explained Graves, "and motu creepers for a net."

"Oh," said Collins, quite helplessly.

"You get the creepers," Graves ordered shortly, "while I have a hunt round for some sticks to make into pegs."

"Can I help?" asked Janet.

"Sure," said Graves, "you can make the net."

Collins, muttering under his breath, went off to cut the motu creepers, having borrowed Graves' knife for the purpose. Graves went across the hill and found some sticks. Janet, acting under Graves' curt instructions, soon had the net fashioned and ready for use.

Graves took it up and examined it carefully. Then he began to walk towards the hill-top, carrying the motu net over his shoulder. Collins started to follow him, but Graves waved him back.

"You stay there and see to the fire," he said, "you'd only scare the birds if you came with me."

Janet laughed, and Collins flung the other man a murderous look. Graves, completely indifferent, set off.

"That fellow's getting out of hand," Collins growled. "He needs a lesson."

Janet smiled at him.

"Well, why don't you teach him one?"

"He—he struck me," said Collins, putting his hand to his jaw.

"You rather invited it, didn't you?" asked Janet calmly. "After all, you know, he saved both our lives—and is still saving them, by all appearances."

"I WAS merely thinking," said Collins angrily, "that it might be wise for both of us to keep the fellow in his proper place. He's the kind that might take—libertics."

"With whom?" she asked sweetly. "Me?"

"You can't be sure with an ignorant fellow like that, Janet."

"You think he's ignorant?"

"Well, you know what I mean. He's just the ordinary type of South Seas beachcomber. No education, no breeding whatsoever."

"What use is breeding in a predicament like this?"

Collins laughed shortly.

"I can't see why you sit there and defend the fellow," he said. "After all he's only one of your brother's employees, and not a particularly brilliant one at that. Just a beggarman your brother took pity on——"

"That's nonsense. My brother gave him employment because he thought he might prove himself useful."

"Oh, all right, have it your own way," said Collins, sullenly.

Two hours later, as the red sun was burning in the sky, Graves returned. He had snared five small birds, which he stuck on sticks close to the fire.

The flesh was sweet and clean; and they were hungry. Graves found a milky sort of liquid, which he squeezed from some wei-wei vines. It had a rather bitter flavor, but it quenched their thirst.

Collins got up and walked off huffily. Janet looked at Graves and smiled.

"Thanks for the dinner, Graves."

He looked at her. There seemed to be a softer, kindlier light in her face—a more intimate look.

"I've got another name," he said; "it's Bill."

"Well, Bill, thanks a lot."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, awkwardly; and then he got up and stood staring across the floodwater.

"What are you thinking about now—Bill?"

He jerked a big, heavy thumb.

"Just thinkin' it might be the end of the world, see?"

"Well, I suppose it might."

"Wonder if it looked like this, eh?"

"I wonder."

"Maybe it did."

"Maybe."

"I'm not much use at talkin', but I reckon you can follow what I mean."

"I reckon I can, Bill."

"Well, I was just thinkin' . . . Suppose it was the end of the world, I mean, really the end . . ."

"Yes?"

"With just you an' me left on this bit of a hill, an' only the water an' the sky, an' us together."

She looked at him with frank curiosity.

"Would you like it to be that way, Bill?"

He turned sharply.

"Would you?" he said.

She flushed.

"Aren't we being rather absurd?"

"Maybe. But, just suppoein', now? Only you an' me——"

"There'd be Mr. Collins, as well."

"Oh, him," said Graves contemptuously. "He'd be out of the picture, I reckon."

"Would he?"

"Sure. You see, the way I figure it out, there'd be no world out there at all. It would be gone. No conventions, no class distinctions, no social etiquette. Just Nature in the raw, an' you an' me, man an' woman."

She rose slowly.

"Bill, what on earth are you talking about, really?"

"Oh, nothin', I guess. Just—just thinkin' what it might have been like."

"What?"

He turned his head and made no reply. Collins came back. He looked excited about something.

"I say," he called to them, "it's going down fast."

Graves sat down heavily, his eyes fixed on the receding flood. The little hill seemed to grow bigger, higher, as the sun went down, until the bright trees on the top were striking up into the sky.

The world was coming closer again for Bill Graves.

He found some soft grasses and made a bed for Janet. She looked up at him and smiled.

"I don't know what we should have done without you, Bill."

"Oh, forget it," he said, and went back to the fire, to sit there and stare into the flames.

Dawn came, a flame across the world; and Graves heard Collins shouting from the top of the hill and saw him waving his arms about. Graves climbed up to where he stood. Across the water a boat was approaching. In it were four men; and one of the men was Jack Westgate.

Graves never moved. His eyes watched moodily. Collins, shouting, rushed down the hillside. Janet leaped up. Hand in hand, they raced towards the water's edge and the boat.

As Graves watched, Westgate got out and snatched his sister up in his arms. It was some time before Graves came down from the hill.

Collins had got into the boat with Janet. They were sitting close together, and Collins had his arm round her.

Graves walked slowly towards the boat. He had almost reached it when Janet called out to him.

"Fetch my stockings, please. You'll find them still hanging on that branch."

Graves turned. He stared at the earth, rising once more smooth and brown out of the water, and he smiled a little bitterly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

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*with three perfect specimens of lovely children.*

MRS. Brixton Simmons, of Anzac Parade, Kensington, is the mother of three lovely children. She is so youthful, bright and active that she attributes the compliments her friends pay her to her regular rule—of taking NUJOL. Here is her actual NUJOL story, word for word:—

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# GET INTO PRACTICE *for the Table Tennis* TITLE

## Chance for Women Exponents of Game in Australian Championship

By RUTH PREDDEY

**Table tennis is definitely taking prior place in the world of indoor winter games, and it is interesting to note that the South Australian association has applied for permission to hold an Australian contest in Adelaide at the time of the Centenary celebrations.**

***It is hoped that women will be catered for in singles, doubles, and mixed doubles championships.***

PLAYERS generally hope that the South Australian suggestion will meet with approval from the Australian Board of Control.

This move would mark another progressive step in women's sports. It would be the first time in the history of table tennis that women have taken part in the championships.

Last week the N.S.W. Table Tennis Association held their championships, for which over three hundred entries were received.

The men's singles championship was won by Cecil Smith, a youth of sixteen years of age, and the women's section was ultimately won by Miss A. Jacobs, who was also a finalist in the mixed doubles match.

Various kinds of bats were brought into use, but the most favored surface appeared to be that which was covered with sand-paper.

Styles were as varied as the bats. Some gripped the bats in the same manner as a tennis racquet, while others favored the more delicate touch similar to the holding of a pen or pencil.

### Perry Played It!

FRED PERRY, the present world's tennis champion, once held the world's table tennis championship, which he won in Hungary, where table tennis is considered the national game.

Watching the various artists at play, one wonders what style Fred Perry adopted, for it is said on good authority that he tried out most of his tennis strokes on the table before he transferred them to the courts.

**While watching the table tennis players at their game one can very easily distinguish the experts of the tennis court at play. At the table some of them adopt the same back-hand stroke as they would on the ordinary court.**

Table tennis was formerly known as ping pong, chiefly because the racquets used for the game were made on similar lines to a drum, and when the ball was hit it sounded as the name implied.

### First Competition

NEW SOUTH WALES held its first competition as far back as 1902, when State championships were held for men and women. The public were generally interested, and a large crowd attended the night of the finals. Probably one of the most interesting features of this match was that the finals of the women's doubles was fought out between the Maitland sisters and the Dransfield sisters.

### Fashion Fads

Miss Nellie Dransfield eventually became the first State champion of New South Wales.

At this first meeting the women players wore skirts and blouses and stiff straw hats perched high on the head.

Players in this year's competition favored the tennis styles, and several appeared wearing shorts.

In 1903 New South Wales sent a team of table tennis players to Queensland. Since then Queensland has forged ahead, and now has a great membership of table tennis enthusiasts.

**All table tennis followers are hoping that the South Australian Centenary celebrations will mark the beginning of the Australian table tennis championships. It may even pave the way to international games.**

MISS ADELA JACOBS, winner of this year's championship in the N.S.W. Table Tennis Association fixtures.

### Tennis Visitors

TENNIS players are particularly interested in the fact that Miss Helen Jacobs, the American tennis champion, is giving consideration to the invitation issued to her to tour Australia.

As Mrs. Wills-Moody has decided not to make the trip it is hoped that the Lawn Tennis Council of Australia will invite another player in her place.

What a sensation Madame Sperling or Senorita Lizano would cause if they were prevailed upon to make the trip.

## OUR BOOK OFFER!

Here is Token No. 12 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Silver Jubilee Book" and "Illustrated Family Doctor" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

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Here is Token No. B3 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" book offer. Cut out now and paste it at once on your voucher before you forget it.

**AS previously announced, the distribution of the "Illustrated Family Doctor" and "The Silver Jubilee Book" will commence To-morrow, Wednesday, July 17.**

**If you wish your volume to be despatched, send in your tokens and money now.**

**The "Illustrated Family Doctor," 1/- plus 1/- postage.**

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**Make certain your complete postal address is plainly written in block letters.**

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# HOCKEY *Players Hold* HIGH CARNIVAL

## New Zealand Meets All States in Melbourne

**This year's hockey carnival is scheduled to take place in Victoria from July 22 to August 7.**

***Teams from every State will take part in the great gathering of sportswomen, but the most important visitors will be the first New Zealand women's hockey team to tour and play matches in this sporting country of ours.***

**Also accompanying the New South Wales players will be a touring team of 43 from this State—girls who will play friendly matches in Melbourne, but whose main object is to gain experience by watching the star games.**

THE foremost winter game among women over a great many years has been that of hockey. Its growth during the last three or four years has been something to marvel at. Much of this result is due to the standard set by the officials of each State, who have given much time and energy to seeing that the game is conducted along proper lines.

Seven years ago the first Australian women's team left for England, where they took part in many international games arranged during their stay. They visited Germany, and also Africa, and played matches there.

This year Australia will witness another step along the road to progress with the visit of the New Zealand team.

Last year New South Wales Association arranged with the permission of the All-Australian Women's Hockey Council to take a team to Suva. On the return journey New South Wales played a hockey match in Auckland, and when arrangements were being made for a visit to these shores from a representative New Zealand team it was believed that one or more of the New Zealanders would be from those with whom Australia had made acquaintance.

**However, such is not the case, for every one of the team will be a complete stranger to the people of Australia.**

Mrs. Reid will captain the New Zealanders. She has had a long experience of hockey, and has represented Wellington, where she resides, in several representative matches. This will be her first experience of captaining a team to travel overseas.

Mrs. A. Poulton will act as manager to the team, and she also is an experienced player.

### Try-out in Sydney

THE New Zealanders' first glimpse of Australia was when they landed in Sydney.

There are many attractions arranged for them during the four days' stay there, and on Saturday they are to play their first match on Australian soil against New South Wales representatives. Lady Hore-Ruthven, the Governor's wife, has consented to be present at this match which will take place at the University Square.

That night a special train will leave Sydney, containing the 43 members of the touring team, as well as the New Zealand, Queensland, and New South Wales representatives.

Before the end of the month Melbourne will see the biggest hockey carnival of the century in full swing.

Next to the Australia versus New Zealand match, which is to be played on August 3, arrangements will be made for the sending of a team of Australian women hockey players to take part in the tour of America next year.

Next year's interstate contests are set down to take place in Sydney, and it is thought that after these matches the Australian players will be selected, and that they will probably return to their homes in time to make all the necessary arrangements for the trip overseas.

The next twelve months will see the realisation of a cherished dream for just sixteen players, out of the many thousands who figure on the hockey fields of Australia.

In all the world no love like theirs—love born in the garrets of Paris—flowering in a wilderness of roof-tops—an inspiration to all lovers since!

"HOW can I find the key," asks Mimi, "if you hold my hands?" "How can I know you're real unless I do?" whispered Rodolphe.

Mimi

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"About four years ago I had a very big internal operation, which left me with occasional bad turns, such as a bad head, and nerves. Quite recently I had an extra bad turn and broke out in big hives all over me, which nearly drove me mad, and my *nerves and head were terrible.* I tried several patent medicines . . . but they were of no use to me. I said to my husband that I would fall back on my old favourite (Clements Tonic) and after the first small bottle all the hives had disappeared. I am now on my second bottle and *I feel* real well, *better than I have felt for months.* I swear by Clements Tonic, *it is the only thing that does me any good.*"

(Mrs.) A.G.H., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

*(Original letter on file for inspection)*

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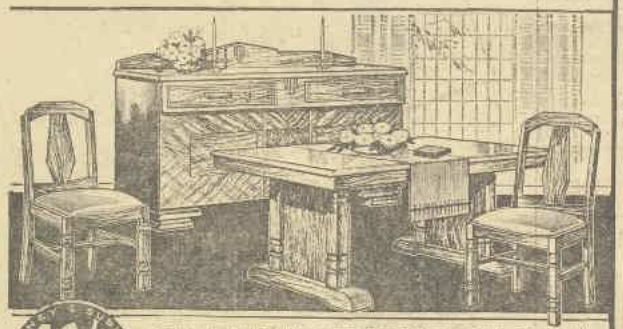

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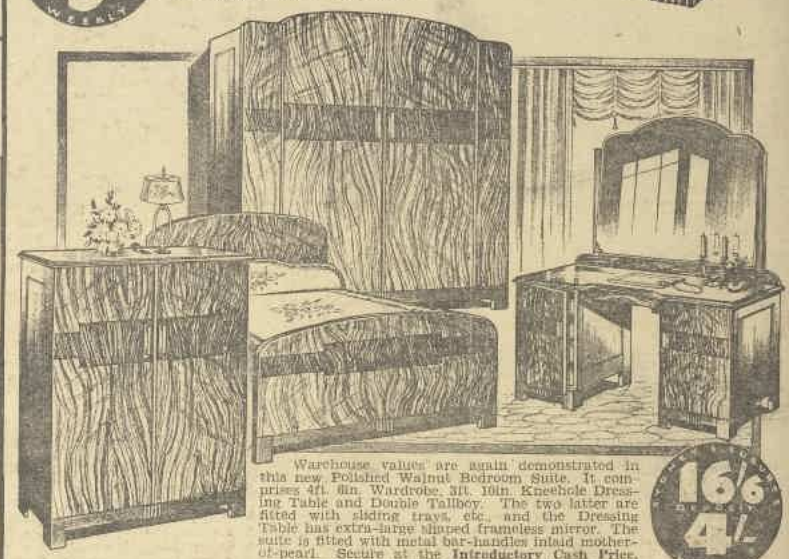
Artistic in design, this new Polished Maple Dining Room Set has contrasting veneers which give a particularly handsome appearance. 5ft. Sideboard has usual fittings; 5ft. Refectory Table has four legs with panels; and the four Chairs (two only illustrated) have spring, lift-out seats. Inspect at the Warehouse this week—the Introductory Cash Price is £16/16/- (Easy Terms if more convenient).



Warehouse values are again demonstrated in this new Polished Walnut Bedroom Suite. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 10in. Kneehole Dressing Table and Double Tallboy. The two latter are fitted with sliding trays, etc., and the Dressing Table has extra-large shaped frameless mirror. The suite is fitted with metal bar-handles inlaid mother-of-pearl. Secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £16/16/- (Bedstead extra)—or on Easy Terms.

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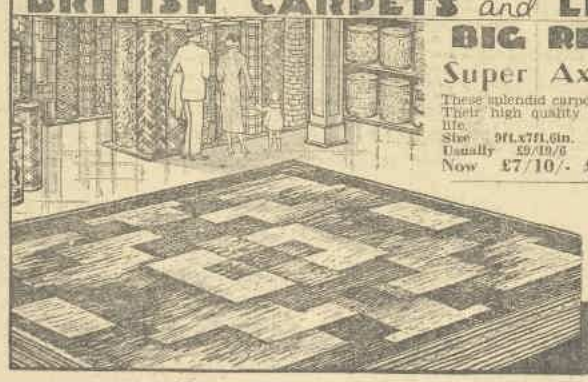

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*Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly*

# MARRIAGE

## Complete Book-length Novel

## *By* ALISON VIVIAN

***This Supplement Must Not Be Sold Separately.***

CHAPTER 1.

"WELL, it's no use. We can't go on like this." Mrs. Marlow burst out on to the verandah one blazing morning in November, where her two daughters, Marilyn and Paula, swung lazily to and fro in hammock chairs.

The heat of the South African morning was intense. The flowers, what little there were, drooped languidly on their dusty stems. The grass was parched and brown, and the dust in the road beyond the garden rose in heavy red clouds as a stray car or passing rickshaw went by on its way to town.

Neither of the girls stopped swinging when Mrs. Marlow appeared. They knew this particular phrase of their mother's all too well—it was the one she always used at the end of the month when the bills came. But a tiny frown creased Marilyn's forehead between her straight, black brows, and a small sigh parted her lips. There was going to be the usual row, she could see.

Their debts were even more serious than usual, her mother said.

"It's a beastly shame being so hard up! You promised me I should come out at the tennis dance, and I can't, of course, without a new dress," grumbled Paula.

"You can't come out at all yet," snapped Mrs. Marlow. "It's much too expensive as it is to keep Marilyn in decent clothes. You can't both be attractively dressed and go about to social functions. You'll have to wait until Marilyn marries——"

"When's that going to be I'd like to know?" flamed Paula. And Marilyn, knowing that the same old row would inevitably end in the same old way, steeled herself desperately for the battle.

"Never!" she said lightly, and delicately yawned through her slim fingers. "You'll be a white-haired old woman when you go to your first dance, Paula."

"Mother, it's not fair! Tell Marilyn not to be such a rotter!" flared Paula, turning fiercely to Mrs. Marlow, tears not very far away. "It's hateful of her to jeer like that—she wouldn't if she was the younger daughter and had to wait until some man could be brought up to the scratch to marry her sister before she could have some decent clothes and go to dances," she added viciously. And saw with pleasure the tiny spot of color appear on Marilyn's cream-like cheek.

"Paula's right, Marilyn," answered Mrs. Marlow peevishly. "I don't want to keep on nagging you, but really it is time you married."

Marilyn shrugged impatiently. Why couldn't they leave off baiting her, she thought wildly? Wouldn't she give the eyes out of her head if only Valentine could marry her! But he could not—not yet—she understood that. She knew only too well that he could not be openly engaged to her while he held the position he did of aide-de-camp to the Governor, who refused to keep married men on his staff. When the Governor's term of office was over—in another year—Val and she could get married. But she could not explain this to her people. None of the Marlows were discreet, and for Val's sake the news of their attachment to each other must remain a secret. She had promised him that. The Governor would dismiss him if he knew his name was tangled up with a girl.

And, loving him as she did, with all the passion of her impetuous young heart, Marilyn believed utterly in Valentine Carstairs' promises and caresses, and believed herself to be loved in return as she loved him. She did not know that if she waited for Carstairs to speak, Paula would indeed be the white-haired old woman she had mockingly called her.

THAT was why, at twenty-one, Marilyn was still unmarried, on the parental hands, and spoiling Paula's chances.

"You're an exceedingly rude and ungrateful girl," cried Mrs. Marlow, her Irish temper suddenly getting the better of her. "You're lazy, idle, selfish. You cost us an enormous amount of money. And all you do is enjoy yourself and run up bills which we have to pay. And you haven't even the decency to try and help us a little out of our difficulties—principally brought upon us by you," went on Mrs. Marlow, lashing herself into further fury and allowing herself to imagine that all their debts and difficulties were solely due to keeping Marilyn. "You stand in your sister's light and make her life miserable. I don't believe you even try to get married!"

And so the storm went on over Marilyn's dark head, Paula breaking in now and then with a bitter speech that somehow always found its mark. (After all, Marilyn was preventing her from coming out next month, and deserved a little plain speaking.)

At last Marilyn could endure it no longer. She sprang up from her chair, and, putting her hands over her ears, ran frantically away through the house into her own room, shutting and locking the door behind her.

"Oh, Val, Val, I can't stand much more!" she whispered. She sank down on her bed to still the trembling of her body, and let her head fall despairingly on to her hands.

Presently, Marilyn's eyes turned involuntarily to a little framed photograph that stood on her dressing-table. Though it was merely a snapshot of a group of young people taken at one of the many picnics which Salisbury indulged in so frequently, it was the only portrait Marilyn dared possess of Valentine Carstairs.

He was standing at the back of the group, but well fronting the camera. Somehow, Valentine always managed to be in the limelight, even though he might be in the background. He was a tall, slimly-built young man, with an arrogant turn to his handsome head, and a smile that had brought more than one woman to her undoing.

The photograph gave no idea of his coloring, but Marilyn's infatuated eyes clothed the dull brown of the snapshot with more glowing colors; bright gold curling hair, brilliant blue eyes, white teeth against a rich brown skin. He was just redeemed from sheer girlish prettiness by the hard and rather cruel lines of his thin mouth. But he was a god to Marilyn.

Unable to bear the stifling atmosphere of the house any longer, Marilyn picked up a large shady hat and thrust it carelessly on her black head. It had not been paid for, but Marilyn did not worry over that. The system of credit was so common in the Marlow family that she was as unconscious of shame as any of them.

Marilyn tip-toed cautiously along the passage and listened for a moment. Paula and her mother were still at it on the verandah. Marilyn could hear her own name, and scraps of conversation came to her ears:

"It's beastly mean of her, anyway. I believe she does it on purpose." Paula's fretful voice.

"Doesn't care what we spend on her." Her mother, the Irish temper still smouldering. "Can't find a husband——"

"——stand out of the way for me." Paula again.

And then her mother hopefully:

"If she went down to the Cape to stop with your father's old Aunt Minnie there would be a chance for you."

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MARILYN knew what that meant. Banishment. To an old aunt who lived down in the south miles away in the country. No dances, no picnics, no moonlight rides, no fun of any kind. And —she wouldn't see Valentine. If they once sent her down to the Cape they'd see that she stopped down there until Paula had caught a husband.

Marilyn's breath came rather fast, and a sick fear crept into her heart. If they insisted on her going, she would not be able to defy them. She had no money of her own, no power to prevent it. If they insisted, she would have to go.

"We must do something!" she thought passionately, and longed for Valentine and the protective shelter of his arms.

Turning silently on her tracks, she let herself out of the back door and made her way down the dusty road that led later on to the main street of the town. If she walked along the promenade she might meet someone who'd stand her morning tea. And if she spun it out it would be lunch time when she got back, and probably her mother would have forgotten all about the morning's quarrel.

In her smart, fashionably-cut frock, her model hat, and expensive shoes on her slender feet, no stranger seeing Marilyn sauntering along would have imagined that her family was up to its eyes in debt, already almost on the verge of bankruptcy. But everyone in the town of Salisbury knew. Nobody's affairs were ever secret there long. Everyone knew Ralph Marlow got drunk, and ran up enormous bills at the club, and that Enid Marlow had only just escaped being summoned by her dressmaker.

As she walked along, busy with her thoughts and not noticing where she was going, Marilyn suddenly ran into a khaki shirt, and, looking up with a start, encountered a face bronzed with the sun, and a pair of deep grey eyes.

"Miss Marlow!" And a broad sun hat came quickly off, revealing dull fair hair—not like Val's bright gold—and a fine, broad forehead.

"Hello, Barry!" she said mechanically. They never called anyone by their surname in Marilyn's crowd. "What brings you to town?" She suddenly smiled up at him, revealing her strong little white teeth. Perhaps Barry would give her tea at Pocket's, she thought.

"I had to come in about some machinery for the farm," he said, looking down contentedly into the small golden face upturned to his. Marilyn always reminded him of a lovely boy, or a young colt, for all her girlish beauty. There was something fine and clean about the lines of her slender body, something adorably young and innocent, in spite of the rouge and lipstick and powder which she used so lavishly.

But Barry Kilsane remembered her as an overgrown child of fifteen or sixteen, wild, tomboyish, awkward, before she was sent away to the fashionable finishing school at the Cape. Even in those days they had been friends, though they had never gone about much together.

How she had changed, thought Barry, looking down on her paint and powder, her fashionable clothes, and her manicured hands with their long pointed nails—evidence of the utter uselessness of her life. He remembered the lovely, warm-hearted child of the past. Was she still there, he wondered, hidden beneath the layers of fashion and frivolity? And if so, would anyone besides himself ever discover her existence? Not Carstairs. Barry knew a little of the affair between those two.

"Would you like to invite me to tea?" asked Marilyn carelessly, her eyes turning towards the even opening and shutting door of Pocket's tea-rooms. Barry Kilsane was really quite passable and surprisingly good-looking, though he was a bit strait-laced and serious. Anyway, he would not bore her for half an hour.

"I'd love to," answered Barry readily. "Come along." And, shouldering his broad frame through the crowd, made way for Marilyn.

"Will it run to tea and cakes?" she asked coolly, as they settled themselves at a table. She took out her vanity case and proceeded to make up her lovely young mouth in complete disregard for her surroundings, while Barry watched her with mingled amazement and disapproval.

"Have a cigarette?" she continued, producing her cigarette case. Barry noted the tobacco stains on her slim fingers.

"Not now, thanks," he said aloud, adding in answer to her first question: "Yes, of course, it'll run to cakes. A farmer always arrives in town with full pockets, and I've only just got in."

Taking him at his word, Marilyn ordered recklessly, and Barry noticed with a tender amusement that she was still only a child in the delighted way she licked the cream off her slim fingers.

"Ooh, dear! I shan't eat a scrap of lunch after this," she announced at last. "Thanks awfully, Barry. I'll do the same for you one day!" She pushed her chair back, and rose as carelessly as she had entered. Barry had filled in the requisite half-hour; she didn't want to be bothered with him any longer.

"May I drive you home? My chariot is here." He waved his hand towards a dilapidated old car which was still thickly covered with the rich red dust of the veldt through which he had driven at dawn that morning.

Marilyn shuddered frankly, inevitably contrasting it with Carstairs' elegant little two-seater in which she had gone off on many a surreptitious excursion with him.

"No, thanks. I hate bone-shakers," she said calmly, unaware of her rudeness. It was the fashion to be frank nowadays. Politeness didn't cut any ice with Marilyn and her friends.

"'Bye, Barry. See you some time. We might look you up on our next picnic. I hope your native cook can make cakes, though. The last one you had nearly did the party in, 'member?"

"Safer to bring your own," Barry said —smiling. "I won't answer for Chusora's cakes, though I can for his stews. Anyway, you'll find a warm welcome at Two Rivers, if that's any use."

"You don't grow fat on welcomes," said Marilyn. "We'll bring some cakes from Pocket's and put 'em down to you."

SHE nodded her head gaily and left him without any other word, swinging with careless grace down the hot street, and leaving Barry gazing after her.

"What you want, my child," he said, under his breath, "is a good spanking, and I wouldn't mind giving it you, either!" But his eyes were tender, and full of unwilling admiration as he watched her slim young figure out of sight.

Marilyn having disappeared from view among the shifting crowd that thronged the pavement, Barry turned on his heel and made his way to a big store, there to discuss machinery for his beloved farm, which drove everything else from his mind for the moment.

Barry Kilsane had been born and bred a farmer. He had been brought up on a farm, and had always lived right away from towns, except the few years which had been grudgingly spent at school. But his whole heart and soul were with the South African veldt, and all its many fascinations—so like a woman in its ever-changing moods and ways.

His farm—the product of a good many years' sheer hard labor and uphill fighting, now a lovely, prosperous concern—lay about fifty miles from Salisbury. And Barry, at twenty-nine, was looked upon as a very sound man in the district, and his banking account quite one to be respected, though he lived with great simplicity, and rarely put in an appearance in town. He was a man of many friends, quiet, strong, and kindly. But Marilyn and her crowd did not trouble to look beneath that quiet surface, and found him a bit "stodgy," as they called it, having none of the showy qualities of a man like Valentine Carstairs.

## CHAPTER 2.

THAT evening, Marilyn was going to a dance, and she dressed with great care. Her heart was beating happily as she put on the flimsy but expensive little undergarments, the silk stockings, the ridiculously high-heeled slippers, and finally her frock—a favorite of Val's.

She hummed a tune as she dressed; a dreamy, lilting waltz that she always danced with Valentine, always the most superb dancer in the room. She wasn't going to worry about anything any more now. She would see Val in a very short time. She had perfect faith in him. He would find a way out of all their difficulties.

She went along to the dance with a party of young people as gay-hearted and as careless as herself.

Carstairs had not arrived when Marilyn came out of the dressing-room. She looked furtively but anxiously about for him. She soon found other partners and only when the waltz started up—her waltz, hers and Val's—did Marilyn refuse all offers. And as she sauntered to the dressing-room with a careless word of excuse: "I've dragged about a yard off my frock—simply must find a pin," her eyes roved to and fro, trying to discover that dear, well-known golden head.

And suddenly she saw him dancing—their dance—and her face went very white for an instant. Whom was he dancing with? Someone she had never seen before. A magnificent creature, all white and gold, with masses of brilliant red hair, and enormous, languishing topaz eyes—cat's eyes, thought Marilyn, watching her. A dead-white skin, a curving, scarlet mouth and the most perfect figure in two continents. Marilyn suddenly felt the blood leave her heart in a great rush. Where had Val found her?

Bracing herself fiercely, Marilyn turned with well-acted carelessness to someone near her.

"Who on earth's that amazing creature Val's dancing with, Toby?" she asked. "I didn't know our poor little town could produce such a thing, did you?"

"Oh, that? Yes, by Jove! She's a bit of a corker, what?" replied Toby Travers, a nice, brainless youth who belonged to Marilyn's crowd, eyeing Val with a good deal of envy. "She's not a Salisbury product, my dear. You're right. She's a relation or something of the Governor's staying at Government House for the garden party next week. She's a bit too much for the Governor, I believe, and so Val's been told off to hike her round. And, by Jove, he's a lucky chap to have the chance!"

"Yes, she's pretty good," answered Marilyn calmly. Her own heart quickened a little. Someone from Government House? Poor Val! Of course, he had to be polite —hiking her round, as Toby expressed it. Of course, he was hating it as much as Marilyn was. He would come to her as soon as he could, she felt confident. Once he passed her close in the dance, and gave her one of those long, intimate glances that sent the blood dizzily to her face.

So it was with a light heart and carefree mind that Marilyn set herself to wait for

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the delirious moment when Val would come to her. She continued to dance with other men who claimed her. It was quite easy to laugh and fool about with them now.

"Jove, but it's warm!" said Toby, at the end of one of the dances. "What about a breather outside, Mari?"

"Right-ho! And a drink, Toby, please."

"Long and strong?" asked Toby, as she flung herself down in a chair on the long verandah outside.

"Long. I don't care about the strong," laughed Marilyn. "And give us a cigarette, there's an angel, before you go. Thanks."

SHE lay back for a moment enjoying the faint breeze that came softly from the garden, heavy with the scent of a stephanotis that twined its delicate fragrance round a pillar near by. A frangi-pangi tree sent out the bewildering perfume of its blossoms, too, and mingled with the stephanotis in the soft night air. The night outside was velvety black. There was no moon to pierce its darkness.

What a night for lovers! Marilyn felt something stir vaguely in her. She wanted Valentine to come to her here—here away from the lights and the noises; just she and he alone under the stars.

Seized with a sudden restlessness she got up from her seat and began strolling up and down the verandah, waiting for Toby and drinks and longing for Valentine. Casually she turned the corner at the one end where it continued to run along the other side of the house. This side was in dim shadow, too, until an unseen hand flung back a curtain from a nearby window. And, as the light fell upon the verandah, cutting sharply through the shadows, Marilyn gave a horrible gasp and fell back against the pillar near which she was standing, her arm upflung across her face.

It wasn't true, it wasn't, couldn't be! She was mad, dreaming! What utter nonsense! She was imagining things. She gave a queer, husky laugh, and, slowly withdrawing her upflung arm, with wild eyes she frantically searched the dim recesses of the verandah.

It was true. She wasn't dreaming. Oh, horrible, horrible!

"Hush, you mustn't scream, you fool!"

She heard herself mutter the words, and hit herself a blow across the mouth, as she reeled back from what her eyes had seen. There, revealed by that sudden shaft of light, half lay, half sat, two figures. A man's and a woman's. Valentine and that magnificent woman from Government House. She was in his arms, her flaming mass of hair on his shoulder, her white face turned up to his in insolent surrender, her scarlet mouth parting to be kissed.

And Val's arms were round her, gripping her fiercely to him, while he muttered wild, passionate words in her hair.

"My sweet!" Marilyn heard him say, her ears strained to catch every sound in that tense silence. "My sweet!"

At that, something seemed to break in Marilyn. She turned and fled silently away like some poor creature possessed. Staggering and swaying, she came round the end of the verandah, to meet Toby face to face with two brimming glasses.

"I'm feeling simply rotten—I'm ill," she had the wit to gasp out. No one must ever know of that awful moment of revelation. Like a wounded animal she dragged herself to hiding.

"Poor old kid! Here, hold on," said Toby, who was an undiscerning but kindhearted youth. "Sit down and have a long pull at this." He put her into a chair and held one of the glasses to her lips. "It's strong as well as long, praise the pigs! Take a good swig, Marilyn. Jove, it was infernally hot in there, wasn't it?"

Marilyn drank long and deeply from the proffered glass, and felt a little strength return to her shaking limbs. She silently blessed Toby that moment, that it was strong as well as long.

"Like to stay quiet here a bit?" suggested Toby, a trifle uncomfortably, as Marilyn sank back white and immobile. He didn't quite know what to do. Marilyn was always such a strong kid, he'd never seen her like this before.

Marilyn suddenly sat up. Stay here and have herds of people flocking out to offer remedies and say: "Poor old thing!" She couldn't bear that!

"Toby," she said quickly, laying a coaxing little hand on his sleeve, "I wonder if you'd do me a favor? I'm feeling horribly wobbly. Would you be an angel and drive me home? It won't take you a second, and I don't suppose your partner will have forgotten about you by the time you get back. You're much too nice. Could you?"

"Course I will, old thing," answered Toby readily. Marilyn was a decent kid. She was a jolly good little pal.

He jumped in beside her, and in an instant, with a roar and a honking, the little car dashed off through the darkness, past the brilliantly lit room from which the strains of saxophones still came untiringly on the hot night air.

Marilyn breathed a sigh of relief. Thank heaven she had escaped!

HER own home reached, her own room entered and the door locked swiftly behind her as though she feared pursuit, Marilyn, the green and gold dress falling forlornly from one dimpled shoulder, sat on the edge of her bed and desperately tried to face the situation. She didn't want to do that. She felt she had neither the courage nor the strength, yet knew it must be done. And lurking at the back of her mind, where for the moment she had unconsciously thrust it, lay the fact that with the end of Valentine in her life, there was also the problem of her mother and Paula to be dealt with.

At first, sorrow had its way, and Marilyn longed for Valentine with all the intensity of first love. Then pride stepped in, and she paced the room wildly, with flaming cheeks and clenched hands. How dared he! How dared he! Humiliate her so! If only she could make him suffer as he had made her. She hoped viciously that the woman from Government House would break his heart, if he had one to break.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed. The memory of all the wild caresses and rare endearments she had lavished on him came to burn and sear her till she could have cried out with the agony of it all.

But presently the memory of that last scene with her family would not be denied, and Marilyn sat contemplating the havoc of her life, which now lay in ruins around her. For Valentine Carstairs had been the only weapon with which to fight her mother and Paula, and now that weapon had been wrested from her. In her secret engagement to him she had laid all her strength and her defiance. She shivered while she thought of the unending stream of abuse that lay before her, culminating in banishment to Aunt Minnie.

"I can't bear it," she said desperately to her pillow. "I can't!"

"If only I could get hold of a man, as Paula vulgarly puts it," she thought despondently. And then an idea leaped suddenly to her mind, startling her with its audacity, yet bringing a glimmer of hope in its train.

Why not pretend she was engaged? Tell her family that it was a deadly secret for the moment, and could not be announced. Tell Val, too. That would salve her pride.

At least she had her pride left, and, though people had gossiped about her and Val in their usual, careless way, nobody had even guessed how far their affair had actually gone. Now nobody should ever know how much Val had possessed her heart. And she would never willingly see or speak to him again.

At least the plan would give her a little peace, give her time to face things and formulate some kind of plan for the future.

But who on earth was she to pretend to be engaged to? He would have to agree to be her temporary fiance, of course, and somehow she couldn't well see any of the men in her crowd keeping such a secret. It would look so awfully like touting for a real proposal. Marilyn writhed at the very thought of such a thing.

Yet she couldn't bring herself to abandon the scheme. What could she do? Then suddenly came inspiration, and a feeling of unutterable relief.

Barry Kilsane, of course.

Why hadn't she thought of Barry before? He was the very person for her plan. Not so young and eligible that she couldn't explain things a little to him. He was kindly and solid—a bit too solid in some ways—but at least she felt he would understand she wasn't trying to trick him into marrying her. He didn't live in Salisbury either. It would be easy later on to drift out of the engagement, since he so rarely came in to town.

She would get hold of him some time to-morrow, while he was still in town, and explain things. She knew he'd be a sport over it. Unconsciously Marilyn turned to the only man she could completely trust, though she did not realise that she only felt that good old reliable Barry Kilsane would not let her down.

## CHAPTER 3.

MARILYN slept late the next morning. She went down languidly at last and flopped into a chair by the table, accompanied by a splitting headache and jangled nerves—a reaction after the night before.

"Had a good time?" asked Paula grudgingly. "I heard you come home. You were very early, weren't you?"

"Yes," answered Marilyn briefly. "I'd a rotten head. The beastly place was so stuffy. Give me some tea, Paula. I couldn't face breakfast this morning."

"I thought you might have come home early because you didn't get enough partners," said Paula viciously. She was always at her worst after Marilyn had come back from a dance Paula imagined she ought to have been at herself.

"Oh, dry up!" said Marilyn wearily. "I've heard that bilge before. Something always seems to bite you after I've been out anywhere," she added unwisely.

"I've every right," flared Paula at once, "when I might have been there myself if it wasn't for you——'

"Be quiet!" Marilyn suddenly put down her cup, caution flung to the winds. Anything, anything to avert another row. "You'll soon have what you want."

"What do you mean?" There was sneering incredulity in Paula's voice. But Mrs. Marlow turned to look fixedly at Marilyn.

"What I say," went on Marilyn rapidly, clasping and unclasping her hands feverishly, forgetful of her intention to speak to Barry first. "I'm engaged to be married, if you want to know. I've caught a man!" she sneered. "Now I hope you're satisfied and will leave me alone for the future."

With a cry of delight, Paula sprang up and went over to her sister, dropping an enthusiastic kiss on the top of her head, overjoyed for herself rather than for any thought of Marilyn's happiness.

"Do tell us when it happened! Last night? Who is he?"

"Really, Marilyn, dear, I am surprised,

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but truly thankful," said her mother, also crossing over to kiss her affectionately. "What a relief—I mean, how nice! I'm sure you'll be very happy."

(Although she doesn't know who it is, thought Marilyn bitterly. Her mother's relief was too obvious to be ignored.)

"Who is the lucky man?" demanded Mrs. Marlow.

And then Marilyn realised with sudden horror that she had meant to ask Barry first. Supposing they spoke to him before she got hold of him herself?

"For Heaven's sake stop, mother!" she said irritably. "Don't be so awfully rapid. It's indecent. As a matter of fact, we—we want our engagement kept a secret for a little while. We—We both hate fuss. I hadn't meant to tell any of you yet, only you've baited me so lately, both of you."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mari," said Paula. "But it's been frightfully disappointing for me all this time, remember. Who is he, though?" she queried curiously. "You keep talking and talking, but we don't even know who he is. Is it Val Carstairs? You've seen a good bit of him lately." And a terrible pain shot through Marilyn's heart.

"VAL CARSTAIRS?" she said shrilly. "That blighter? Heavens, no. Besides, you know that none of the old Governor's aides are ever allowed to get engaged, much less married."

"Toby? Wiggles? Dick?" queried Paula in rapid succession, calling by their nicknames some of the young men who formed their crowd.

"No!" Marilyn shook her head.

"Then who, who?" chorused the other two impatiently.

Marilyn paused a moment, eyeing them wickedly. It gave her malicious pleasure to keep them in suspense. Then:

"It's Barry Kilsane," she said slowly, and watched the effect of her words.

"Barry Kilsane!" They exclaimed together, and their unfeigned surprise nearly made Marilyn laugh.

"You're joking——" began Paula incredulously.

"And why?" asked Marilyn acidly, "Is it such a joke for me to become engaged to Barry Kilsane?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Paula hastily. "But you don't know him frightfully well. Why, you've hardly seen him. He's never in town——"

"Funny as it may appear to you," answered Marilyn with great dignity, "I met Barry in town yesterday morning, and we had tea together at Pocket's."

Thank Heaven, at least she could say that truthfully.

"But you never told us. Did he propose, then?"

"All engagements don't come about at dances, you know," said Marilyn lightly. "And please remember, both of you, we don't want it known yet, for so Heaven's sake don't go blabbing it all over the place!" she added irritably. She must prevent the news from leaking out before she'd seen Barry. She must get hold of him by hook or by crook that very morning.

She rose to her feet. She could bear no more.

"I'm going down town a moment," she announced carelessly. She might catch Barry at his hotel if she were quick enough. Anyway, she could leave a message for him to come and see her at once.

Now, in the cold light of day, she wondered how she could have been mad enough to think of such a wild scheme. Supposing Barry refused? Marilyn shivered and thrust that thought quickly from her.

"If Barry rings up, tell him I'll be in very soon," she added carelessly. That would show Paula and her mother everything was all right.

Directly she had gone, Paula sprang up excitedly.

"I simply must just phone to Molly," she said. "I'll swear her to secrecy, but I simply must tell her. Now we shall both be able to come out at the tennis dance!"

She dashed away to the telephone and rang up Molly Dering, her great friend.

"That you, Molly? My dear! It's frightfully thrilling. Yes. Listen! Only swear you won't breathe a word—not yet I mean—it's only just happened. Somebody's engaged— No; stupid, not me yet. Don't be such an ass. It's Mari. I'm not fooling. To Barry Kilsane. Yes, I wouldn't have chosen him, would you? But —I shall be coming out at the tennis dance, after all, Molly. We'll be able to wear those frocks we'd planned. Isn't it ripping? Not a word, remember! By-bye!"

Molly Dering, sworn to complete secrecy, five minutes later accidentally meeting Mrs. Swaythling, the biggest scandalmonger in the town, imparted this great piece of news to her under a sacred pledge of secrecy. And Mrs. Swaythling, who had had designs on Barry herself for a long time, enraged beyond measure at the news, met Barry himself a moment afterwards, and fell upon him with a flow of gushing insincerity and congratulations that momentarily paralysed the poor man.

"Oh, Mr. Kilsane," she burbled affectedly. "I've only just heard the news—so exciting! You are—er—a fortunate man, and I think Marilyn the luckiest girl in the world. You naughty man to keep it so dark. How long has it been going on? Your caring for each other, I mean?"

She eyes him inquisitively. Was he looking surprised?

"I do hope you'll be very happy. I do, indeed. Am I the first to congratulate you?" She seized the bewildered Barry's hands in hers and pumped them up and down violently.

"You certainly are!" he said, realising in a vague sort of way that he was supposed to be engaged to Marilyn.

But before he could deny any knowledge of the affair, Mrs. Swaythling continued:

"I always love to hear of an engagement —so romantic, you know. And Marilyn such a dear girl, in spite of those rowdy manners that all the girls of the present day seem to have. I never could understand why no man has been wise enough to win her before."

MRS. SWAYTHLING was now incoherently babbling, and Barry had to interrupt.

"Who told you of—our engagement?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I've just heard it from Molly Dering, Paula's great friend. She must have told her, I suppose. You naughty man, the secret's out! You can't hide it any longer!"

She tapped him coyly on the arm.

"And when is the wedding to be? But there, I can't stop now—I must run away. Good-bye, dear Mr. Kilsane!"

With another tap on his arm, Mrs. Swaythling sped away, filled with jealous rage, but at the same time anxious to be the first to spread the news broadcast, leaving Barry standing staring helplessly after her.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he said inelegantly, and stood for a moment gravely looking down the red dusty road, his brain whirling and some little pulse beginning to beat rapidly in his heart.

Suddenly he made up his mind, and turned his steps in the direction of the Marlow's bungalow. He must find Marilyn and assure her that the story was none of his making.

If only Marilyn would allow herself to be engaged to him, thought Barry regretfully. He would give his life to making her happy. But there wasn't much chance of that! What chance had he against the obvious attractions of a man like Carstairs? Not the ghost of one.

Meanwhile, Marilyn had reached Barry's hotel and drawn blank. She had hastily scribbled a note and left it to be given him directly he returned, and slowly retraced her steps homewards, every moment feeling more and more regretful of the rash step she had taken.

"Serves you right, you blithering little fool!" she told herself. "Why didn't you keep your temper? It's entirely your own fault if you've made a mess of the whole thing!"

There was one thing though—she'd burnt her boats. She couldn't undo what she had done now, however much she wished.

Anxiously she retraced her steps to the house, and came up the path—to see Barry standing waiting outside the door.

With a little cry of fear she sprang forward. He hadn't had time to get her note—what had he heard? Something—or he wouldn't be here. Barry had never called at their house before.

As she reached his side, the door was flung open by Paula.

"Hallo!" she cried. "I say how——"

"Clear off, Paula!" interrupted Marilyn desperately, before she had time to say any more. "I want to talk to Barry, please—if you don't mind!" And thrusting an arm through his, she almost pushed him into the deserted drawing-room and shut the door, leaning against it, breathing heavily, her hands spread out as if to prevent his escape.

"Marilyn!" In his perplexity Barry unconsciously used her name for the first time. "What has happened? I don't in the least understand——"

"You've heard, then?" she asked, and he saw her small face whiten.

"Yes." He took a step towards her. "I'm as astonished as you. I don't know in the least how people have got hold of the idea that we're engaged." He looked worried and anxious, and then Marilyn's heart sank. "I can assure you it's not my fault," Barry ended, with a worried frown.

"No!" broke in Marilyn. "But it's mine. I told them I was engaged to you." And she began to laugh hysterically, leaving Barry bereft of speech.

CHAPTER 4.

"YOU said we were engaged?" Barry spoke at last, hardly believing his own ears. "But I don't understand——"

"No, you wouldn't!" answered Marilyn. "I'll explain—only first—will you tell me who—how you heard? By the way, what did you hear?"

"Mrs. Swaythling congratulated me about five minutes ago," answered Barry reluctantly. "I understood her to say she heard the news from Molly Dering."

"Molly? Oh, so it was Paula!" Suddenly a wave of dreadful scarlet flamed into her white face, and she hid it in her hands for an instant.

"Please don't be upset," began Barry awkwardly, thinking that Marilyn's shame was for her mother's cunning in spreading this rumor. "I quite understand——"

"Oh, no, you don't!" said Marilyn, with a gleam of the impish humor which never wholly deserted her. "You don't understand in the least. But," she added firmly after a pause, "I'm going to explain."

She faced him bravely, small hands clenched at her side, her face hard and set.

"The whole thing's entirely my fault—at least, I started it, only—only it wouldn't—I mean, I didn't intend it to happen like this. Paula spoke too soon, wretched little blighter," she added, and the color flooded her face again. "Just like Paula," thought Marilyn bitterly. "I might have known she wouldn't keep her word!"

"Won't you tell me, quite simply, all about it?" said Barry gently, a look of pity and of something more in his deep grey eyes, besides a certain bewildered curiosity. She looked such a poor, forlorn child

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standing there, for all her defiant courage. He longed to reassure her.

Marilyn felt rather than heard the pity in his voice, and turned impulsively to him like the child she really was.

"Barry," she said, and came over to where he stood, standing close to him with her hands clasped tightly to her heart. "I've been a mad fool, and I'm awfully sorry, but p'raps you won't be so very angry when—when I explain that I never meant you to find out like that. I was going to tell you myself." She broke off abruptly, while Barry had waited with growing amazement.

"Barry," she said again, "have you ever known what it is to be driven nearly out of your senses?" She caught her breath. "So that you're simply desperate—so that you'd do anything, anything to get away—so that you hardly know what you're doing or saying?"

"I think I understand," he said quickly, but in the same gentle voice he had used before. "Go on, Marilyn."

"Well, that's how I've felt," she went on rapidly. "Oh, I'm going to be perfectly frank with you! You shall hear the whole rotten truth about the Marlows, though I expect you know it already. I'm a failure, Barry, a miserable failure, did you know? Oh, of course you do! 'Isn't it funny poor Marilyn doesn't get married?'" Bitterly she mimicked Mrs. Swaythling. 'Such a pity! Poor Mrs. Marlow, with two daughters on her hands. Paula is quite old enough to come out, but, of course, she has to be kept in the background with Marilyn still unattached—and she's been out so long. I can't understand it!' Oh," she broke out fiercely, "you know the things Salisbury always says about a girl who doesn't get married in her first two seasons, and I've been out for four years!

"Well, it isn't only Salisbury. It's mother and Paula—they've even roped in poor old Daddy. They keep on rubbing it in; they nag all day. I couldn't bear it any longer." She clenched her hands. "I—I didn't want to get married—to—to anyone."

Barry heard the wail of pain her voice and knew instinctively that somehow Carstairs had failed her. How he had done that Barry did not know. But that he had failed her was evident, or she would not now be seeking another man's help like this. Barry drew a little breath of relief.

"Paula can't come out till I'm off their hands," Marilyn went on drearily. "We're up to our eyes in debt, and mother can't afford smart clothes for both of us. Yesterday she delivered an ultimatum; if I didn't get engaged soon she'd banish me to an old aunt down at the Cape and give Paula a chance. I—I didn't want to go—" She paused, and again Barry knew she had been thinking of Carstairs.

"Last night——" But she broke off, and Barry saw her face grow white and pinched. She couldn't reveal that to Barry. That part of her reason must for ever go unsaid.

SHE did not finish her sentence, but began again.

"Then, well, a mad idea came into my head. I thought—if I say I'm engaged to somebody that'll stop all their nagging. And I wondered who I could ask to help me, you know—just pretend for a bit with me. I—I thought of you, Barry. Somehow I knew you'd understand." Unconsciously she had put her trust in him of all men, and Barry felt a fierce stab of joy at the thought.

"I knew you'd be a sport," she went on. "But I was going to ask you first, of course. Only, this morning they started again, and I was awfully tired after last night——" she shivered. "And I just blurted out I was engaged just to make them shut up. And then they were all over me and asked me who it was. So I had to say something." She stopped and flushed vividly.

"Please, Barry," she said appealingly, "do you think it's perfectly awful of me? Would you mind very much? Will you be a sport—just for a few weeks—until I've had a rest from them all?"

A wistfulness crept into her voice.

SHE looked childishly young and so tired, and Barry felt his heart contract. But for a moment he said nothing. He stood looking down at her with an expression she could not read on his grave face.

He knew Marilyn had no more affection for him than that of a casual friend. He quite understood that she was only asking this thing of him out of desperation of her need, because Carstairs had failed her. But Barry didn't deceive himself that Marilyn had ceased to care for Carstairs. Was he doing her a real kindness in falling in with her plan? Was it best for her? Of himself he gave no thought, only of how best he might serve the girl he loved.

Marilyn misunderstood his silence. She suddenly drew herself up quickly, though the color ebbed from her face.

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly. "I—quite understand. Of course, you feel I've—I've made an appalling bloomer. Just forget all about it, please. I'll—I'll put things straight. Please don't bother any more."

And then Barry woke up to the fact that he was hurting Marilyn in a way he had never meant. He took a quick step towards her, and caught her hands warmly in his.

"Don't be a little idiot," he said quickly, using the careless language of her crowd to lighten the situation. "I wasn't blaming you a scrap. I was only a bit startled for the moment, wondering why on earth you'd fixed on an old ass like me. Marilyn—of course, I'll help you!"

His voice was more tender than he knew as he looked down into her small haunted face.

"I'm awfully sorry you've been so—worried," he went on. "That's the worst of living in a rotten hole like Salisbury. Why should you get married unless you—you want to? Here, cheer up, dear, it's going to be quite a lark." He tried to infuse a note of gaiety into his voice. "The only thing is, people will think you've made a jolly poor selection, I'm afraid. They'll be saying, how on earth did such a dull fool as Barry Kilsane manage to get hold of an attractive girl like you!"

He was rewarded by seeing Marilyn's face slowly relax from its lines of haunting fear and pain; the old impish smile slowly crept round her mouth, and the dimple flickered near one corner.

"Oh, Barry, you are a brick!" she cried fervently. "Are you sure you don't mind? Really? Truly? Thank goodness you're such a sport!"

Suddenly she hugged him impulsively, and for a moment Barry had difficulty in keeping his self-control when he felt her arms around his neck, and her soft, flower-like face against his cheek.

"That's all right," he said awkwardly, and patted her shoulder gently with a hand that was not altogether steady.

"You'll have to give me a few tips, you know, Marilyn. I've—never been engaged before, and I don't quite know how I should behave!"

He saw her face cloud over and her eyes grow dark with pain.

"Neither have I," she muttered. "I can't teach you, Barry, because I—I don't know myself——"

"Never mind," he said quickly. "We'll manage it between us, I daresay. Now, do I give you a ring, and do I ask your parents for their blessing or what?"

"Yes!" she suddenly said eagerly. "Please give me a ring—quickly, Barry. I want every one to see——"

And Barry knew, with a sad pain at his heart, that Marilyn was thinking of Valentine Carstairs. She wanted that ring to save her pride. But he gave no sign of his own hurt. He did not comment on her cool acceptance of an expensive ring from a man who meant nothing to her at all. Only he said quietly:

"Righto! I'll send down to Johannesburg straight away. Meanwhile you can wear this." He took off a signet ring set with lapis lazuli from his little finger and slipped it over her slim hand. "Miles too big, of course. You've got such tiny hands. But it'll do till we get the other. What stones would you like, madame?"—jestingly—"diamonds, pearls, rubies?"

"Diamonds," said Marilyn frankly. "They'll be easy for you to sell when the engagement's off," she added dreartly, never dreaming then that a time was coming when she would recall those careless words: "They'll be easy to sell——"

Barry winced, but he only said lightly: "No one can say I haven't got engaged to a jolly practical sort of girl. It reminds me of the old nigger song: 'What I like best about ma honey, she don't want me to spend a lot o' money.' Only in this case you want me to buy you a diamond ring as a sort of investment for the future. Well, come along, let's do the thing handsomely, Marilyn—let's go and receive the parental blessing."

He saw Marilyn's painful blush.

"I understand," he said, and squeezed her arm reassuringly.

"That's all right." She gave his hand a grateful little squeeze. "Yes, we'd better go, Barry. As a matter of fact, I'm going to give that little beast Paula a dressing-down. She swore she wouldn't breathe a word to anyone. I thought we'd have kept it secret for a bit, but better everyone should know soon—get it over!"

## CHAPTER 5.

THE days that followed were strangely restless ones for Marilyn, alternating between pain and outraged pride when she remembered Valentine, and feelings of relief, even of amusement at the changed attitude of her people.

She could do no wrong at home now. Paula and her mother spoilt her recklessly. Her father was pathetically proud and delighted. Her friends regarded her with open envy, and her enemies with secret smiles. She had attained the usual importance of a newly-engaged girl in a small town.

She was deeply grateful to Barry, but she was glad when he went back to his farm, Two Rivers. It was rather a strain pretending she and Barry were lovers. All right when they were left to themselves, but people expected them to go about a good deal, and the chaff and ragging that went on began to wear on Marilyn's fagged nerves.

She had only met Valentine once since her engagement was announced—among a crowd of other people, for which Marilyn was devoutly thankful. He was standing talking to someone with his back turned to Marilyn, when a girl, Angela Trail, called out loudly to him.

"I say, Val, don't you see Marilyn? You haven't congratulated her, have you?"

Carstairs turned slowly round and came up to where Marilyn stood. They looked at each other, their faces devoid of expression. No one seeing them then could have dreamed that once Marilyn had lain in his arms as passionately as the red-haired siren of that dreadful night. He saw the gleam of diamonds on her slim hand.

"Hallo, Marilyn," he said carelessly. "I hear you've taken the plunge at last. Well, all the best, old thing!"

"Thanks," she answered coolly. "Yes—it's quite nice, too—once you've plunged. Pity you can't try it yourself. Poor Val!"

One or two people standing near laughed loudly at this sally. The Governor's dislike of women was well known, and for a moment Carstairs colored faintly. He knew the hidden meaning underneath Marilyn's

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light words. Barry had seized what he had not the decency or the courage to take.

Had she heard any rumor of the red-haired Miss Bentley? He'd been pretty careful, but you could never tell in a place like this. Anyway, why had Marilyn suddenly fallen for Barry Kilsane? She hardly knew the man. He was never in town. Unless she'd been playing a double game with him and Kilsane. That was an unpleasant thought to a man of Valentine's vanity, and he dismissed it hastily from his mind. Nevertheless, Marilyn's words had stung him a little, though he laughed with his usual careless grace.

With a careless wave of his hand, and a gay smile he passed on his way, leaving Marilyn with a sick pain tearing at her heart. Oh, what was the good, anyway? Whatever he had done she loved him. No! She didn't, she hated him, and she never wanted to see him again. But either way she was almost mad with misery.

With a wild desire to force herself to forget she wrote to Barry next day asking him when he was coming back to town. He replied he couldn't for a day or two, but why not come out to see Two Rivers, and have a picnic there as she had planned before they were engaged? He couldn't promise cakes, but he could a guinea-fowl and some peaches.

THE picnic party started at dawn one hot day in late November—a carload of shouting, noisy young people with Marilyn the maddest of them all. She was in her wildest, most imp-like mood, insisting on driving the car herself, at breakneck speed, taking the greatest possible risks which made even her wild companions gasp. After all, if she was killed, what *did* it matter? thought Marilyn recklessly as she sent the car suddenly off the dusty road and swung out across the veldt, bumping over small ant heaps, boulders, and low scrub bushes with the utmost indifference.

"For Heaven's sake don't behave like a blinking young idiot!" shouted one of the men angrily. "I swear you shan't go on driving if you play the giddy ass like that! Marilyn! Hang it all, you nearly had us over!"

But Marilyn only laughed and jammed her foot down on the accelerator.

"It's only a short cut. Don't be an ass, Ronnie. Are you afraid?" She shot over her shoulder, while her small hands gripped the wheel more tightly. "If you don't sit still I will send you into the ditch!" she warned mockingly.

And so, just because she didn't care whether she lived or died that day, they came safely to Two Rivers.

Amid a huge cloud of dust and a mad screeching of brakes, Marilyn drew up at the gate with such violence that the whole party was jerked backwards, and lay in tumbled confusion in the back of the car. While they struggled to sort themselves, Marilyn sprang lightly down from the car and went to meet Barry, who had come from the house on hearing the car.

"Hallo, Barry!" she said carelessly, giving him her hand. "Here we are. We've ransacked Pocket's for cakes. Hope you won't be shocked at the bill—we put 'em down to you. None of us had a bean."

"Hallo, Marilyn! Welcome to Two Rivers, answered Barry quietly. He pulled her to him and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She deserved that, he thought, as he saw her flush up, and heard the other members of the party giggle audibly. He didn't mind footing the bill at Pocket's, but she and her crowd ought to have a more decent sense of honesty than that.

He suddenly longed, with a fervor that surprised himself, to take her right away from all that rotten crew and see her become the same dear girl she had been before the world had spoiled her.

"You needn't try out that stuff. It's not part of the contract."

"We're engaged, remember," he said lightly. "We must do the thing properly, Marilyn. It'd never do to let people suspect that we weren't a most devoted couple so early in the game."

Before Marilyn could reply the rest had extricated themselves from the car, and came up to where she stood with Barry.

"Hallo, Kilsane!" said Ronnie. "You're lucky to see any of us alive. Marilyn's been driving—at least not exactly driving, y'know, just a little idea of murder and suicide on her part. By Jove, I thought she'd brought it off once, too! Phew!" he mopped his forehead. "Well, you don't drive us home, my girl. I'll see to that, even if I have to sit on you the whole way back."

"Nonsense!" said Marilyn carelessly. "You always get scared stiff, Ronnie, if anyone's driving but yourself. Barry, what about tea? My tongue's hanging out. Bring the cakes along, Ronnie. Come on, all of you."

SHE turned to go up the path leading to the house, feeling vaguely embarrassed by Barry's presence. She hoped he wasn't going to behave like that again.

"Chusora's had the kettle on for some time," answered Barry, strolling along at her side. He put his arm carelessly through hers with a little twinkle in his deep grey eyes as he felt her start. She wasn't going to have things all her own way.

"Look here," put in Ronnie, "if you two love birds are going to start love-making right away, just introduce me to Chusora first before you get going. I want a drink, not a love parade. You mayn't want anything so disgustingly earthy, but we do!"

"Oh, dry up," said Marilyn angrily; she pulled herself away sharply from Barry, and glared at him, her mother's Irish temper showing a moment in her flaming eyes.

"We—we're a completely modern couple. Hate spooning and all that drivel—don't we?" she flung, almost challengingly, to the man at her side.

"It's the fashion, I believe, to hide one's feelings," he answered imperturbably. "We promise not to make you feel embarrassed, Conway, if that's any help."

He led the way on to the low verandah with its deeply-thatched roof, that ran the length of the white, one-storied bungalow which was his home.

Behind the house, to the right, stood a thick clump of banana trees, waving their ragged leaves in the faint breeze that stirred the hot air. Several gums were grouped at the other corner of the house, their pale, naked stems shooting up straight and slim to the sky, giving out their strong, pungent scent under the fierce heat of the noon-day sun. A rough, half-hearted attempt at a flower garden lay in front of the house, and beyond it, stretching away to where the river gleamed like a tiny ribbon of silver, lay the lands. A sheet of swaying, bright green where the mealies grew; a darker patch of green where the orange trees and the orchard lay. The house was a simple affair of native-made bricks manufactured on the farm: whitewashed, with a thatched roof.

Several big lounge chairs in various stages of dilapidation were placed on the hard mud floor of the verandah, and a large table, covered with a spotless cloth and shining china, stood near. Barry's establishment was purely a bachelor affair. He was a man of few and simple wants, but he was very particular about cleanliness, and woe betide any of his native boys if they failed in that direction.

As the party flung itself down in the chairs, the houseboy appeared in spotless khaki shirt and shorts and white apron, bearing an enormous pot of tea, which he put on the table.

"When's the happy day, Kilsane?" asked one of the party, as they languidly drank tea and ate the cakes that Barry was to pay for later.

"Oh, we haven't actually fixed that," answered Barry coolly. "But pretty soon I expect. We'll want to get settled in here before the rains start seriously. It's difficult to get in to town when the drift's up after a day or two's solid rain. By the way, Marilyn, I rather want to ask your advice about one or two things before you go. I don't know whether you want to take any measurements for curtains or things?"

And Marilyn choked wildly over her tea. Had Barry got a touch of the sun? He looked round rather helplessly at the company.

"I've been a bachelor so long," he remarked genially, "I don't know anything about these things, you see."

"I've finished. Let's go and have a look round," said Marilyn, hastily springing to her feet. She knew she would scream in a moment if she sat there any longer listening to Barry playing the perfect fiance.

"You and Barry carry on," said Ronnie, sticking his feet up on another chair, and taking out his cigarette-case. "Personally I can do with a rest for a moment. Don't be too long away, my children. Remember, we shall want something to eat in an hour or two."

"Don't be such a slacker," begged Marilyn, rather anxiously. She hadn't made matters much better apparently. "Well, you come, Babs, you Geoff, you Dolly——"

But they all refused. It was the thing to do to leave an engaged couple alone sometimes, even in their crowd, and besides, they none of them felt particularly anxious to move.

IN furious silence Marilyn, with Barry at her side, strolled down the path that led to the lands, and when a turn hid them from the house, Marilyn stopped and faced Barry angrily.

"Why on earth are you behaving like this?" she demanded furiously. "Making me look a perfect fool. You're carrying on exactly like a——"

"Man who has recently become engaged," put in Barry blandly. "How would you have me behave, Marilyn? Forgive me, but it was your own idea. Why not go through with it artistically? You don't want people to begin to suspect anything, do you?" he added meaningly, and Marilyn was silenced.

She did want—particularly one person, Carstairs—to believe she was happily engaged.

An hour later, when they again appeared on the verandah, a portable gramophone was blaring away the latest foxtrot, while two couples danced languidly up and down the mud floor.

"Can they never leave their wretched little town amusements behind them?" thought Barry, half-amused, half-annoyed. Was Marilyn like that at heart, too, he wondered for a moment.

The party, in spite of a magnificent meal, cooked by Chusora, of exquisitely roasted guinea-fowl, sweet potatoes, stewed peaches, and sour milk junket and cream, was not a complete success. It was with a sense of relief all round that Marilyn said they must be going if they were to get back before dark.

"When are you coming again, Barry?" asked Marilyn coldly, when the car was waiting. She felt she didn't really want to see him for a very long time if he was going to behave in the ridiculous way he had that day.

"Oh, I'll be along pretty soon. I'll write to you, of course——"

"Bye-bye!" Marilyn stepped hastily into the car, frightened lest Barry should try and repeat the performance of the morning! and, anyway, she hated kissing in public.

"Bye!" everybody shouted, waving care-

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less farewells to the tall figure standing by the gate.

For one moment Marilyn, seeing him there, so big and quiet and strong, yet possessing a strange gentleness, too, felt a queer longing to remain behind with him.

What was it that gave to Barry that sense of restfulness and quiet strength? Marilyn had never experienced it in anyone she had ever known. Certainly not in Valentine. He had been full of restless energy, enormous vitality, and overflowing high spirits. Not this peace which she suddenly desired so desperately.

But Ronnie, true to his intention of not allowing Marilyn to drive back, had sent the car moving along, and she was borne swiftly away.

Barry stayed still at the gate till the last echo of the car died away in the distance. Then he turned and spoke aloud to the dog sitting patiently at his feet.

"Well, Minnie, old girl," he said, stooping to pat her, "that's that! I wonder how you'll like having a mistress here!"

And with that remark, which would have startled Marilyn, he strolled back to the house.

CHAPTER 6

BARRY, true to his word, appeared in town shortly after the day of the picnic, and Marilyn became more and more entangled in the deception she had so desperately planned.

And this time Barry did not help her at all. Indeed, sometimes it seemed as if he purposely made things as difficult as he could for her. He never left her alone, never gave her a moment's peace from his presence, behaving as he had done that day on the farm. He tried to walk about with his arm round her, draw her down on his knee in front of her family, kiss her whenever and wherever he met her. And yet he cleverly managed never to be alone with her so that she could remonstrate with him.

Mrs. Marlow began her old habit of nagging again. When was Marilyn getting married? Hadn't Barry said anything about it? Wasn't it rather funny? She couldn't see what they were waiting for. People would begin to talk if it was delayed very long.

Paula started, too. How many bridesmaids was she going to have? Could she choose the frocks?

There comes a time when every human being reaches a point beyond which they cannot go. And such a time had come to Marilyn. The same sense of desperation born of despair that had made her decide upon her engagement to Barry, now caused her to try and break it. And she seized the very first opportunity that came along.

She and Barry were sitting alone in the drawing-room one evening. The others, with meaning laughter, went out on to the verandah, leaving the two to themselves. "Two's company," said Mrs. Marlow archly, as they ostentatiously took their departure. And that was Marilyn's last straw.

"Barry!" She suddenly turned and faced him, and the urgency in her voice told Barry that they had at last come to the parting of the ways—as he had meant that they should.

"Yes, Marilyn?" He came over to where she was sitting and sat down beside her—so close that his sleeve brushed her arm. But he made no attempt to touch her, only sat there looking down at her quietly, waiting for her to speak. Unwillingly she was aware of his dominating personality.

"I can't go on—like this," she burst out almost hysterically, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"It's—it's impossible, Barry. I can't stand it. You've been an awful brick about it, but it's time we—we put an end to the whole thing."

"I quite agree," he answered quietly. "The situation is impossible, as you say. Well, when shall we get married, Marilyn? One day next week?"

He spoke as if they were deciding on the date of a dance or a picnic, and Marilyn stared at him as if he had taken leave of his senses.

"I didn't mean that, Barry! You know I didn't," she said indignantly. "I mean—cut the whole thing out. I told you at the first that—that it would only be for a little while—our engagement, I mean. You know I never intended it to be serious. I would never have asked you if that had been so."

"I know," he broke in gently. "You've been absolutely straight about it all along, Marilyn. I know you never intended things to go very far. But I don't think you realised—do you now—what your position will be if our—your engagement is broken off?"

Barry, silently watching her small, expressive face, was seized with an overwhelming passion of love and tenderness to sweep her up in his arms and protect her from all the world. The moment had come for which he had longed almost ever since he had first known her, and for which he had worked during those last few weeks. Yet he felt no sense of triumph. Only a great pity and a great love.

AT his words Marilyn went very pale, and fear—real, stark fear—gripped her. Could she possibly face the horror of the storm that would break over her when she told them she wasn't going to marry Barry Kilsane after all?

And what of Valentine? She had forgotten him for the moment. She saw him again as he had been the day he congratulated her—the mockery and malice in face and voice. What would he think of her broken engagement? That thought was even more intolerable than the other. No. Barry was right. There was no other way out. The game she had begun half in desperation, half in fun, must be carried through to a finish.

All at once Barry saw a look of hopeless despair creep into her eyes, and knew the battle was his.

But why should Barry want to go on with it? wondered Marilyn. It couldn't just be because he was a sportsman. She wasn't to know that he loved her with a true man's deep passion and tenderness.

"Why do you suggest our—my marrying you?" she asked him impulsively. "I can't see what you stand to gain out of it, Barry? I'd make a jolly poor housewife. You know what kind of reputation the Marlows have for not paying their debts?" She laughed bitterly. "I'm extravagant, Barry, and not particularly scrupulous. Have you thought things over carefully, too?" She suddenly raised frank eyes to his as she put the question.

"Yes," he answered steadily. He gazed down at her with an expression she could not understand in his grey eyes—how beautiful she was with that honest look on her face!

Marilyn looked at him questioningly.

"But—but I don't love you—you know that. I've been quite honest with you," she said, with heightened color betraying her embarrassment.

"Yes, I understand that," said Barry quietly, the harsh timbre of his voice the result of the fight he was making to control his feelings.

"Then—then I couldn't—couldn't marry you—it wouldn't be fair——" she stammered, her hands twisting together nervously.

"Listen, Marilyn." Barry's words were short and clipped. "If we had never entered into our extraordinary engagement, I don't suppose I should ever have married." He paused to clear his throat, and she was not to know that he found speech difficult because he loved her so, and his heart was hammering madly against his side. "But now—it would suit you in a way to marry me—and I'm a lonely beggar. I only ask that you take my name—share my home. I should never ask more of you than that. Ours would be a marriage in name—only, but we could be very good friends."

She did not know that every fibre of his being revolted against the words he had said. She did not know that he loved her, wanted her as his wife—but was deliberately renouncing her because he wanted more than anything in life to make her happy.

Marilyn drew a breath of relief. So that was all Barry wanted! It seemed a pretty easy position to fill. After all, why shouldn't she marry him? She thought of all that it would mean if she merely broke off her engagement and went back to the old life. Her heart felt sick at the very thought of all the nagging and bickering which her mother and Paula would carry on over her head—nagging which would now be doubly resentful. She knew how furious Paula would be when that young lady learned that she would no longer be able to "come out"—that she, Marilyn, still stood in her way.

N—no, she couldn't stand it, couldn't endure all those old rows and quarrels again. And there was no need to go back; Barry was offering her marriage and freedom from it all. Married to him she would at least know peace. She did not love him, but he didn't care for her either, only as a pal.

A longing for the peace and quiet of Two Rivers assailed her. She wanted to get right away from Salisbury, from her people.

"All right, Barry," she said wearily. "If that's really all you want—I'll marry you."

CHAPTER 7.

BARRY and Marilyn were married. One morning quite early Marilyn slipped away from the house and met Barry down in the town. She was young enough to enjoy the secrecy and adventure of it all; and it was almost the Marilyn of old times who went into the magistrate's dingy office to become Barry's wife.

"I don't feel a bit married," she said gally as they came out again into the hot sunshine.

"Nevertheless you are—Mrs. Kilsane!" answered Barry with a tender, farawaay look in his nice eyes. "And you'll never be anything else, my little love, so long as I live," he added to himself. Then aloud: "What about a spot of wedding breakfast in the shape of morning tea at Pocket's?" He was determined to keep the whole affair on the same light-hearted level as Marilyn.

"Better keep your glove on, though, Mrs. Swaythling may be inside, and if she sees your wedding ring, my dear—well, the game's up!"

"What fun!" Marilyn giggled. "We are being original, Barry, aren't we? Married by a magistrate, with a wedding breakfast in a teashop to follow; and the honeymoon spent among the mealies on the bridegroom's estate!"

Laughter suddenly fell from her. That word "honeymoon"! How it brought back her dreams—foolish dreams of wonderful days and nights with Valentine. How dreary, how sordid her present marriage seemed compared with the one she had dreamed of in the past.

"Come along and have tea," said Barry quickly.

He had seen the shadow on her expressive face and guessed something of what was passing in her mind. And it was not until they were driving out along the red dusty road, covered with bumps and holes most of the way, leading to Two Rivers that Marilyn recovered any of her former spirits.

"You know it's only a bachelor establishment, Marilyn," Barry said rather ruefully as they went up the path together to the house. "But you must alter and ar-

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range anything just as you wish. My banking account's quite good for a pretty fair bit of dipping into. You—you'll really be doing me a favor if you'll make a list of the things I ought to have here. Wants what they call a woman's hand."

He spoke carelessly, but his eyes were fixed keenly on her face. Surely that ought to keep her happy and interested for some time?

He did not underrate the task he had set himself, but he knew it would be a great thing to keep her mind occupied and her thoughts away from the past. He was a very long way from the time when any attempt could be made at winning her love, but like a wise general he laid his plans well ahead. He believed that in time he could teach Marilyn to care for him as he cared for her.

"May I really, Barry?" Marilyn's voice was quite eager as she answered him. The task of house-planning has an appeal which no woman can resist, and in Marilyn's case was doubly delightful, for never in her life before had she had unlimited money to do what she liked with. In spite of their extravagant ways, their debts and their luxuries, ready money had always been scarce in the Marlow household, and Marilyn had never got anything she wanted without a struggle. Now here was Barry giving her a free hand in the matter of spending. No wonder Marilyn's spirits began to rise and her eyes to sparkle.

"It's topping of you! I'll love it!" She slung a careless arm through his and began chattering eagerly to him. And so Marilyn came to her new home, unaware that her careless touch sent the blood tingling through Barry Kilsane's veins, and it was as much as he could do to restrain himself from gathering her into his powerful arms and pressing hot, passionate kisses on her sweet mouth.

That night they sat late on the verandah, under the African stars. It was still and quiet there, a perfect night for lovers, for a honeymoon. But when silence fell between them, and Barry, who had been talking feverishly, could find no more to say, it was of Valentine Carstairs that Marilyn was thinking—Valentine, who had known so well how to make love under an African moon. She forgot the man she had married, forgot Barry, and what a sport he had been; how he had saved her from the sneers and mockery of Salisbury's gossips and the nagging of her own people. She only felt inexpressibly lonely because she realised that Valentine was lost to her forever.

At last she became aware of an atmosphere of constraint. Barry sat smoking cigarette after cigarette, waiting for her to make some move. Of course, it was time she went to bed. She rose, her color high as she realised that this was their wedding night.

"Good-night, Barry," she said carelessly. "Pleasant dreams."

"Good-night," he said gruffly.

He rose from his chair and opened the door for her to pass into the house. He watched her go into a room on one side and stood silently as she closed the door. He stood for a long time staring out into the night and puffing at his cigarette. Every fibre of his being was aware of Marilyn's nearness, of her presence here in his home. But he could be patient until the day should come when she loved him as he loved her. Until then he must force himself to remember his bargain. He must pretend to be her pal, when every pulse in his body gave the lie to that contract. She was his wife and he wanted her; but he could wait.

CHAPTER 8.

THE refurnishing and complete transformation of Barry's bachelor bungalow occupied Marilyn for some little time and while she worked at it she was happy and amused. But, having settled everything to her satisfaction, time began to hang heavily on her hands.

Then Marilyn began to wonder whether she had not made a very bad mistake in marrying Barry Kilsane. She missed all the surface excitements of her old life—the dances, the hundred and one social events that had once made up her days. The quiet of the veldt bored her inexpressibly, and the comradeship that Barry had talked of when he married her, which he had put forward as the reason for their marriage, in fact, did not exist. They had very little to say to each other nowadays, and they had come to avoid each other more and more.

A sudden onslaught of the rains which kept Barry to the house for several days awoke him to the danger he had not noticed before. Marilyn was dull, listless, irritable. She was letting the boys slack. There was an atmosphere of dust and untidyness in the bungalow that had never been there when Barry ruled alone as master. And it was not ignorance but indifference on Marilyn's part. She had been accustomed to the ways of native servants from babyhood. She knew exactly how they should be dealt with, yet she allowed them to do as they liked. And, in consequence, they slacked joyously under the rule of the new mistress.

And she was smoking far too much. Barry noted with keen eyes the dark stains on her slim fingers and the endless cigarette that never seemed out of her mouth except at meal times.

At first he remonstrated gently, sensing the misery that lay behind her indifference. Later, as she made no attempt to pull herself together, he spoke more sharply.

MARILYN flared up, her nerves worn and jangled beyond her control. Barry could speak to the boys himself, if he didn't like the way she ran the house. Why make such a fuss about a little bit of dust after all? It wasn't as if anybody ever came to see them in this god-forsaken hole.

"And I can't be bothered," she went on petulantly. "Chuaora knows what ought to be. Go and give him a hiding if you feel like pitching into anybody. Or give him his ticket. Only do leave me alone, for Heaven's sake!"

Then, as Barry was about to speak she said hastily:

"Oh, by the way, I'm completely out of cigarettes. Would you let me have some from the store?"

"There are no more for you to have," answered Barry briefly, resolving in his own mind to lock the store-room door and lose the key. If she went on like this Marilyn would become a nervous wreck.

"Out of them?" asked Marilyn peevishly. "What a wretched nuisance. Send Rice or Sixpence over to McTavish's store and get some then, will you? A little rain more or less won't hurt them," she added calmly. "And it'll give them something to do."

"No," answered Barry shortly. "You'll just have to go without them for a bit, Marilyn."

"But I can't, Barry." Marilyn's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "My good man, I'd rather go without my food!"

She knitted her black brows irritably.

"I must have some."

"I'm sorry," Barry said with a quiet finality which Marilyn was beginning to discover could not be overcome by threat or charm. "The boys can't go over. You've been smoking far too much, Marilyn," he added a little unwisely. "That last batch of cigarettes ought to have lasted you another month at least."

"You'd send them over for tobacco for your pipe pretty quick if you wanted it!" flamed Marilyn. "I must have my smoke as much as you. It's rottenly selfish of you, Barry!"

She stamped her foot, and the tears were perilously near her eyes. Her nerves had entirely gone to pieces.

"I'm sorry," he said patiently, ignoring the extraordinary rudeness of her last remark. "Please don't ask again, Marilyn."

"I'll never ask you for anything again!" she said passionately. "You've no right to treat me like that, Barry. I may be your house-keeper, and a very inadequate one apparently, but I'm not your slave; you haven't any right to order me about. I was a fool ever to come to this beastly hole. I hate it! I hate you! I hate everything!"

And choking with fury Marilyn turned and ran to the shelter of her own room, where she flung herself down on the bed and burst out crying, hardly realising why she did so. Only she felt in a vague kind of, way that she was lonely, unhappy, hopeless. And that there was nothing to fill her life, since she had banished Valentine Carstairs from the secret recesses of her heart.

"Poor child! Poor, passionate little thing!" thought Barry wistfully. How long was it going to take to tame that fiery ungovernable spirit of hers before he could bring happiness to them both? Did she imagine herself still in love with Carstairs? Barry couldn't make out.

He had heard news of Valentine—himself from a neighboring farmer some little time back, but he had not passed the news on to Marilyn. Carstairs apparently had quarrelled with Government House, and had resigned his position there. He was now loafing about Salisbury waiting for some well-paid job to come his way. Thank Heaven, Marilyn was nowhere near him, thought Barry fervently, when he heard the news. She was safe from him now.

BUT Barry himself was ignorant of the fact that Carstairs, now released from service at Government House had no intention of allowing Marilyn to remain safe from him.

His interest in Marilyn had temporarily waned under the charms of the wealthy, red-haired siren from Government House, but that lady had now returned to England, and Marilyn's unexpected marriage to Kilsane had once more turned Carstairs' wandering thoughts in her direction.

Marilyn now being another man's property made the pursuit of her all the more thrilling to a man like Valentine Carstairs. She had been passionately in love with him once, he knew. Why had she suddenly become engaged to a man like Kilsane? And why had she turned against himself? Then that hole-in-the-corner marriage later? Carstairs' curiosity and vanity were both aroused. There was trouble brewing for the inmates of Two Rivers had Barry but known.

But he didn't. He was too busy with his planting and ploughing before the advent of more rains, with a thousand and one things to attend to on a large farm like Two Rivers. The mealies were six feet high now, an exquisite mass of shimmering green with their queer-looking tasselly heads of flowers. The oranges in the orchard were turning a lovely gold. The peaches and plums were ripe. Too occupied also in his leisure moments with the ever-present problem of Marilyn, Barry had not time for speculation over someone in whom he took no interest now that Marilyn was free from him.

It was only a few days after the scene over the cigarettes that Valentine, seizing the chance of a fine spell between the rains, drove out to Two Rivers, ostensibly to pay his respects to the bride, and found Marilyn alone.

Barry was away from the house, working on the land, taking advantage of the clear spell to put in a few hours' important work on the farm. Marilyn was lying

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down in her own room when Carstairs was announced.

He had purposely stopped his car a little way down the drive, so she had not heard his arrival. He wanted to take her by surprise; to see whether she would give herself away. Did she care for him still? That was what Carstairs wanted to know.

A gentleman to see her, thought Marilyn, as she slowly slid her feet to the ground and listlessly passed a comb through her short black hair and smoothed the creases from her yellow cotton gown. A police boy or a stray prospector wanting a meal, she supposed fretfully, as she made her way to the verandah. How she hated this open-handed hospitality of the veldt. One was never safe from bores.

"Good afternoon," she began wearily polite to the slim figure she saw standing there with his back to her. Then she gasped as he turned round and held out his hand, saying with that gay familiar smile on his lips:

"Hallo, bride! I've come to pay my respects."

Marilyn started back, and Valentine, watching her narrowly under cover of that smile, saw her grow very white and a look almost of horror creep into her eyes.

"You!" she breathed.

There was an instant's silence. Then with a superb courage and a coolness that aroused Valentine's admiration, she came forward.

"Hallo, Val!" she said lightly. "What on earth brings you out to this benighted hole? I am indeed honored."

But she did not take his outstretched hand—she dared not touch him. She knew if she did she would be back at once under the old spell. Why, oh, why had he come? Just now, too, when she was finding life at Two Rivers almost intolerable.

SEEING him standing there, a gleam of sun catching his fair head and turning it to pure gold, feeling once again his old power over her, Marilyn knew with a sick pain at her heart that she had never really hated Valentine, not even when he had betrayed her. She had never ceased to care for him.

He was speaking, that gay lilt in his voice which had always turned her strength to water in the old days.

"You bring me here!" he said, and though he spoke as lightly as she did herself, there was an undercurrent of meaning in his voice. "You didn't send me an invitation to your wedding, so I hadn't a chance of wishing you luck before."

"We—Barry and I—didn't want any fuss." She tried to speak possessively, as if she and Barry were an ideal married couple. "We both hate all that sort of thing. It was rather a lark stealing a march on everyone like that. Of course, mother and Paula were simply furious with us—doing them out of all the glory of a big wedding. I don't think they've properly forgiven us yet. But I think poor old daddy was hugely relieved not having to fork out. Isn't this rather a topping place of Barry's? I'm becoming quite a rural sort of person, you know—mealies and cattle and things. Would you believe it?"

She was talking feverishly, hardly knowing what she was saying, so that no terrible silence should fall between them, so that she should not hear the frantic beating of her own heart. Valentine! Valentine! Her pulse seemed to be thumping out his name.

"I don't believe it!" Valentine's voice broke through her pitiful pretence. He came a step closer to her and fixed his eyes triumphantly on her face. Plucky as she had been, Marilyn had not been equal to that sudden encounter. She had shown Valentine how completely he held her heart still.

"Why do you try and deceive yourself, and me, by all that rot? You were never a good liar, Mari girl."

A tiny sugar-bird perched perilously on the scarlet blossoms of a flowering plant near the house. Away in the bush came the soft, monotonous cooing of the wild doves. A lizard sunned himself on a rock nearby, and a chameleon distractedly changed itself from green to brown as it pursued some wary flies with its flexible tubelike tongue.

Then:

"Why did you come here?" she whispered.

"Why shouldn't I?" he answered levelly. "You and I were good pals in the past, weren't we?"

Suddenly he came closer to her, and putting his hands on her shoulders, forced her to look at him.

"Weren't we?" he repeated. "Or were we something more than friends?"

With a passionate movement Marilyn tried to release herself from those compelling hands.

"Nothing more, Val!" she cried fiercely. "Nothing more then or now, after the night of the Beale's dance."

And then in a flash Carstairs knew why Marilyn had married Barry Kilsane. She must have seen him that night with Stella Bentley. For a moment he cursed himself for his carelessness. But that red-haired devil had gone to his head, and his usual discretion had vanished completely that evening.

"You mean because of Stella Bentley?" he said frankly.

That was one of his most dangerous attractions. He could be suddenly so extraordinarily open, hiding nothing, excusing nothing.

"You saw me with her, didn't you?" he insisted.

And Marilyn nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed piteously on his face.

"I don't attempt to excuse myself, Mari. I won't lie to you. But I had too much wine that evening, you know sometimes how it is? We'd been dining somewhere first—I had to trail round with her. She was the governor's guest, and I'd been told off to look after her. I've knocked about a goodish bit, as you know, and met many women. But, Jove, Mari, I've never met any woman who'd play the dickens with a man like she did. She made me lose my head. I don't mean to condemn her; I was to blame for not resisting her, but I was weak. I hadn't seen you for ages, and everything seemed so hopeless."

CHAPTER 9

WITH glib tongue and skilful art Carstairs was weaving again his old spell around Marilyn. She was ready now to excuse him entirely, to lay all the blame on the other woman. A practice common to her sex. It was so much less hurtful to one's pride to believe the other woman guilty rather than one's own man.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd seen us? Why did you dash off and tie yourself up with a man like Kilsane before giving me a chance to clear myself? Own up—explain!" he went on fiercely, complete master of the situation.

Marilyn was like a hypnotised rabbit before a python.

"Why did you burn your boats like this, Mari?" he said huskily.

"It's too late now to say why did I marry him?" she said tonelessly. "I've done it. I suppose lots of people go and spoil their lives just in a moment like that. I've got to stand by what I've done the same as other people."

"But why?" asked Carstairs eagerly. "Have you spoiled your life? There's always a way of escape, my dear, for everyone, if only they know how to find it."

"Where's mine?" asked Marilyn more bitterly still. "Do you recommend me to go back to my people? Thanks! I'm happier here, strange as it may seem. At least Barry doesn't nag. Do you suggest my taking a job? If so, what job? I was brought up to do so much, wasn't I? There only remains a convent, and I don't even know whether they take married women who've run away from their husbands."

"Here is your way of escape!" Carstairs broke in quietly on her bitterness.

He simply lifted his arms and held them wide, while Marilyn looked at him with something like terror on her face.

"You!" she breathed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Carstairs deliberately, "that you can come to me. As a matter of fact, you know, you've never left me. You're not really married to Kilsane. You don't care for him. I presume he doesn't for you, beyond a mild affection any man has for his housekeeper. You belong to me—always have. Why, Mari girl, your way of escape's absolutely shrieking at you to be seen."

There was the old gay lilt in his voice, the old insolent, confident turn of his head, and Marilyn's heart capitulated to the old enchantment. But she made a valiant effort at fighting.

"You don't really mean that, Val," she said, making an effort to speak quietly. "I know you—you care for me. It was my silly pride not to—to trust you. And I've got to pay for that. If I came to you what would you do? Things haven't altered. You couldn't marry me without losing your job at Government House. We've neither of us got any money. Oh, Val"—her voice broke into a wail, despite her bravery—"what can we do? There isn't really any way of escape, not for me. I closed that way myself when I married Barry."

"I'm not at Government House," answered Carstairs triumphantly. "Couldn't stand hanging round playing the lackey. So I've quitted. I'm waiting for a Civil Service post now. I've been practically promised one in the Agricultural Department. Funny, isn't it? Because I really don't know one end of a spade from the other."

He laughed light-heartedly, and seized Marilyn's hands in his.

"Oh, Mari, Mari!" he cried. "Don't be so sad. It's not like you to give up. Why, you could always laugh in the old days, whatever happened. And they aren't so very far behind us. Well, are you coming away with me?"

HE drew her to him and held her close. For the moment he really believed that he loved Marilyn, that he wanted her beyond anything else in the world. She was someone else's property, had once been his, and he would never feel happy or self-respecting until she was his once again, if only for a few short hours. He would never give another man best over any woman.

"I can't!" whispered Marilyn faintly against his heart. But she did not resist him. It was inexpressibly sweet to be held so after those long weeks of loneliness. To know that Val still loved her in spite of everything.

"There's no such word for us as can't," Valentine said gaily. "When will you be ready to come with me, sweetheart? In five minutes? Ten? You shall have another runaway marriage—different from the other, though, I promise you that. You'll forget that such a person as Kilsane ever existed."

Triumphantly his lips sought hers. But at the mention of Barry's name a degree of sanity came back to Marilyn. She suddenly slipped from Valentine's arms and put out her hands to keep him away. She couldn't think properly while he touched her.

"Wait, Val, please wait!" she implored. "It can't all be settled like that in five minutes. I've got to think."

She pressed her fingers to her temples.

"I can't go off and leave Barry like that, without a word. He's been so jolly decent to me all along."

After a long pause: "Look here, Val," she said at last. "I can't come away with you now, though

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Heaven knows I—I want it more than anything else in the world." She flashed a look at him which made Carstairs' pulses throb wildly for a moment. "But I must let Barry now, and you must get your job first. We've got to be practical, though I don't feel a bit so at the moment. I feel deliciously happy."

She clung to him in her old impulsive fashion.

"Oh, Val," she whispered. "I never thought I was going to be happy again. Go now, darling, please, and in a little while I'll come to you—gladly, with all my heart."

With a stifled exclamation of passion Valentine caught her close to him, covering her upturned face with kisses, and for a moment she yielded herself utterly to him, swept off her feet by the sudden flood of happiness that had come to her.

Presently his grasp relaxed a little, and Marilyn, coming back to earth, released herself regretfully.

"Will you please go now, Val, darling?" she entreated. "Somehow I don't want Barry to meet you to-day. Not till it's all settled."

"All right," answered Valentine. "Yes. It's best that way, I think, too."

He was not at all keen himself on meeting Barry. He was not so sure—as Marilyn was—that Kilsane was so indifferent to her. Kilsane was a nasty customer to handle when he was roused. Those quiet chaps always were. And Valentine knew that men like Barry invariably disliked him. He had never been keen on irate husbands, either, and he had had the misfortune to come up against one or two in the past, a memory which always caused him acute discomfort, for Carstairs was a coward at heart.

He picked up his hat and prepared to go down the steps.

"You'll let me know in a day or two, won't you, Mari girl?" he said pleadingly. "Don't keep me waiting long. I'm going to stop a night or two with young Hall. He's only twenty miles away, and you can send me word there."

Once more he bent and kissed her, long and passionately. Then reluctantly turned away and went down the path. Though he would never keep faith with Marilyn, she always had the power at times to stir him as no other woman had ever done.

CHAPTER 10

BARRY, returning tired and a little depressed to the house after a long afternoon's strenuous labor on the farm, found a marvellously-changed Marilyn waiting for him on the verandah with tea, half an hour after Valentine had taken his departure. He had been thinking of her—as he generally did—all the while he had been working, wondering how and when he was going to make her happy. Could it be she still regretted Carstairs? Or was it that the peaceful life of the veldt, which was his whole world, meant nothing to her, bored her, frightened her with its quiet immensity, its great silence, its golden spaces. Had he been wrong in his estimation of her character, he asked himself, as he superintended the planting of a two-acre patch with melons for the cattle? Had the wild, lovable child of the past been utterly killed by the odious life she had led in Salisbury ever since her schooldays were over?

The glorious blue and gold of the day served only to depress him further, he who had always exulted in these wonderful but brief glimpses of color when they came between dull days of heavy, continuous rains.

If only he could find some way of interesting her, amusing her, Barry thought wistfully, as he came, a little wearily, up the path to the house. And as if in answer to his searching here was Marilyn all laughter and happiness.

Bright-eyed, flushed, her cloak of boredom and listlessness fallen from her slim shoulders. What had wrought the miracle, Barry asked himself, not dreaming for an instant what was the real cause of the change in his wife, for he knew nothing of her visitor.

But Marilyn soon enlightened him.

"Hurry up, tea's just ready, Barry!" she called. "And Chusora has surpassed himself to-day. He really has made a cake at last. Come along and try it."

"Tea." Barry sank down luxuriously into a low deck-chair with a sigh of content. "Ah, that sounds good. I could do with buckets of it this afternoon. I believe I feel like a charwoman does after a hard day's spring cleaning."

"Have you been working hard?" asked Marilyn sympathetically, as she brought over to him a huge cup of steaming tea and a large slice of Chusora's famous cake. She felt at peace with everyone at the moment.

Poor old Barry, she thought with a pang of compunction, as she looked down at his tired figure lying slackly back in his chair. Would he be very lonely when she left him? She suddenly felt unaccountably tender towards him. She would leave everything straight and smooth for him, keep the boys up to the mark, see that all his things were mended. She wondered for a moment whether he would soon find another—a better—companion than she had been to him.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself?" asked Barry, turning to look hungrily at her lovely, flushed face.

How beautiful she was. And how young.

If Marilyn had not been blinded with her own emotions that moment she must have seen the look of hunger love in Barry's grey eyes as he gazed at her across the sunlit verandah.

"Doing? Oh!" Marilyn found herself blushing a little. "Why, nothing much. I—I went to sleep most of the afternoon, and then—and then I had an unexpected visitor." She paused.

"Did you?" said Barry unsuspectingly. "I say, Marilyn, give me another slice of cake, please. You're right. Chusora's really done it this time. 'Member the terrible brickbats he used to call plum cake? Who was your visitor, eh? One of the police-boys or young Hall?"

"VALENTINE CARSTAIRS," answered Marilyn slowly, wondering why she found it so difficult to speak of him to Barry.

"Val——"

A smothered exclamation suddenly escaped Barry, and the next moment he was hastily mopping up the scalding tea which had fallen on his bare hand as the cup slipped from his grasp.

"Sorry!" he said quickly, managing to gather his self-control together again so that Marilyn should not see how much her news had shocked him. "How rottenly clumsy of me. I'm sorry. Anyway, the cup's not broken. It wouldn't be; it's the cracked one. My hand's awfully shaky this afternoon. Who—who did you say your visitor was?"

He tried to make his voice appear calm and disinterested. What on earth had brought Carstairs on the scene again? He had thought he was safely away in Salisbury. Somehow Barry had never contemplated the danger of Marilyn seeing her old love again—had never realised until now what a meeting between them might mean. So it was Carstairs' visit which accounted for Marilyn's changed manner and radiant face. Poor Barry, he realised with bitter pain that he had never been able to bring that look to Marilyn's face, that joyous lilt to her voice. It was Carstairs who had done that, who had succeeded where he had failed. Carstairs, who now released from Government House, was free to become engaged, marry where he chose——

Barry's face went pale beneath the tan, and his hands were shaking as he set down the empty cup.

"He—it was an awful surprise," she said shyly, as she went over for the empty cup. "I—I never dreamed of such a thing."

Her voice was breathless, happy, and Barry's heart sank.

"Do let me give you some more tea, Barry," she went on. "He—Val—has left Government House, he says, and is taking a job in the Civil Service instead. I—we—I haven't seen him for ages."

"No," said Barry curtly.

"He's staying with young Hall at Penhalonga," said Marilyn hastily. "I—I——"

She broke off, suddenly afraid. Desperately she wanted to tell Barry then and there that their marriage was a mistake, that he must set her free. She wanted to tell him that Valentine wanted her and she wanted to go back to her old love. She sought for words, and found they would not come. Yet she must tell Barry; she must tell him that she meant to leave him for Valentine Carstairs.

BARRY looked so ill and tired, a little forlorn, lonely—Marilyn simply hadn't the heart to tell him in cold blood that in a few days he would once more be alone at Two Rivers. That she was going away with Valentine.

"I can't tell him now," she said to herself. "At any rate, not yet—after the rains perhaps. Not now when he's so tired. We've got all the future for our happiness. Val and I can wait a little longer."

A wave of tenderness, born of her own happiness, swept over her. She came close to Barry and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Poor old thing," she said gently. "You do look tired. Look, drink up your tea, and sit quiet with a pipe for a bit. I'll turn on the gramophone. You needn't go back to the farm, need you. Where's your tobacco? I'll fill a pipe for you."

She began pressing the tobacco into his pipe with slim, brown fingers, the tip of a little pink tongue showing between her teeth. She looked so adorably pretty that Barry found it hard work to keep his self-control, to sit still and watch her.

She finished her task, and pushed the pipe into his mouth, and struck a match for him, wondering why he was so clumsy at getting the pipe to light. She did not know how perilously near his lips was the hand that held the match, and how Barry longed to take her in his arms and kiss her—kiss her until there was no breath left in her lovely body.

He drew furiously at his pipe to steady himself. After a moment he rose and went into the house, returning with a box in his hand. He went over to where Marilyn was leaning against the balustrade looking down the road along which Valentine had come, and put it down beside her.

"One good turn deserves another!" he said, and Marilyn saw that it was a box of cigarettes.

"Oh, Barry!" she said, and flushed a little. "Thanks awfully. You were quite right. I was smoking much too much. It just played the dickens with my nerves. I shan't do that any more now."

A smile curved her lips, and Barry knew with a jealous pang that in some way she was thinking of Carstairs. He did not dare ask anything further about Carstairs' visit lest he might be betrayed into rash speech, and say something better left unsaid. For he knew Marilyn's was just the kind of nature to be on the side of the condemned. To abuse him would only drive her still further into the other man's arms.

But why had the fellow come dangling after her again? And what had he said to bring back the laughter to her face, and that joyous lilt to her voice? Whatever

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had lain between them before Marilyn's engagement to himself, Valentine had entirely dispelled it that afternoon.

CHAPTER 11.

IN the days and nights that followed Carstairs' visit the trouble never left Barry for an instant. He carried it with him wherever he went, waking or sleeping—and there was very little sleep for him these nights. Hour after hour he spent pacing up and down his room, or lay rigid in bed staring with unwinking eyes into the still darkness of the night.

And Marilyn made no further mention of Carstairs, either. She could not bring his name to her lips. Time after time she tried to tell Barry of her decision to leave him, and each time her task seemed more hopeless than ever. She thought a good deal about him, too. With her new-found happiness upon her, Marilyn's eyes had been opened to much that was fine and beautiful in Barry's character. Hitherto he had appeared a very ordinary sort of person—stolid, kind, and a little dull; held in a rather tolerant contempt by Marilyn and the modern set to which she belonged. But now she began to recall things about him; his kindness, his gentleness, his extraordinary sympathy and understanding, so unobtrusively shown as to be almost unnoticed.

Nature finally took matters into her own hands, and laid Barry low with an attack of fever, and in the discomfort of its grip all fears and jealousies ceased for the moment to interest him.

Marilyn missed him at breakfast one morning, and was informed by Chusora that the master had the fever upon him.

Marilyn was not surprised. Born and bred in Africa as she had been, malaria was accepted as a matter of course, and quinine was as much an adjunct of the household as the proverbial tin of "salts" in England. But she knew enough about it, too, to know how unpleasant the effects of even a slight attack could be.

Poor old Barry! He hadn't been looking too well lately. She quickly got up from the table and went over to his door, and knocked gently on it.

"Can I come in?" she called. But hearing no reply, she turned the handle and peeped in.

In a narrow camp bed running down one side of the room lay Barry, huddled, shivering under the pile of blankets he had made Chusora heap upon him. Marilyn went swiftly over to him.

"Barry!" she said softly, and laid a cool hand on his burning forehead.

Barry started up at the touch, but dropped his head back with a repressed groan as the agonising pain shot through his temples.

"I'm all right," he managed to say between his chattering teeth. "Just a go of fever——"

"I know," answered Marilyn. "But it's rotten any way. Have you had any quinine, Barry? And a hot drink?"

"Not yet. Chusora'll see to it. Please go, Marilyn. I'm all right, really."

It was almost more than he could stand, having her there by his side, bending over him, so sweet and gentle, so tender. If only she were really his, really his wife in more than name! Poor Barry gave another groan—not this time from the pain in his head—but Marilyn misinterpreted it.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said quietly, and went away quickly to get quinine, hot drinks, and ice-cold bandages to minister to Barry, feeling immensely maternal and tender towards him, as most women do when they have a strong man helpless and in pain in their care. He was lying with closed eyes when she returned.

AS if aware of her close scrutiny, he stirred and opened his eyes.

"Marilyn! My dear. You mustn't stay here like this with me. I'm quite all right now—thanks to all your goodness." The old kindly look was back on his face. She did not guess how his heart had jerked and his pulse had leapt at sight of her. "Go out into the sunshine," he went on. "There's no rain this morning, is there? It'll do you good. Go down by the stream near the drift. There are some topping mauvy-blue lilies down there."

"I like being with you, Barry," she said quickly, guiltily conscious that she wouldn't be able to spend many more days with him in the future. "Is you head better? Have all your aches gone?"

"Heaps better, thanks, dear." He took one of her hands in his, and, turning it over, gently kissed the upturned palm. Then laid his face against it for an instant and shut his eyes in rapture at the feel of her soft flesh.

"You're too good to me!" he murmured a little unsteadily.

Marilyn felt the unwonted tears rise to her eyes. Barry had suddenly become so helpless, so forlorn—just like a child turning for comfort to its mother—that now, more than ever, she felt she could not leave him—not yet.

But that afternoon a note was brought to her, a note demanding an answer by the waiting native boy who brought it.

The color rushed to Marilyn's cheeks as she saw the handwriting on the envelope. Valentine's. She had almost forgotten him in her ministrations to Barry. Valentine was getting impatient. A little fearful at her silence. He had expected to hear from her long since. When was she coming to him? Surely she had been able to make her plans by now? (Anything in the nature of opposition always made Valentine more eager. He was avid for Marilyn now.) Was it Barry who was holding her back?

But it was no use. Much as she longed to be with Valentine, ached for his arms to be round her, his kisses on her lips, Marilyn knew she couldn't think of leaving Two Rivers until Barry had completely recovered. He had come closer to her than she realised during the few short hours of his illness.

She scribbled a hasty reply to Valentine. She was terribly sorry. She longed to be with him as much as he wanted her. But Barry was down with fever. Val would understand she couldn't possibly leave him until he was about again. He was to remember that she loved him, loved him, loved him. She kissed the flap of the envelope before she sealed it and gave it to the native boy.

What a pity, she thought inconsequently, she and Barry and Val couldn't all live happily together. Then mentally shook herself for being so ridiculous. And went back to give Barry his tea, being so gay and sweet and enchanting that he very nearly lost his head and told her how he worshipped her, being utterly bewildered by her sudden and fascinating changes of mood. Were all women so adorably changeable, he wondered? If so, no wonder mere man was always at their feet!

CHAPTER 12.

IN a few days Barry was up and about again, little the worse for his bout of fever. He had been very loath to dispense with Marilyn's ministrations, but he knew that the farm badly needed his attention, and he forced himself to take up the reins again. But he found himself constantly returning to the house on some stray pretext to be with Marilyn. She had grown so dear to him during his sick days and he had almost begun to hope that her feelings for him were undergoing a change. Carstairs seemed forgotten altogether. She had been so sweet, so tender. A close intimacy had grown up between them, some invisible tie never felt before. Was it possible that the impossible was coming to pass? Slowly, gradually, but nevertheless surely?

For the first time since their strangely-assorted marriage Barry was really happy. Hope flamed anew that things would work themselves out, and he tasted fresh sweetness in all the small attentions that Marilyn lavished on him.

For the moment Marilyn had actually forgotten Valentine. Or, rather, thrust him to the back of her mind as something lovely and pleasant to be realised somewhere in the future. She was no longer anxious to get away from Two Rivers, and she could not bear the thought of leaving Barry.

And it was with a feeling of panic and almost annoyance one afternoon, as she was sitting out on the verandah engaged in the prosaic task of mending Barry's socks, that she saw Valentine's beautiful form appearing up the path.

"Val!" She sprang to her feet and came to the head of the steps—lovely, flushed, and flustered. Where was Barry? Why had Val come so unexpectedly? She felt inexplicably vexed at his coming. What was she to do?

"Mari!" Valentine sprang swiftly up the steps, and swept her into his arms. "I couldn't wait any longer," he cried fiercely. "What has happened? You never wrote again after that little scribble saying Kilsane was sick. Haven't you told him yet? Don't you want to come with me?"

Quickly he poured out his questions, his lips against her hair, determined to overcome her resistance—if there were any—by the sheer force of his personality.

And Marilyn, giving way once more to the old fascination of arms and voice, forgot for that moment that there was anyone else in the world but Valentine. She gave herself up completely, clinging passionately to him, her lovely face upturned to his to receive his ardent kisses.

And he, feeling his advantage, pressed it home quickly.

"When are you coming to me for good, Mari girl?" he whispered urgently. "I've been waiting—waiting—I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to come—to see you—touch you again. What are you waiting for, my heart? Kilsane's well now, isn't he? Why do you hold back? Is it that you are regretting what you promised when I last held you—like this?"

"No, no, Val darling!" she said eagerly. "You know I love you. You know I'm dying to be with you for the rest of our lives. It was just——" she broke off, unable to explain Barry to him, as she had been unable to explain him to Barry.

Instinctively she knew that the two men were antagonistic to each other. Hastily she thrust the thought of Barry behind her. While she was with Val she could forget Barry's pain.

"I'm ready to go with you now, when you want me," she said sweetly. "You must never doubt my love."

"Sweetheart!" He caught her more closely to him. "I want you now, this very moment. Come back with me now. You can leave a note for Kilsane. He won't care, really. He can't want you as I do. You're mine, do you hear? And no one shall take you from me now!"

BEHIND them a quick tread on the steps, a footfall on the mud floor, and a cry, low but penetrating, startled Marilyn from her dream.

It was Barry, with a basket of ripe grenadillas for Marilyn, returning early from the lands on one of his frequent visits to the house to catch a glimpse of her. He had finished his work for the moment, it was near enough the tea hour to make that a convenient excuse for his return. He was eager for a sight of Marilyn cool and lovely in one of her dainty afternoon dresses that she always wore even though no one came to visit at Two Rivers.

And this is how he found her. In the arms of Carstairs—the one man in all the world he most dreaded and hated. In his arms, her head on his breast, returning kiss for kiss. Treachery, such as Barry had

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never imagined in his worst moments of despair, was within his gates.

"Barry!" In an instant, Marilyn had freed herself from Valentine's arms, the scarlet color flaming in her face. What must he think of her, knowing nothing of her former relations with Valentine? She reproached herself bitterly that she had been so cowardly not to tell him before.

"What does this mean?" She had never heard Barry speak in that rough, thick way. He had drawn himself up, and with that dark flush on his set face, he seemed to tower above them, dwarfing Valentine into insignificance.

Involuntarily the other man gave way before the quiet, suppressed fury in Barry's grey eyes, and looked nervously round for a means of retreat. But Barry's broad figure barred the way.

"Barry!" Marilyn said again, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. She was afraid of this new, grim Barry who looked at her with fierce, hostile eyes—who never before had looked with anything but kindness and gentleness.

"I expect you're very surprised to find us—like this!" she faltered.

And Barry could have shouted with mirthless laughter. Surprised? Surprised! To find his wife in the arms of another man. What else did she expect him to be?

"You mustn't think we—I was doing it on the sly—meeting Val like this, I mean. But it all happened long before I married you, Barry. I cared—we were sort of engaged a long time ago, only we couldn't get married because of Val's job at Government House. And then—there was a misunderstanding. I thought he'd grown tired——" She paused.

And Barry said harshly:

"So you got hold of me to bring him back to you—I see now why you were so anxious to be engaged——"

"No, no, that's not true!" cried Marilyn eagerly. "It was because I was so unhappy, so lonely, no one seemed to want me. I didn't deceive you, Barry. I've never done that. And then Val came—the other day—and told me it had all been a mistake and that he cared still——"

With a sick pain at his heart, Barry saw her face flush tenderly, and he knew a wild jealousy because another man could bring that look into her eyes.

"And so," went on Marilyn innocently, "we decided to go away together. It wasn't as though you and I were in love with each other, you see. You'd really married me to help me out of the ditch—not because you really cared for me——"

"Be quiet!" Barry did not raise his voice, but something in its tone held Marilyn silent, and caused Valentine to look furtively to the stairhead. He was furious that Barry had interrupted them like this. Curse Kilsane! Curse Marilyn! he thought, gnawing at his lip, a nasty feeling at the pit of his stomach.

WHY couldn't she have come away last time with him, instead of waiting. There'd have been none of this unpleasantness then. If there was one thing Carstairs hated more than another, it was a scene with an infuriated husband. And as Barry swung round, sharply on him, he backed away hurriedly, his face rapidly paling as he did so.

"And you, what have you to say?" asked Barry, still in that deadly quiet voice. "Did you think, too, that it was 'quite all right' to come to another man's house and steal his wife?"

Carstairs remained silent for a moment or two, then, as apparently Barry still waited for his reply, Valentine licked his dry lips and spoke—a sort of whining protest in his voice, uneasily conscious that Marilyn was looking at him in mingled surprise and bewilderment. Curse her! Oh, curse them both! thought Carstairs viciously. Marilyn's indecision had landed him in a pretty mess.

"You needn't get so ratty, Kilsane," he began, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "I haven't stolen your wife. You stole my sweetheart—if it's a matter of stealing. What Marilyn's just said is quite true. We were very keen on each other before she got engaged to you. And that wasn't my fault, either. She got upset about something—it was nothing, really, only like all women she got all hot and bothered—and fixed up with you without saying a word to me. I was thunderstruck when I heard of your engagement. I came out one day a week or two ago to call after her marriage. I hadn't a thought about anything beyond ordinary civility. We'd always been friends. And I should have gone on just like that only Marilyn told me she didn't care a button for you, and you didn't love her. That you'd married without love, and she didn't consider herself bound to you at all.

"How was I to know——" went on Valentine, waxing virtuously indignant at his own eloquence, and warming to his work. His ready tongue had helped him out of more than one tight corner in the past, why not now, if he watched his step?

"How was I to know you'd cut up rough? She said you wouldn't mind a bit. It isn't my fault. She was awfully keen to come with me. It's not fair of you to put all the blame on me, I tell you. I thought she wasn't happy here, and she simply jumped at the idea of coming. I didn't persuade her. I really don't mind if she does—— Ah!"

Barry had advanced upon him with such a face of livid fury that Valentine lost his nerve entirely. A stifled cry ended his speech, and with a look behind him Carstairs made as if to leap over the rails of the verandah. But he was not quite quick enough——

Barry's hand shot out and gripped his arm in a grasp like a vice.

"You cur! You blackguard!" he said between his clenched teeth. "To lay the blame of all your foulness on a woman—on her. I'll kill you for it you—beast!"

Though Valentine struggled madly to free himself he was as helpless as a child in that relentless grip. Barry dragged him across the verandah and picked up a long whip that lay in the corner.

THE scene that followed remained indelibly printed on Marilyn's memory, even though after the first sickening blow had fallen followed by a howl like a wounded animal from Valentine, she had pressed her hands tightly over her eyes to shut out that terrible sight. She was terrified to see the merciless fury of one man, the dreadful, naked cowardice of the other.

After those first accusing words, Barry said no more, but Marilyn heard the hissing sound of his breath as it came with difficulty between his clenched teeth, and the whistle of the lash descending again and again.

She heard Valentine whimper and shriek, heard him call on her for help.

"Stop him, Marilyn! He's killing me—oh, you brute—confound you, Kilsane! Save me—Marilyn——"

And again the sound of the lash.

Marilyn remained, rooted to the spot as if paralysed, her world crumbled about her. She had heard Valentine, the man whom she believed she loved, whom she believed loved her, blame her, lay all the fault at her door, revile her, curse her. She heard his shrieks for mercy, showing him for the coward he had always been at heart. He made no fight against his punishment, and she could not lift a finger to save him. He had killed something in her that day that would never return—her innocence, her trust, her first love, pure and rare as precious jewels. The girl that was Marilyn died, and in an agony of suffering Marilyn the woman was born. The lover of her youth had failed her—most miserably and horribly. In that moment, as she saw Barry assert his manhood, saw how much the better man he was, the first stirrings of her love for him came to life, but she did not recognise them.

Barry was angry—terribly, dreadfully angry—that was all she realised.

She did not know that the greater part of his anger was directed at the man who had slandered her, and not so much at the man who had tried to run away with his wife. If Valentine had defied him, fought to retain Marilyn's love, there is no knowing what Barry might have done, especially if it had been really a case of Marilyn's own happiness that was involved. It was Valentine's cowardice in trying to shelter behind her that had so maddened Barry.

To her agonised mind it seemed hours before the sound of blows ceased, and she heard Barry say fiercely:

"Get out of here quickly, you dog, before I kill you!"

And dragging her hand from before her eyes, she saw a tattered, swaying wretch that had once been her gay, beautiful lover, crawl away like an animal down the verandah steps.

Then—more hours passed, in a silence that was almost more horrible than those other dreadful sounds, and she heard a car drive away, as if the driver found difficulty in getting along.

Then, and not till then, did Marilyn turn and look at Barry. He was leaning against one of the posts supporting the roof of the verandah, one arm hung up across his face, the whip trailing on the floor, hung nervelessly from his other hand. He was breathing in heavy gasping jerks as if he had been running.

Marilyn looked at him in growing horror. To her distorted mind she fully expected him to turn upon her, beat her as he had beaten her lover. Rooted to the spot, she gazed at Barry's immobile figure in fascinated terror, waiting, yet dreading his next movement.

Presently he raised his head, and turning stiffly looked at Marilyn for the first time since Valentine's exit. His face was drawn and set, and in his eyes still lingered traces of the wild fury that had possessed him.

Marilyn interpreted that look as anger against herself, and suddenly, fear such as she had never known seized her, releasing her from the spell which had bound her up till now.

WITH a small wailing cry of fear and horror she made for the steps, and before Barry could realise what she was up to, or try to stop her, had fled past him crying out frantically as she went:

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" as she stumbled down the steps.

Then he saw her running down the path like a hunted deer, and, turning a bend, she vanished from view.

With oddly-shaking limbs he sank into a chair, and lay quite still for a while, not even caring what had become of Marilyn, until the heavy patter of raindrops on the roof brought him back to reality. There was going to be a pretty big storm, and Marilyn was out in it somewhere. She would be drenched in that little cotton frock she wore.

Protection of anything weak and helpless was instinctive with Barry. Forgetting his own weariness and pain, he rose slowly to his feet and, fetching a big raincoat from his room, left the house and made his way along the path down which Marilyn had fled. It was raining now in good earnest; rain such as is not known in temperate zones. Great clouds of rain swept over the lands, grey, drenching, enveloping. It was blotting out the whole world swiftly, like a vast volume of smoke.

Anger had left Barry now, to be replaced by a nameless, ever-growing fear. Where

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was Marilyn? Where had she fled in her terror and her distress?

Blindly Barry plunged on.

"Marilyn! Marilyn, dear!" he called, but there was no reply.

Suddenly he stumbled over something, and with an exclamation, looking down, he saw that one of Marilyn's small slippers lay on the ground by his foot. He snatched it up with a feeling of such utter thankfulness as almost to overwhelm him.

She couldn't be far away now. The rain would have forced her to go pretty slowly. A thorn bush, slightly larger than the rest, loomed up out of the grey, driving mist, and Barry went over to it, wondering if it might not shelter what he sought.

He peered down at its dark outline, and with a thrill of joy saw something that gleamed palely through the blinding rain. The draggled, muddy skirt of a pink cotton frock.

"Marilyn! My dear!" He was on his knees by her side in an instant, clutching frantically at her cold, wet hands.

"Child! You're simply soaked! You must come back and get some dry things on at once."

She looked dumbly and piteously up at him.

Gone was that insensate look of fury she dreaded, and in its place was the old, kindly Barry look. Once again he was the man who never in all his life had spoken one harsh, unkind word to her. With a little sobbing cry she clung to him.

"Barry!" she sobbed pitifully. "Take me home!" And toppled over into his arms.

"'Home'!" So she thought of Two Rivers as "home"! Barry was exultant as he picked up Marilyn's unconscious form—not without difficulty—for her clothes and his own were sodden with rain, and the ground under his feet was a mass of slipping, sticky mud. He carried her back through the steadily pouring rain, unconscious alike of discomfort or fatigue. He bore in his arms the woman he loved. He was carrying her home, she was still his. She had not left him and his house desolate, though he knew how nearly he had lost her that day.

CHAPTER 13

MARILYN held close to his heart, Barry thanked God that he had found her—had prevented her from running away with Carstairs.

He shuddered as he remembered all the vile stories he had heard about Valentine. "Well, he won't be able to do much damage to any one for a bit!" said Barry to himself, grimly, inconsequent, as he recalled the battered thing that had crawled down the steps of the verandah at Two Rivers. He felt no sorrow or shame at what he had done, and no pity for the man who had so richly deserved the thrashing he had received.

In spite of his powerful physique, Barry was pretty well exhausted when he climbed up those same steps, and carried Marilyn to her room, setting her down gently on the bed.

He went quickly to the sitting-room, and, pouring out a stiff dose of whisky, drank it himself, and took some back for Marilyn. As the burning drops trickled down her throat, Marilyn opened her eyes, and met Barry's anxious face looking down at her. "Drink some more!" he ordered imperatively; and when she had done so, she was able to sit up a little.

"Horrible stuff, I hate it!" she said, with a wan little smile playing round the corners of her mouth.

And Barry smiled, too.

It was so like Marilyn to make an ordinary remark like that and ignore all that had gone before.

"Never mind," he said. "It's good stuff for escaping an attack of fever! Now I'm going to leave you for a few moments, Marilyn, and you must get out of your wet things. Get straight into bed directly after, mind. And I'll bring you some tea." He straightened himself.

"You're wet, too," said Marilyn feebly. "Go and change, Barry."

"We both look like drowned rats," he said lightly, determined to keep the conversation impersonal. "All right, I'm going. Mind you hurry up!"

He was back in about ten minutes, bearing a large cup of steaming tea in one hand, and a hot-water bottle under the other arm.

Marilyn was curled up in bed, looking more like a child than ever in her boyish suit of gaily-striped pyjamas, her dark hair lying close and dank to her small face.

She thanked Barry shyly as he gave her the tea and put the hot bottle at her feet.

"How good you are, Barry!"

Then, as he smilingly put her words aside:

"Nonsense, it was nothing——"

Suddenly she caught his hand.

"Barry," she said quickly, "I must say something to you. No!"—as he tried to draw back. "You must listen! Please!"

She clung feverishly to his hand, and a bright patch of color burned on each white cheek.

"Will you forgive—this afternoon? I didn't understand you'd mind if I went—and then, when he said it was my fault—it was horrible—horrible! I trusted him so! You don't believe I suggested he should take me away, do you? Are you angry with me? Are you going to punish me, too? I didn't know you'd mind! Oh, what shall I do?"

She was trembling all over, still clinging to his hand—bewildered, frightened, unhappy. Barry could not resist that little clutching hand, those wild, piteous eyes.

THOUGH her words had brought back with sickening clarity the horrors of the afternoon, and his heart was heavy with the knowledge that Marilyn had never cared for him, never thought about him except in the most casual way, Barry took her hands in his.

"Forget, my dear," he said gently. "That's what you must do. Forget everything. Just blot it all out of your mind. So—so far as I'm concerned it—it has never happened!" He smiled down bravely into her troubled eyes.

"I—I don't think you'll hear anything more from—from anyone else," he added slowly.

And Marilyn knew that he spoke of Carstairs.

She went very white. She never wanted to see or hear of Valentine again. The love that she had had for him was dead now. He had slain that by his cowardice. When she thought of him, it was with shame and horror. He had humiliated her and cast her love in the dust—broken faith and trust. In the future she would never be able even to hear his name mentioned without remembering those bitter moments when he had denied her—had shifted the blame on to her.

Barry saw the change of color and misunderstood its meaning. He believed that Carstairs still held Marilyn's heart in spite of everything that had happened that afternoon. What strange creatures women were! He gave up in despair all hope of ever understanding them, as many another man had done before him.

"Can you really forget, Barry?" she asked wonderingly. "And forgive? You—you don't want—I mean, would you rather I went away from Two Rivers? Of course, I'd quite understand if you felt you'd be glad to get rid of me. And I shouldn't blame you, either—I've been such an awful nuisance. Made such a hash of things——"

She went on talking incoherently, a dull dread at her heart. Supposing Barry really would be glad if she left Two Rivers? Where could she go? Back to the Marlow household? She shuddered inwardly at the thought. The peace of Two Rivers, and the serenity of its master had taken strong hold of Marilyn. And, though she did not know it, they were to hold her now and for all time. At the moment she only felt a vague dread of being turned loose at the mercy of the world again after this period of peace—perhaps the only peace she had ever known in all her life.

"Want you to leave Two Rivers?" A sudden, harsh laugh burst from Barry. "When I arrived this afternoon just in time to prevent you from leaving!" Then, seeing the painful flush that leaped to Marilyn's face, he added quickly, penitent: "I'm sorry, dear. I shouldn't have said that. No, of course I don't want you to leave here. I want you to stay—just as long as you like. There mustn't be any obligation on either side, Marilyn. I'm—glad of your company. I think I should be rather lonely without you now!"

He smiled down at her in the old Barry way, and a sudden wild uprush of gladness at his words and look, which Marilyn could not quite understand, made her fling her arms impulsively round Barry's neck and press her face against his sleeve.

"You are a darling!" she said, a little breathlessly.

With an inaudible exclamation Barry gently released those clinging arms. Her touch had set his pulses leaping, turned his blood to fire. He longed to hold her close, to smother her face with kisses, but with an effort he controlled himself. He drew away from her gently. And though he was thankful Marilyn was not going to leave him, the role of jolly elder brother with which she clothed him was extraordinarily unsatisfying and distasteful. It was desperately hard to have to keep a tight rein on himself and pretend not to love her with every breath he drew.

"That's all right," he said awkwardly, and lightly stroked the damp, dark head on his arm. "Now, you turn over and have a sleep. I've—got some work to do before supper."

And he turned and left her hastily, not daring to trust himself to stay in her room, with its sweet intimacy, any longer.

Marilyn lay very quiet after Barry had left her. She was not asleep. Her eyes were wide open, gazing thoughtfully at the white-washed wall beside her bed. No one could have guessed at what she was thinking. Once or twice her lips moved, and a dawning light gradually crept into her eyes. She had a wistful look, half glad, half afraid. Once she whispered "Barry!" in an awed, hushed tone. Then, with a little smile, she turned her face to her pillow and lay with it hidden like that for a long while. The humiliation, terror, shame, that had assailed her were all forgotten, as if, for that one precious moment, they were wiped completely from her memory, and only the sudden knowledge that had come to her so swiftly, and so unsought, filled her heart and mind.

She loved Barry! Loved him as a husband, a lover. She wanted him beside her, wanted to feel his arms around her. But all he wanted was a pal, a companion on his lonely farm.

"Oh, Barry!" she moaned.

CHAPTER 14

THE storm had caught Valentine as he slowly and painfully drove the car back along the road down which he had travelled so triumphantly a short hour ago. The cruel flogging he had received from Barry had very nearly done him in. And if fear—fear that Barry might follow and punish him still further—had not given him an access of strength, Carstairs would not have been equal to the task of managing the car after the injuries he had sustained.

Slowly, painfully, with many muttered curses, Valentine drove through the sheeting rain. But even fear has its limits to

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endurance, and he realised that his strength would not hold out all the journey back to Salisbury, especially with the added violence of the storm. So he turned off the main track, down a narrow byway leading to young Hall's farm, where he had been sleeping when he came to see Marilyn for the first time at Two Rivers.

The young farmer was away in Salisbury. He was nearly always in town, and for that reason his farm was never likely to prosper like Barry's.

Valentine knew he was away, but he would make the servants give him a change of clothes, some food, and a bed for the night.

And all the time his brain was working busily to cover up all trace of what occurred, so that no one should ever know of the awful humiliation he had suffered that afternoon.

His face wore an ugly, vicious look which boded ill for Barry and Marilyn. For, with the injustice of a mean nature, he held her as much to blame for his plight as Barry. Oh! he would be even with them both one day! Only give him time—time to recover his strength, time to set his wits to work as to how he might destroy them both.

HIS revenge on Barry would be fairly easy, once he had mapped out a plan, for Valentine knew what Marilyn did not—that Barry loved her deeply, passionately, jealously. He could always get at Barry through her.

But how to make Marilyn pay for all he had suffered through her was a more difficult matter. But he had no fear that something eventually would turn up.

A hot bath, change of clothes, and a good, strong whisky all provided by young Hall's native houseboy, restored a good deal of his lost courage and self-respect, though his body still ached and burned with the force of Barry's blows.

He rested for a day or two quietly at the farm. When young Hall put in an appearance, the rain having held him up in Salisbury, Valentine was completely himself. He thanked the young farmer for his unasked hospitality in his most charming way; airily explained his reason for being there at all, and, still in young Hall's borrowed garments, drove back to Salisbury, there to plot and plan against the two people he now most hated in all the world.

He put in hours of tortuous, futile planning, and then, like a flash, a brilliant idea occurred to him. Oh, fool that he was not to have thought of it sooner! He knew the real reason for Marilyn's sudden marriage, and like a flash her bitter words came back to him; the words she had uttered at their first meeting at Two Rivers, when he told her there was always a way of escape for everyone:

"Do you recommend me to go back to my people? I'm happier here. Do you suggest my taking a job—what job? I was brought up to do so much, wasn't I? There only remains a convent, and I don't even know whether they take women who've run away from their husbands."

She had found sanctuary at Two Rivers. She didn't want to leave it, even though she didn't love Kilsane. There was nowhere else for her to go if he turned her out!

And Valentine had suddenly thought of the way to make Kilsane turn her out.

Going to a small deed-box, securely locked and bound, Valentine proceeded to open it, and, hunting among a number of documents which the box contained, drew out a packet of letters carefully tied together. What guardian spirit had induced him to keep the passionate love-letters Marilyn had written to him ever since there had been an understanding between them? And what evil demon had made Marilyn omit in her usual wild, careless way, to date or head her letters? Everything was working out excellently for Valentine's plan.

His dreams began to run away with him as he sat there in front of that black box with Marilyn's poor, passionate, little letters lying carelessly spread open before him.

## CHAPTER 15

IT was hard, Marilyn discovered, to take up the ordinary routine after that night of revelation when she had realised that she loved Barry. It was such a strong, steady feeling, so utterly unlike the girlish passion which she had lavished on Valentine. So different in all its aspects, that at first she almost doubted herself. But not for long. This new woman's love could not be gainsaid, and when she became really sure of herself, she wondered in amazement how she could ever have been even vaguely attracted by Carstairs when there had been Barry close there beside her for so long.

For a little while she was content to nurse this wonderful thing that had come to her with no thought beyond. But as the days slipped by, she was aware of something that her happiness lacked; something missing—incomplete. And then it was she realised that she hadn't the faintest idea whether Barry loved her in return. She knew that he liked her, that he would be sorry to lose her companionship—he had told her so quite plainly. But—could she now be content with that kindly friendship, that quiet affection, knowing her own heart? And Marilyn quite frankly knew that she could not be content. It must be all or nothing. She could accept nothing less. But would Barry ever care for her like that?

She grew silent and constrained with Barry. She could not return to the old careless days of friendship. She was too different, too humble in her new-found love to make any kind of overture to him.

And Barry gave her no help. Seeing her pale and silent, depressed and almost spiritless, even more than when she first came to him, Barry naturally concluded that Marilyn was fretting after Carstairs, although she never alluded to him in any way—his name had not passed her lips since that memorable afternoon.

With all his fine self-control, Barry found it difficult not to let his intolerable jealousy appear. His love tortured him in Marilyn's presence, so that he grew graver and more silent than usual, and absented himself from the house as much as he could, which was easier now that the rains were drawing to a close.

And Marilyn noted the change with a sinking heart. Barry had entirely changed since that horrible day of the quarrel with Valentine, and, though he had said he had wiped it from his memory, Marilyn fancied that he had never trusted her entirely since.

So the two drifted silently apart, a whole cloud of misunderstanding and doubt between them, each vainly hoping yet despairing of winning the other's heart.

AND then Valentine's bombshell fell, as if there were not enough trouble between them already. The postbag was brought in to Marilyn one afternoon, and she unlocked it listlessly, scarcely bothering to look at the envelopes. No one ever troubled to write to her these days.

There was one letter for her—a typewritten one—and she paused before opening it. It looked dull and uninteresting. The announcement of a sale or something at one of the shops. And Marilyn wasn't interested in shops just now. Still, she opened it, and carelessly glanced at the contents.

Then her hand tightened on the paper, and a stifled cry came from her, while her face went curiously white.

It was Valentine Carstairs' writing that jumped up at her.

"You will wonder at my writing to you, my dear Marilyn," wrote Valentine airily. "But I have been thinking things over since our last meeting, and I have come to the conclusion that you owe me something in return for what your husband gave me.

"I have been reading and re-reading some letters you once wrote me—such a lot of letters, Marilyn, and such lots of affection in them, too. I think Barry might be very interested to see them. And they're not dated or headed—a pity you were always so careless, my dear girl. Now if I pick out one nice little letter (I have here before me as I write), and send it to your husband, telling him that I have just received it, I wonder what he will think? I rather fancy that he might be slightly annoyed with you. What do you think? It runs something like this. Do you remember it at all?

"'And you know, wherever I am, waking or sleeping, I love you, Val. And still this horrible barrier between us. Oh, when shall we be free to love each other openly together?'"

The letter fell from Marilyn's nerveless hand. Yes, she remembered writing it, though she had forgotten till now, those wild impulsive letters she had written to Valentine, pouring out her heart on to the cold paper. She had written most of them at a time when Valentine was at Government House, and saw no prospect of getting away from there for two or three years. How easy to explain it all, if that terrible afternoon had never been, if she did not now love Barry.

Barry must never see those letters, thought Marilyn in a sudden panic. He wouldn't understand, would never believe she had written them months, years ago, before she was even engaged to him.

She never thought of showing Barry Valentine's letter—in her terrified dread at killing Barry's affection still further, the one idea that possessed her was to prevent Valentine from doing what he threatened. And it was exactly what Carstairs had banked upon, otherwise he would not have dared send her a letter in which he so frankly revealed his plans. He knew that Marilyn would never dream of showing his letter to Kilsane.

Marilyn picked up the sheet of paper from the floor where it had fallen, and forced herself to read it more carefully, though her hand shook so, that it was difficult to decipher the closely written ten lines.

As she came to the end a tiny gasp of relief came from her parted lips. Valentine held out a "hope"—a way of escape, which he once had told her was always to be found by anyone who looked for it.

"Of course, if you would prefer to buy it," Valentine had written, "and give it to your husband yourself, I am quite prepared to sell. You know I can do with any amount of money. What do you say to a fiver for it! Dirt cheap, I call it. But we like to meet our special customers halfway. Au revoir, my dear. Let me know as soon as possible what you've decided, or I shall be obliged very reluctantly to post to Kilsane. Yours, Val."

Marilyn sprang to her feet, clutching the letter in her hand, and without pausing an instant, ran into her own room, and sitting down before her dressing-table, pushed the toilet things impatiently to one side and brought out her writing-case.

There was no time to be lost. Valentine must hear at once. At all costs she must prevent that fatal letter from falling into Barry's hands.

WHEN they were first married Barry had given Marilyn her own cheque book, telling her he had paid, and would pay every month a certain sum into her account for her to spend entirely as she pleased. He thought it would be less irksome to her pride than to be obliged to ask him for every penny she needed. Marilyn had been grateful to him then, but her gratitude was a thousandfold deeper now.

She took out her cheque book and hurriedly made out a cheque to Valentine, and replacing it in a sheet of paper, wrote across it, "Please let me have my letter."

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That was all. She could not bring herself to write more. Then she put it in an envelope, sealed and addressed it. The post boy would be calling back in an hour or so. She wanted to put the letter in the bag and lock it securely away before Barry returned. When he came back she would just hand him his share of the mail—a couple of bills and a newspaper or two. She need say nothing about her own correspondence. Thank heaven he had not been there when it had arrived, for Barry, though singularly incurious as a rule, would certainly have noticed her obvious agitation and wondered what had occasioned it.

Marilyn's relief now that it was all over made her almost faint. It had happened so suddenly—a bolt from the blue, as Valentine had meant that it should be—and gone almost as soon. It remained, however, like the after effects of a horrible nightmare; the horror is over on waking, but the dreamer lies for some moments, not daring to move, pulses throbbing, heart beating in sickening bounds.

MARILYN never forgot the dreadful suspense which held her during the following week until the next arrival of the postboy. Would Valentine keep his part of the bargain? Or, having received the money, would he still decide to send that fatal letter to Barry? She was almost beside herself with fear and suspense; and even Barry, who believed he understood all her moods, was puzzled at her new restlessness and nervous manner.

She suddenly decided, now that the rains were practically over, to have a sort of spring-cleaning of the entire place, upsetting the servants and nearly driving Barry to distraction. In a perfect whirlwind of furious energy, Marilyn flung herself into her self-imposed task—anything to make her forget throughout the day and send her dog-tired to bed at night. Every room was turned out, its contents piled upon the verandah, while walls were re-whitewashed, furniture scrubbed, and every piece of material washed and ironed.

By the day of the postboy's arrival Marilyn was completely exhausted, the boys on the verge of revolt, and even Barry's temper was a trifle on edge. She summoned her last remaining energy literally to push Barry out of the house before the post arrived, and told him not to be back before tea, giving as her excuse that she wanted to put the finishing touches to the house that afternoon.

But when he had left the house and she had watched until she saw him far down in the lands, she dropped into a chair on the verandah, her eyes fixed anxiously on the red track down which the postboy should come. Until he came, until she knew what Valentine really intended to do, she could settle to nothing. And now that the moment had come for which she had longed and dreaded, she felt a strange inertia stealing over her, and if at that moment Barry had returned and opened the postbag himself she would have been powerless to stay him.

For a long while, so it seemed to Marilyn, the narrow, red track held no living soul. Once she started up quickly as a dark figure appeared like a tiny speck in the far distance. She kept her eyes fixed on it till they become sun-dazzled and swam with tears and she could not see. Impatiently she dashed them away. But the dark figure only resolved itself into a native making his way to some distant kraal, carrying his weird, home-made Kaffir piano in front of him and playing one of those strange, crooning, untuneful melodies that seem to fit in with the aloof strangeness of the veldt—a part of its own contradictory fascination.

At last the well-known figure of the postboy made its appearance, and Marilyn sprang to her feet and ran down the steps to meet him long before he was even halfway up the path. She almost snatched the bag from him, and, sitting on the steps, proceeded to open it with fingers that trembled so much she could scarcely fit the key in the lock.

Hastily its contents were shaken out on the ground, and, with her heart beating to suffocation, Marilyn sought the fatal letter. Ah, there it was! She knew the envelope at once. Valentine had always had an almost feminine conceit in the matter of notepaper. She turned it over, scarcely daring to look at the address. It might be for her—or Barry. Ah, thank Heaven, it was for her! Marilyn caught it up to her breast in an agony of thankfulness, and for a moment everything went black about her.

If Valentin could have seen her in that hour he would have been amply revenged. As it was, his imagination told him he must have endured some pretty bad moments, knowing her as he did, before the letter arrived.

In his letter he thanked her with his usual charming nonchalance. Made a few airy remarks about Salisbury, and the latest scandal there. That was all, Marilyn could have cried with the exquisite relief of it all. She was saved. Barry, too. Valentine was satisfied. Just a mere five pounds had secured happiness for her and Barry.

Perhaps even, now that the danger was passed, she might attempt to win Barry's heart—make him love her, after all. After the agony of the past week, and her present feeling of relief, Marilyn felt a fresh access of courage and hope. With Valentine's letter crushed up in her hand she began to dream her dreams anew.

She wondered what type of woman Barry most admired. She wished she knew, then she might model herself upon her. But she had never seen him take any interest in any woman. And how could she know that the one woman Barry had ever loved and admired was her own natural self—that wild, impulsive thing, half-girl, half-woman, with so many noble and generous instincts hidden away where no one but a man who loved her truly could find them.

She had nothing to go upon, she thought sadly. She knew so little, she could only grope her way blindly to his heart. Nevertheless, her woman's instinct told her to go and put on her prettiest cotton frock before he came back to tea.

Valentine's letter and the one he had returned to her she burnt, and with the burning she thrust all the horror of the past week into the deep recesses of her mind. It was all over, behind her, thank Heaven. She would not think of it again.

When Barry returned to the house he found Marilyn in a pale primrose gown putting finishing touches to a dainty tea-table. She greeted him gaily, smiling—almost with the bright camaderie of the old days. Her restlessness, her depression, had disappeared. And again Barry marvelled, yet was glad at the amazing bundle of contradiction that he called wife.

A WEEK slipped by—gloriously happy days to Marilyn and Barry. Shyly, half furtively, she wooed Barry until he, too, began to feel hope stirring again in his heart. She began to accompany him about the farm and on shooting excursions in the early morning, leaving the house in the first silver light of the coming dawn, walking with quick, springing tread by his side through the shoulder-high grasses, and delighting in everything she saw. She began to take an interest in the cattle, the crops, and the orchard. They started to plan things together—a new flower garden in front of the house, which Marilyn was to look after herself; an extension to the dairy. She had wild plans about a new churn. She was going to learn how to make butter. A new henhouse. She would run a miniature chicken farm. She was quite sure that Barry liked a thoroughly domesticated type of woman.

She amused him by her assumption of knowledge in farm matters—charmed him, too. She had never shown any interest in Two Rivers before, nor, in fact, in any farm as long as Barry had known her. Was she really getting over her infatuation for Carstairs? he wondered. Was the deep fascination of the wilderness, which had always meant life to him, slowly weaving her into its spell? Two Rivers and Marilyn—the two things that Barry most passionately loved—were they both to be his at last?

Then came another blow—as unexpected as the first. The following week brought another letter for Marilyn from Carstairs coolly demanding another five pounds for another of her poor little letters. Marilyn realised now that this was sheer blackmail on Valentine's part. Yet what could she do? To whom turn? Except to the one person who, above all others, must never be allowed to receive one of those unfortunate letters?

Why, oh, why, thought Marilyn in an agony of remorse, hadn't she dated those letters? Or headed them? Or written them? She had always been careless over that kind of thing. She wished to Heaven she hadn't been now.

But it was no good wishing. One cannot undo those little past careless things on which may turn a whole world of happiness or sorrow in the future.

Another five pounds! Marilyn turned the counterfoils of her cheque book with feverish fingers. There was such a tiny balance left—but just enough, thank Heaven, to meet this new demand from Valentine. But what of the future? How many more letters had he of hers? How long would he continue these dreadful demands? With a weary sigh that was almost a groan, and, with shaking fingers, she signed away her last five pounds to Valentine. Depression, tragic and grim, descended upon Marilyn once again.

She hung about all day long on the verandah, waiting for the postboy. She took to smoking again to soothe her nerves, and when she had exhausted her own stock and Barry's she secretly sent one of the boys to buy more at the little store run by a Dutchman on the other side of the river.

And Barry watched her relapse back into her old ways with a dull sinking of his heart. He knew she was smoking too much again. He knew that, once more, she was terribly unhappy, and once again he wondered jealously if it were Carstairs. But why? Unless he had written to her? He hadn't been there the last time the postbag arrived. Barry pulled himself up with a jerk. Anyway, whatever happened, whatever had upset Marilyn again, he wasn't going to spy on her. Deliberately he kept away from the house when the postboy next came to Two Rivers.

Marilyn's second letter was returned. Another brief respite, but before she could breathe freely again came another demand. Carstairs, with devilish ingenuity, was prolonging Marilyn's agony as only a man can who has made an intimate study of his victim. He knew exactly as if he had been watching her all the tortures Marilyn was enduring, and took a fiendish pleasure in prolonging them. He was really enjoying himself. His revenge was succeeding beyond his expectations. And the extra money was not unwelcome either, for Carstairs was reckless and generous with his money while he had any.

And his final blow—the crowning point of his vengeance on both Marilyn and Barry—was yet to come. He gloated over that, hugging that final moment, reluctant to hasten it, to bring his present enjoyment to a close.

## CHAPTER 16

THE third letter of Valentine's demanding money found Marilyn unable to comply without asking Barry for cash.

Every penny she possessed was gone, and her allowance would not be paid to the bank until the following month.

With flushed cheeks and downcast eyes

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she made her request after supper that night, not daring to wait lest her courage fail her.

"Please, Barry, could you let me have some money?" blurting it straight out without any warning, in her agony at being obliged to ask at all.

"Money?" said Barry, and he could not prevent a note of surprise coming into his voice. He had been very generous to Marilyn in the matter of money, giving her really more than he could afford in his anxiety to make her happy. But it was a whole month before her next allowance was due, and he could not understand why she should be short of money now. He wondered for a moment, with a flicker of annoyance, whether she was going to be like her mother after all, who, where money was concerned, had no idea of the value of it, and the vaguest method of keeping accounts. Up till now, he hadn't noticed that trait in Marilyn. In fact, he knew she had been pathetically eager not to be extravagant and wasteful, and had begged him not to give her such a large allowance.

But he was tired and overwrought himself, inclined to make big things out of trifles.

"Yes." Marilyn's face went a deeper scarlet. She twisted her fingers painfully together. "I—I've been rather reckless this month, Barry. I'm frightfully sorry—but I owe some money—" She broke off. Even in her desperate need she simply couldn't lie to Barry. "If you could—just this once," she went on miserably. "I—I promise not to ask you again. I'll try and be more careful. I——"

He stopped her pitiful little plea. He couldn't bear to see her frightened—trembling like that before him. It hurt him inexpressibly.

"It's all right, dear," he said gently. "Don't worry. Of course I'll give you some—anything you want!" added poor Barry truthfully. "How much is it?"

For a moment Marilyn remained silent, unable to speak. Barry's unquestioning generosity, his gentleness, almost broke her down. But it was for his sake—he must never know—more than ever now she must keep those letters from him, she thought fiercely. "I love him—he shan't be taken from me——" She knew Valentine would lie mercilessly to convince Barry that the letters had been written recently, and that she had been deliberately unfaithful to her husband.

"Don't be frightened, child!" Barry said again. And with an effort Marilyn spoke—very low:

"Ten pounds!" That would cover two more letters, she thought feverishly, if Valentine were devil enough to demand it, and by that time her allowance would be nearly due. Perhaps if she begged him, he would wait till then, should there still be more letters to be bought. She wondered desperately how many times she had impulsively dashed off a note to him to tell him how much she cared.

She had grown so far away from that part of her former life that Marilyn could only dimly marvel now at her own blindness. Why had she cared so much for Valentine? She could not find an answer in her new woman's heart.

"Ten pounds? Righto! I'll make you out a cheque straightaway." Barry tried to make his voice sound unconcerned, but secretly he was rather dismayed. Who on earth could Marilyn owe ten pounds to, over and above her allowance. He made up his mind to have a little talk with her about money later on, when she had recovered some of her former spirits. He turned on his heels and went to his own room to get the cheque.

SAVED! Thank heaven she was saved once more! Even though Marilyn instinctively felt Barry's unspoken condemnation, she could only feel a wave of supreme thankfulness sweep over her. Barry was still hers—he should never see those letters, even though she had to go through fire to prevent him.

The ten pounds had vanished as her own money had done, and Marilyn was again faced with exposure. She waited in vain for Valentine's next letter. Would he be merciful and wait until the end of the month? Oh, he must—he must—

But when his letter came, its request was even worse than Marilyn had anticipated. Valentine was growing tired of his game. Also he was tight for money. If she would send him fifty pounds he would give her back all the rest of the letters and not bother her any more. Though he did not tell her of the final one he meant to send to Barry when he himself was well on his way South, the fifty pounds safely in his pocket. He'd had a job offered him in the Union, which he had accepted, he wrote, but he wanted money to settle things in Salisbury before he left.

Marilyn suddenly began to laugh. To laugh dreadfully and uncontrollably, her hand clenched against her mouth. Where in all the world was she to find fifty pounds? Why, it was practically half of the whole yearly allowance Barry made her, and Valentine wouldn't wait a week—much less a whole six months.

"I shall throw myself in the river. This is the end—" was the one coherent idea that emerged from the welter of Marilyn's thoughts. She could fight no longer. All her poor little pretences, her efforts in the past, had been in vain. But rather than that Barry should believe such things of her, she would kill herself. She couldn't bear the sight of his changed face as he opened Valentine's letter and read what was inside. Even if she denied it, swore by all she solemnly held most dear, Barry wouldn't believe that she had not written the letters since she had been his wife. Again before Marilyn's horror-stricken eyes came the vision of Barry's set face and merciless eyes the day he had thrashed Valentine. Would he do that to her? No—Barry would never touch a woman—she knew that, but she also knew that he would turn her adrift. He would be merciless there. He would never forgive her. He would never bear to have her under his roof after that.

In heaven's name, what was she to do? Supposing she wrote to Valentine—implored him to wait, to have a little pity on her? But she knew almost before the thought came the utter impossibility of appealing to Valentine's better nature. He had none, she could see that now. Oh, fool, fool, that she had been, ever to have written those fatal letters to a man like Valentine Carstairs.

Up and down the room Marilyn paced like a caged animal, her thoughts whirling hopelessly in her brain. In her agony she almost screamed, and brought her clenched hand up sharply against her mouth to prevent the sound being audible. As she did so, one of the rough claw settings of her ring caught her lip.

Mechanically, Marilyn lowered her hand and looked at it—her ring, the ring Barry had given her when they became engaged. And like a flash the scene came back to her. What had Barry said? "What stones do you like, Madame?" jestingly. And she had answered "Diamonds, they'll be easy to sell when the engagement's off."

EASY to sell? She glanced at the ring again—the great cluster of diamonds gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight that streamed in from the window. They glowed back at her, they glittered, they twinkled—as if desirous of showing her what she could do. A way of escape—the way out of which Valentine had once spoken. Was this her way of escape now? To sell her ring—Barry's ring—the one thing that with that other thin gold band held her outwardly to Barry.

For one moment Marilyn refused to consider it. Then, as the urgency of the situation forced itself once more upon her, she knew she would do this thing, would deliberately give up this token that bound her to Barry—for his sake. To save him from being cruelly hurt, to save her love for him.

With a curious air of determination, of finality, Marilyn pulled the ring from her finger. She did not look at it again, but fetching the little case in which it lay when she was not wearing it, she placed the ring inside and shut down the lid with a firm snapping of the catch. Still with the same quiet determination, so different from her former fevered restlessness, she put it into another paper, enclosed a note to the jeweller from whom Barry had bought it, wrapped, addressed and sealed the parcel.

Then she wrote to Valentine telling him that she was making arrangements to obtain the money he asked for, but that he must wait at least another week for it. She wrote quite calmly, sensing that Valentine would be perfectly willing to wait if he knew the money was really forthcoming.

WHEN she had done all this, and the postboy was well on his way back along the narrow, red track, crooning his own peculiar, unmelodious tune as his bare feet padded noiselessly through the dust, Marilyn's strength suddenly left her. With difficulty she stumbled over to her bed, and dropping down upon it, lay inert and still. For the moment she was mercifully stunned into semi-consciousness. She lay there while the golden afternoon enwrapped the world outside in a warm haze, a stillness and a peace—so all unlike poor Marilyn's unquiet heart.

And once more she waited for the postboy—with neither fear nor hope now, but with a dull resignation. Valentine had completely broken the lovely wild creature whom for a very short space of time he had loved.

There was no letter from him—for her or for Barry. He had agreed to wait then, Marilyn understood from his silence. There was a bulky registered parcel for her from the jeweller in Johannesburg. It contained notes to the value of forty pounds. The man wrote to say that was all he was prepared to advance on the ring. He would hold it until she wished to redeem it, at the usual rate of interest. What that was Marilyn did not trouble to inquire for the moment. She had the money—that was the main thing—the money that was finally to release her from the evil power that held her. Not the sum she had asked for, but surely it would do if she explained to Valentine that that was the very utmost she could lay her hands on at the moment, and that if he would not take that he must do his worst. She had a shrewd idea that Valentine would not relinquish that substance for the shadow. He needed money too badly.

She had asked the jeweller to send her notes in preference to a cheque. She sensed that it would be unwise to pay Valentine a large sum by cheque. Stories of people's crimes being traced through cheques came vaguely to her mind. Supposing Barry found out in some way? Supposing he happened to see the entry in her pass-book? Marilyn shivered at the thought.

But the next difficulty was how to get the money to Valentine safely. It was too large a sum to entrust to the post, and she did not see how she could send one of the boys in to Salisbury without Barry's knowledge.

The final difficulty, however, was unexpectedly solved by Barry himself. Driven almost to the verge of despair at Marilyn's extraordinary changes of behaviour, he suddenly made up his mind, now that the rains were over and the roads passable once more, that they would go into Salisbury for a few days. At the moment there

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was not very much on the farm that required his supervision, and he could leave the general routine, as usual, in the competent hands of his native overseer.

He broached the subject to Marilyn that evening at supper—a little hesitatingly—he was not sure what she would say to the proposal. What mood was she in? But to his surprise and relief she simply jumped at his suggestion.

"Oh, Barry, how jolly! I'd love to! We haven't been to Town for ages."

There was genuine pleasure and eagerness in her voice and eyes. What wonderful luck that Barry should have suggested the visit just now! Here was a solution to her own problem. She could take the money herself to Salisbury and once there she would somehow manage to convey it to Valentine. And once that was done—once all those fatal letters were safely in her possession, and she was free at last for ever from Valentine, she could throw herself whole-heartedly into the noise and gaiety of the old life which she had left so far and so long behind her since she had become Barry's wife.

After that, when she had once shaken herself free from the depression that Valentine's letters had brought her, she would feel more capable of taking up her self-imposed task of wooing Barry.

FOR the first time in many weeks Barry saw her face flushed and happy, her eyes bright, heard her laugh. And bitterly reproached himself for not having thought of it before. Poor child! She had been feeling homesick for the lights and laughter she had forsaken when she married him. And she had made no complaint, never accused him of selfishness in shutting her up on the farm for so many weeks.

Of course, she wanted a little of the old gaiety. Fool that he had been not to have thought of it before!

"It would be rather jolly," he agreed. "We've been pretty quiet lately, haven't we? I see in the paper there's quite a good show at the theatre this week and a dance at the Queen's, so put in some of your glad rags, and we'll have a really good blow-out. The farm can stand it!"

He smiled into her flushed, eager face. She dimpled back at him. The dark clouds that had seemed to possess them both of late rolled away.

Perhaps, after all, it wasn't Carstairs, thought Barry, renewed hope in his heart. Perhaps Marilyn had just been homesick for the old life she had recklessly renounced when she became his wife.

So a couple of days later, everything satisfactorily arranged, Marilyn and Barry set off for Salisbury in the old Ford, Marilyn tightly clasping her bag containing the precious notes that meant release from Valentine for ever. Her best frocks and Barry's dress suit were stowed away in the back of the car with several sacks of potatoes and other farm produce.

Marilyn was in the highest spirits. She was like a child starting out on an unexpected treat. And Barry played up to her mood with all his might. These next few days should make a marked difference in their relations, he decided, and set himself to the task of wooing his wife. A task he did not imagine would be at all unpleasing.

They arrived in Salisbury in the afternoon. It was a beautiful, cloudless day—a blue African sky, clear and intense above them. Every house was a mass of morning glory, mauve and petunia and white; every garden ablaze with the scarlet blossoms of the poinsettias. They drove straight to the hotel and booked their rooms, and Marilyn insisted on changing at once and going to Pocket's for tea. She was sure to meet most of the old gang there she knew. It was a famous meeting-place for everyone in Salisbury.

"And after that I suppose we'd better go and see the family," she added a little reluctantly. She realised how much she had grown away from her own people during those long weeks at Two Rivers. Only her father she remembered with any degree of affection and pleasure. They had not troubled to write to her since she had married. She wondered if Paula had really been the success she had always boasted of?

"And to-night we'll go to the theatre—I'll book seats straight away. And to-morrow morning we'll buy that new car I've been talking about so often and never bought," said Barry, briskly.

"Oh, Barry." Marilyn clasped her hands ecstatically round his arm. "And there's the dance in the evening. What a perfectly heavenly time we're going to have!"

She heaved a sigh of sheer satisfaction as they turned in at Pocket's. The place was crowded as usual, and as they stood searching for a table, Marilyn encountered many of her former friends. She greeted them eagerly, delighted to be back once more among the old familiar crowd. But gradually, imperceptibly, a feeling of disappointment crept over her, dulling her joy, and leaving a sense of depression, of something lacking. Though they all greeted her gaily and appeared glad to see her again, Marilyn realised that those weeks at Two Rivers had drawn an invisible barrier between her and the old life. These one-time friends of hers had new modes of speech, new slang, new jokes, allusions to things of which she was ignorant, new scandals, new stories about people of whom she had not heard anything. Marilyn had dropped out.

She, who once had been the centre of her set, the leader of everything daring and reckless, whom no party was complete without—they had no use for her now. Her place had been filled. She had not even been missed.

"Hullo, Marilyn! When did you turn up?" "'Lo, old thing! How's mealies?"

"Haven't seen anything of you for ages!" "Cheerio, can't stop now." They carelessly flung their greetings at her as they passed to mingle with people whom Marilyn hardly knew by sight. And all this ha happened in a few short weeks. Marilyn had never realised until now the fickleness of the crowd to which she belonged. Instinctively she turned to Barry. Here at least was someone who would not change, who would not forget.

RATHER slow and dull she might have thought Barry at one time, but she knew now that those qualities she had once despised were the ones which made for constancy and happiness. Though he might not love her, Barry would never forget her; if she were absent for ten years he would still greet her with the old kindness, the old friendliness.

Marilyn slipped her hand through his arm. She felt safe and sheltered like that—feeling the steady strength of his muscles beneath his sleeve.

"There's a table over there,' she said quickly. And Barry, glancing sharply down at the new note in her voice, saw the change in her face. Something had hurt Marilyn. He had seen the careless greeting, the indifference, and he understood. Poor darling, he thought compassionately. She feels completely out of things.

But he hadn't wanted her to be hurt like this. The child in her was crying out silently for comfort. He put his hand over hers for an instant and gave it a little squeeze.

"Come on and let's get some tea," was all he said, but suddenly Marilyn's disappointment vanished.

What did it matter? What did anything matter after all, so long as Barry was with her?

CHAPTER 17.

SHE clung to him for a moment, almost wildly, as if she feared to lose him. Thank Heaven she had that money. Barry was hers still. She would never feel lonely or unhappy when he was near.

Barry felt the pressure of her young body, the tightening of her clasped hands on his arm, with a thrill of his pulses. She was mutely, unconsciously, turning to him. Would this meeting with her old friends serve to show her where her real happiness might lie if she would only seek it?

He put his arm round her—there in the middle of Pocket's tearooms, careless of who saw him, and held her so for the fraction of a second.

"I've an overpowering thirst on," was all he said. But he kept his arm lightly and easily about her as they pushed their way to the vacant table. And Marilyn sat down with a delicious feeling of excitement in her veins.

Was Barry really beginning to like her a little bit? Really like her—not in the old impersonal way? The feel of his arm round her went a little to her head. All the old gaiety, the wild impulsiveness which were Marilyn's greatest charm, asserted themselves. Where she had once been wont to dominate most of the members of her set she now started to work with Barry. And it was so genuine. She felt light-hearted and happy, she didn't care if her so-called friends had forgotten her. Barry remained, and it was Barry she wanted.

She began to woo him, to attract, as she had never done with any other man in her life before—not even with Valentine when she most loved him. And Barry, bewildered, amazed, poor man, gave up trying to understand, and gave himself up, instead, to the charm of her wooing. She had returned at last to the wild, lovable child she had been when first he realised he loved her.

"Now I suppose we must look in on the family," said Marilyn reluctantly, at last, pushing her chair back, and puffing her cheeks out like a schoolgirl. "Phooh, Barry! I've made a perfect pig of myself. Come along, I must shake it all down. I think we'd better walk."

"I haven't done so badly myself," answered Barry, with a schoolboy grin. He linked his arm through hers as they rose and walked slowly together to the door, intent on each other, regardless of the crowd around them.

One person, sitting unnoticed in a corner, saw them go out with rage and jealousy eating at her heart. Mrs. Swaythling the widow who herself had planned to marry Barry, watched with ill-concealed chagrin the deep intimacy that seemed to exist between Barry and Marilyn. Had she been wrong in thinking there was no real love between these two? Were Barry and Marilyn just an ordinarily happily-married couple in spite of the mystery that had seemed to surround their engagement? Mrs. Swaythling hated Marilyn, and would have welcomed a chance to do her harm.

They called on Mrs. Marlow for a chat, and afterwards it was quite thrilling to go back to the hotel and change. Marilyn dressed herself with more than ordinary care, in her little black lace frock and brilliant green satin jacket with green satin shoes to match. It was with a thrill at her heart that she received Barry's look of quiet approval and admiration as she met him in the corridor outside her room on the way downstairs. It was exciting to sit down at a little table for two with Barry under the brilliant glitter of lights, and be served with a really sumptuous

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dinner, specially ordered for her by Barry. And it was even more thrilling to get into a rickshaw afterwards, and sit close to Barry with his arm round her "in case she was jolted" as they went along.

And then the theatre! Barry had taken a box, and Marilyn sat enthralled like a child, one hand clutching Barry's arm, as the play, a clever murder one, grew more and more involved. She was too excited to feel Barry's hand come gently down over hers and stay so for the remainder of the act.

The lights went up. Marilyn sat back with a sigh, and removed her hand. She turned a lovely flushed face to Barry.

"Ooh! Wasn't it gorgeous?" she said, and Barry could have taken her up in his arms, then and there, and kissed her, she looked so like the happy, innocent child he used to know.

"Great, isn't it?" he answered. "I'm awfully glad we came. Here, suppose you tackle some of these while I go and have a smoke outside?"

He laid an enormous box of chocolates in her lap, and smiled to hear her little scream of delight: "Barry! How lovely!" He could remember the time, not very far distant, when Marilyn had been as bored and blase as the rest of her crowd, loudly criticising the play, the performers. Merely glancing at the chocolates given them, and turning avidly instead to the inevitable cigarette, or strolling out to the bar for innumerable cocktails. Thank Heaven that had only been the false veneer of the crowd, as he had once hoped. It wasn't the true Marilyn; she was here now, sitting by his side, all delight and eagerness.

He had not yet accomplished all he had set out to do, but at least a great deal had been done, and he had a strong feeling that the final supreme goal of his desires would not be impossible of fulfilment. His love for her would win her heart in the end.

He wanted to go on sitting by her, listening to her voice, watching the lovely expressions chase across her charming face. But he thought it wiser to leave her. She was a little bit too heady for the moment, and he did not want to betray himself—yet. So he left her.

MARILYN, sitting alone, glanced interestedly round the theatre. She knew most of the people there, and it amused her to watch them—curiously interested, as if she were a stranger. She no longer felt unhappy at being outside the familiar circle. There were the same old flirtations going on, the same quarrels, only the people had different faces.

Marilyn watched them all and wondered if it was all a dream, or if once long ago she really had been one of them.

Marilyn's thoughts had gone very far away as she sat in the theatre, and she started sharply as Barry slipped into the seat beside her. She smiled up at him and laid a friendly hand on his knee. Barry's own big brown one closed over hers tightly for a moment, then he loosened his hold reluctantly, though he still retained her hand in his, stroking it lightly with his big fingers.

Idly he turned it over, examining its slenderness, and the fine texture of the skin, noticing that the nails had been left alone and did not wear the pointed, varnished look he so disliked.

"Hallo," he said presently, as he still held her hand. "You're not wearing your ring. Where did you leave it, eh? Not at Two Rivers, I hope, dear. Chusora is a very reliable boy, but I'm not sure about some of the others—and a 'ring with stones' would be an irresistible temptation, unless you locked it in the strong box."

With a sudden movement Marilyn sat upright and jerked her hand away, a vivid scarlet stained her cheeks, and to Barry's surprise, when he looked up at her, she would not meet his eyes.

"It's all right," she said, quickly and nervously. "Don't bother, Barry. I—I didn't wear it to-night—that's all. I—I don't always. It's quite safe——"

"Have you got it here?" persisted Barry, curiosity and a little hurt feeling that Marilyn should be so careless of his ring, prompting him to pursue the subject.

"No-no," faltered Marilyn, the color deepening on her face.

She had forgotten, when she sent the ring away, that Barry might ask some embarrassing questions when he discovered she was not wearing it. Another pit seemed to open at her feet, just when she was beginning to feel safe and secure again. Was there to be no ending to her troubles? Now there would be no peace for her until she had enough money to regain the ring, and that could not possibly be for some months at least.

Desperately she turned to Barry, her agitation making her angry, and said irritably:

"Oh, it's all right, I tell you! For goodness sake don't make such a fuss about nothing, Barry. It's perfectly safe! Do be quiet now! The curtain's just going up."

She turned her face resolutely to the stage, drawing herself back in her seat away from Barry, and hiding the tell-tale hand in her lap, and saw with a breath of relief that the lights were going out and the curtain rising.

BARRY sank back in his seat, hurt and puzzled. And though his attention appeared rivetted on the stage, he had no idea how the play was proceeding. His thoughts turned this way and that as he tried to find a meaning for the vanished ring and Marilyn's extraordinary confusion and annoyance.

As usual, his thoughts turned to Carstairs, as a clue to any mystery connected with Marilyn. But in this case he could not, try as he might, link him in any way with Marilyn's engagement ring. Unless —said his jealous heart—he has asked her not to wear it. Then he put that idea aside as ridiculous.

Perhaps she has lost it, and is afraid to say so, said his reason, and though that idea comforted him not a little, he couldn't quite dismiss the other idea from his mind. And the evening which had started so happily ended for Barry, at any rate, in disappointment.

The play came to an end, the lights went up, and the audience began to stream out. Barry helped Marilyn on with her cloak in silence, and in silence they went out together.

"Let's walk back to the hotel," said Marilyn quickly, as Barry was about to hail a rickshaw.

It would be less dangerous to walk, when anything might divert attention, than to invite the queer intimacy that always surrounds one in a rickshaw.

"Just as you like," answered Barry stiffly. "Are you sure you won't be cold?" For there was a nip of frost in the air.

"My cloak's quite thick," said Marilyn hurriedly. "I'd like a walk. And there's sure to be a fire in the lounge when we get back to the hotel."

In silence they began to walk down the street, until, finding it almost as dangerous as the shelter of a rickshaw, Marilyn began desperately to make conversation, chattering warily on in the old blase Marilyn-way, that Barry had not heard for months, and to all of which he replied in monosyllables. Thank goodness the hotel was reached at last.

Marilyn ran up the steps with a sigh of relief.

"No, thanks Barry. I don't want anything to drink. I'm so sleepy!" She pretended to stifle a yawn behind her hand. "I'll go straight up. Night, night!"

With a little nod of her head she turned quickly and almost ran away from Barry up the stairs to her room, leaving Barry more distracted and worried than ever.

When he, too, went up ten minutes later, and paused a moment outside her door, he could hear no sound, and, concluding she was asleep, went straight to his own room, there to toss and turn till the dawn, not dreaming that Marilyn, too, was lying sleepless and tormented only a few yards away from him.

## CHAPTER 18.

BUT morning brought a certain sense of proportion to both, and they were able to meet at breakfast as if outwardly nothing had happened. And Marilyn was looking so devastatingly pretty in the new jumper suit of black and lemon that Barry resolutely put all his jealous doubts into the background. He would believe that she had lost the ring and was afraid to tell him, poor child. He would ask her about it when they got back to The Rivers, and tell her it didn't matter one bit. He would buy her a hundred diamond rings as long as she wouldn't be unhappy.

And as Barry seemed completely to have forgotten the incident of last night, Marilyn decided to ignore it, too—so long as he didn't ask her again about the ring until she had a chance of redeeming it.

So when Barry said—as breakfast was drawing to a close—"Well, what about that new car?" Marilyn sprang up excitedly and refused to eat any more.

"Oh, Barry! Let's come along at once! You don't want another cup of coffee, do you? Oh, do hurry! Are you sure you can afford it? Bags I first drive! May I? You won't mind, will you?"

"Of course I shan't!" Barry looked down lovingly at her beautiful flushed face. What a darling child she was, he thought, all jealousy and doubt fled, and only his great love for her remaining. Lucky chap to have such a lovely girl wife! Far greater luck than he had ever dreamed of, or deserved.

"The car is really yours, you know," he went on, with a smile in his kindly eyes. "You can have it painted sky pink if you like. The old Ford will do everything I want."

"You are a lamb!" Marilyn squeezed his arm ecstatically. "I've never had a car of my very own. It's been one of my dreams——"

"I'd love to make all your dreams come true," answered Barry, little knowing what her dearest dream of all was.

"Perhaps I will some day," he added. He gave her a funny little look which somehow set Marilyn's heart beating with a delicious thrill.

"Yes," she said softly, a sudden sweet gravity falling on her face. "Perhaps you will—some day!"

"Only you can make my dreams come true!" she added to herself. "Oh, Barry, my darling, if you only will some day——" Then she reverted to her former self again. "Do hurry, there's a dear. I'll run up and get my hat—meet you in the lounge; shan't be a sec.!" And she was gone.

They spent a deliriously happy morning buying the new car, and Marilyn proudly drove it all round the town. Showing off horribly, Barry said, laughing. Morning tea at Pocket's, and then more shopping—a perfect orgy, Marilyn declared gaily.

"I've had a perfectly divine morning," cried Marilyn. "D'you know, Barry, I've never spent so much money in my whole life. I don't believe? Have I spent too much?" she added, anxiously. "Are you sure you can afford it all? I mean, I haven't run up a lot of bills, have I?"

Memories of the storms between her parents came to her when the usual fleet of bills came in every month. She could never bear to have rows like that with Barry. She shuddered. Her eyes were large and a little afraid as she looked at him.

"It's quite all right, child," he reassured

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her, with his kindly look that she so loved. "The bank'll stand it. We're paying for everything on the nail. No bills!" He smiled, and she marvelled at his quick intuition.

"I hate bills," she said. "I—I'd rather go without things."

"I hope I'll always have enough to give you what you want!" he answered. "Two Rivers is quite a little gold mine if it's worked properly. Enough gold in it for you and me, anyway. It's always been a good friend of mine. Whatever of love and labor I've put into it, it's given it back to me a hundredfold."

"Two Rivers knows you love it," said Marilyn to his surprise. He had not believed her so observant. "Anyone—thing—would—would serve you if they knew you loved them."

Then, for fear lest she had said too much, she added hastily:

"Come along, Barry. I'm starving, and we shall be late for lunch if we don't hurry back."

And Barry was left once again bewildered at the rapid change in her. Truly a man would never tire of a woman with such infinite variety of moods as this girl wife of his, he thought, as Marilyn sent the car tearing down Manica Road with something of her old reckness disregard for life and limb.

When Marilyn went up to her room to get ready for lunch, she found a letter awaiting her, and as she saw Valentine's familiar writing on the envelope her heart began to beat a little faster.

She broke the seal with shaking fingers, but the contents reassured her at once. Valentine wrote very briefly to say he had seen her in town that morning, and imagined that she had brought the money with her as she had promised. He suggested that she should bring the money herself to him at his bungalow at any time convenient to her. He would like her to come fairly early in the morning. Would she ring him up and let him know if to-morrow would suit her?

Marilyn drew a long breath of relief, not seeing the danger lurking in those simple words: "Bring the money yourself to my bungalow." Marilyn did not guess how near to tragedy the next morning was to take her.

CHAPTER 19.

THAT day, when lunch was over, Marilyn made up her mind to go round and see Paula. Paula and she had never hit it off very well, but they were sisters, of the same blood, and Marilyn felt she would enjoy a chat.

"I'm going round to see Paula for a little while," she said to Barry. "You don't mind, do you? I shan't be away long."

"No, not a bit," Barry answered. "I've got to see about one or two things, and I'll fit them in this afternoon. Be back early to tea and have a rest, won't you? It's the dance at the Queen's to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes; I'm simply dying to dance again," said Marilyn. "Aren't you?"

"Well," said Barry, with a queer little smile. "I may—if you'll dance with me, Marilyn!"

"If you ask me!" she flashed back at him laughingly, a little flush on her face.

"I might take without asking," he warned her, with another smile, and Marilyn's heart gave a queer little gasp. She did not quite know what to make of Barry these last two or three days.

"Good-bye for the present," she said a little breathlessly. "I must run, or I shan't catch Paula." And she left him quickly, suddenly afraid of herself and of him.

Marilyn spent a pleasant afternoon with Paula, and when she got back to the hotel she had tea and a good rest on her bed before dressing for the dance. She recalled the queer little look Barry had given her when he had asked her if she was going to dance with him that evening—surely he was not quite so indifferent to her as she imagined? Hope sprang up anew, and when Barry tapped at her door to know if she were ready she joined him in the corridor radiant and smiling.

Barry could not repress a start of admiration as she appeared—in a long, billowing frock of flame-colored georgette belted with silver; silver slippers on her feet. A dress whose color enhanced the dark beauty of her hair and her sparkling eyes.

"Like me?" she said, laughing, flushing a little at the undisguised admiration—and something else—was it passion?—in Barry's eyes.

"Like you?" He drew in his breath rather quickly. Marilyn could not have the slightest idea how beautiful, how exquisitely attractive she was. And he dared not tell her yet. Though he realised as he gazed at her that he could not restrain himself very much longer. Even his superb self-control was beginning to break. But he did not want to be driven into saying anything to her here. He wanted to tell her—all there was to be told of love and enduring devotion—when they were back at Two Rivers; fit place, the only one in Barry's estimation, to tell Marilyn how he loved, worshipped her.

So he pretended to joke:

"Like you!" he repeated laughingly, and covering his eyes with one hand. "My dear, you're simply ravishing! You dazzle a poor, plain farmer like me. I'm positively afraid to ask for some dances. May I? Dare I? Can you put up with me?"

"Oh, Barry!" laughingly she protested. "Don't be so ridiculous! Yes, do, I love it, really!" How topping Barry looked in evening dress! She had never noticed that before. She would feel proud of him to-night.

"Of course I want to dance with you. How—how many do you want?"

"All of them!" he said daringly, as they turned and walked down the corridor closely side by side.

MARILYN chuckled delightedly, and tucked her small hand through his arm. How lovely it would be if Barry really wanted to dance with her all the evening!

But though Barry would have liked to claim the entire programme, wiser counsels prevailed. He had never held Marilyn in his arms before—not even at a dance—and he was not certain how far his control would hold.

"I suppose I mustn't be greedy and claim you all the time," he said. "Can I have all the waltzes and the supper dance? My fox-trotting and things like that leave a great deal to the imagination. I only hope to heaven I don't step on those Cinderella slippers of yours, though," he added ruefully, as he looked down admiringly at Marilyn's silver shoes.

"I can't imagine you doing anything clumsy, Barry," she said simply. And a little flush crept up under his tan at the sincerity of her words.

He found himself vowing wildly like any schoolboy that he would not let her down, that she should be proud of the man she had married.

"That's settled then," he said gayly. "And mind you don't forget when all those other fellows come crowding round."

"I shan't forget," answered Marilyn, a little smile curving her mouth, as they came into the dining-room.

As if she could forget her dances with Barry! She would have gladly forfeited all the others for those few.

Dinner was a gay, hurried meal, and when it was over there was the ride together in the new car. And then the Queen's, with its brilliant lights, its gay decorations and lanterns, the bustle of arrival, and the sound of the band tuning up in the ballroom.

Marilyn's friends might have accorded her a cold welcome at Pocket's, but here once more she came into her own. Happiness and Barry's admiration had enhanced her natural loveliness, and to-night she was looking brilliantly beautiful. Men whom she knew and others whom she did not crowded to dance with her. And Barry watched her with jealous eyes, though he could honestly say that Marilyn treated them all alike—with a laughing, careless frankness, not favoring anyone in particular.

He had feared that Carstairs might put in an appearance; he had nerve enough for anything, thought Barry savagely. But Valentine was far too clever to come to the dance and meet Marilyn there. He did not want to arouse any suspicion in Barry's mind for one thing, and he did not want to give Marilyn an opportunity of giving him the hush-money there. That would spoil his plans. Barry must still imagine that he—Val—had entirely disappeared out of Marilyn's way—until after to-morrow. So Barry's eyes searched in vain for a glimpse of Carstairs' handsome face, and he breathed a sigh of relief when he realised at last that he was not present.

BUT Mrs. Swaythling was there. She was Marilyn's other enemy, had he but known it. She came up to where he and Marilyn were standing together a moment, waiting for their first waltz. And no one could have guessed from her effusive greeting her jealousy and hatred of Marilyn.

"Hallo, you two dear people!" she cried excitedly, while her eyes searchingly took in Marilyn's loveliness from head to foot. "How nice to see you again! Ah—Mr. Killsane, you naughty man, you shouldn't hide away on that old farm of yours like you do. Marilyn, dear, why don't you use your influence over him and insist on coming to town more often? Or perhaps you don't want to have any influence over him? I believe the young married women of the present day don't bother about those old-fashioned sorts of methods. They do just as they please, and their poor husbands have to put up with it. Though I must say in this case, I can't imagine you, my dear, wanting to shut yourself up at the back o' beyond——"

"I'm afraid we're not a modern couple, Mrs. Swaything," answered Barry laughing, but a little puzzled at the veiled venom behind her smiling words. "And you know—I'm a very lucky man, really!" He turned to Marilyn, and for a moment put his hand on her arm. "Marilyn doesn't attempt to do anything that she knows I wouldn't like. We give and take, you know! Fifty-fifty! It's the best plan."

They smiled at each other, and Mrs. Swaything's anger grew as she noted the tender look Barry gave Marilyn and how she flushed as he touched her arm. She couldn't bear to think of them happy—like that—together.

The music started before the older woman had a chance of further conversation, and with a deft movement Barry swung Marilyn into the maze of dancers.

With an instinctive movement he tightened his hold round her. Marilyn was really in his arms at last, and he gave himself up completely to the joy of the moment.

Marilyn was far too happy to speak, either, and for the next few delirious moments they lost all sense of their surroundings, all count of time. Yet neither realised that the other was feeling so. They danced together—closer than they had ever been, yet each longing for the other's love and understanding.

The music wove a magic spell about them. It slackened, died away, and stopped, leaving them in each other's arms. Consciousness returned with the finish of the music. Barry's arm fell reluctantly from Marilyn's slim young body, a quick breath escaped him. Marilyn, very flushed, gave a quivering little sigh. It was over. He dared not

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look at her. She kept her face a little turned from him. Otherwise, they must have read the truth in each other's eyes. But the moment passed. It was not yet to be.

"Will you let me get you something to drink?" asked Barry a little unsteadily, forcing himself into the commonplace lines of every day. It was the only safe thing to do.

"Please." She turned and walked by his side into the big lounge and sank down into one of the large easy chairs, feeling oddly exhausted. She did not attempt to congratulate Barry on his dancing. Somehow it was so unnecessary. She had known he could not do anything but dance well, with his fine poise and carriage. But why had she and her crowd never discovered it before?

His nearness had shaken her more than she had imagined, and she was thankful that Barry was taking a long time to push his way through the crowd to get near the buffet. She sat back lax and still in the big chair, tightly clasping the little gilt bag with its precious contents, forty pounds that had not passed out of her keeping since she started out from Two Rivers two days before.

She was conscious of a slight pain in her hand, and, glancing down, saw she had pressed the clasp deep into her flesh. A sudden feeling of revulsion swept over her. How she hated that bag and its contents—the price of her shame and her release. Oh, that to-morrow would come quickly so that she might rid herself of this intolerable burden and feel herself clean and whole once more—fit to love and be loved by Barry.

THE rest of the evening passed like a dream to Marilyn, interspersed with the joy and the excitement of her dances with Barry. She could not have told with whom she danced the rest of the dances, and when supper-time came she had no appetite, only the joy of being waited upon by Barry, feeling surrounded with his care, and with something else that she was too happy and too afraid to define. There was a new relationship, a new intimacy, between them, she could feel it instinctively. She knew quite well that she and Barry would not be the same people when they returned to Two Rivers as they had been when they left it a few short days before.

But in spite of her new happiness, she felt shy and a little ill at ease with Barry, and refused to take a stroll with him down the moonlit road when supper was over, making the excuse that she had torn her dress and wanted to mend it. She knew how mad and intoxicating the moonshine made people—and she was afraid of this wild new happiness and exultation that was clutching at her heart.

She made her way to the dressing-room, and found it deserted. The others were still making merry over supper, and Marilyn was thankful no one was there, so that she could dawdle as long as she cared to. She powdered her face, and rearranged her hair, then dropped down into a chair for a moment or two to rest.

Presently she thought she heard the band tuning up, and she rose and went to the door. As she laid her hand on the knob it was turned from the outside and Mrs. Swaything came in.

"Oh, you!" she said curtly. "I left my bag here, I think——"

"It's over there," answered Marilyn unthinkingly, pointing to a small black bag she had noticed lying on the dressing-table.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Swaything shortly. With Barry absent she did not take the trouble to be even ordinarily polite to Marilyn. She brushed past her and seized the bag, hastily opening it as she did so. She peered into it for a moment, then gave a little cry of dismay.

There had been two or three pounds in notes inside, and some silver. It was gone! Someone must have stolen it out of the bag as it lay on the dressing-table. She had left it there some time ago.

She turned round. Marilyn had gone. She was not interested in Mrs. Swaything's bag. And suddenly an idea was born in Mrs. Swaything's brain—an idea so mad, so preposterous, that had she not been half crazy with jealousy and frustrated passion she would not have entertained it for a single moment.

STILL clutching her bag, Mrs. Swaything dashed out from the dressing-room. She saw Marilyn entering the lounge, and almost ran after her.

"Marilyn!" she called in a loud, penetrating voice, and Marilyn turned quickly.

Mrs. Swaything came up to her. Her eyes were hard and bright, a red spot burned in each cheek, her fingers gripped the little bag as if they were squeezing someone's throat.

"What is it?" began Marilyn in surprise. But Mrs. Swaything broke in violently:

"Give me back my money at once, Marilyn. How dare you——"

"What!" Marilyn stared at her in utter bewilderment. Was Mrs. Swaything mad—or drunk? "Your money——"

"Yes—out of my bag. I only left it in the dressing-room a moment. There was no one else there——"

"Please, Mrs. Swaything, don't be so—ridiculous!" Marilyn began rather angrily. Mrs. Swaything might be drunk, but she couldn't allow her to be insulting as well.

"Of course I never touched your bag. I noticed it on the dressing-table——"

"Exactly!" put in Mrs. Swaything, her voice getting louder and louder.

One or two people passing through the lounge paused curiously, and began to listen as her voice grew more strident.

"You told me where my bag was! You had been over to the dressing-table making up your face—and there was no one else in the room!"

"But this is perfectly preposterous," cried Marilyn furiously. "How dare you accuse me of stealing money from your bag! You'd better be careful, Mrs. Swaything. I don't allow people to call me a thief for nothing!"

"Everyone knows that you and your family have never had a penny to bless themselves with!" cried Mrs. Swaything, lashing herself into the belief that Marilyn had taken her money, though she had started out only with the idea of trying to make her look a fool.

Barry Kilsane was the most upright, honorable man living—any breath of suspicion that Marilyn was a thief would thoroughly disgust him. Mrs. Swaything had thought as she made her lightning decision. But she had not reckoned on entirely losing her own self-control as she was doing now. She had almost hypnotised herself into thinking that Marilyn really had stolen her money.

"Everybody knows that you Marlows have no sense of decency where money is concerned——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Marilyn frantically, looking wildly round at the small crowd that had rapidly gathered round her, and Mrs. Swaything. The woman was absolutely insane.

"You must be mad to say such things!" Marilyn cried. "How dare you? And, besides, where on earth could I have put your wretched money——" She broke off suddenly, feeling the clasp of the little gold bag which she still carried. There was money in it! Her heart gave a leap of fear.

Mrs. Swaything, with her senses sharpened, saw the tiny hesitation, and seized on it triumphantly.

"Where could you have put the money? Why not in your own bag?" Then, seeing Marilyn's hand tightened involuntarily on it, she added fiercely: "Yes, your own bag. Open it and let me see what you've got in it!"

Marilyn shrank back, and her face paled a little. She had never dreamed of this. Once again she felt the old sense of prison closing round her. But she faced her accuser bravely, conscious of the curious faces and whispering voices round her.

"I refuse—absolutely! My word should be good enough! I won't be insulted like this! I've told you I know nothing about your wretched money, and if you go on like this I'll have you up for libel. Let me pass!"

She attempted to get past Mrs. Swaything, but the infuriated woman seized her arm, and Marilyn stayed where she was. She would not struggle with her.

"You're afraid to open it!" shrieked Mrs. Swaything. "I won't let you go till you've opened it. I don't care what you say. You have got my money——"

"I won't," said Marilyn desperately. She glanced from side to side like a trapped animal. How could she open her bag and display the money lying snugly inside? She had not the faintest idea how much money Mrs. Swaything had lost—whether indeed she had really lost any at all—and in her present frenzied state she might claim every penny as her own. Marilyn turned sick and faint, not only at the idea of Mrs. Swaything discovering the money, but also that she might claim it. And then what of Valentine and to-morrow?

"I WON'T!" she said fiercely, and grasped her bag more firmly. "My word shall be enough!" Let Mrs. Swaything, let them all, think what they liked. Nothing would induce her to open her bag.

"You'd better do what Mrs. Swaything wants," suggested one of the onlookers—one of Marilyn's former friends—a little pointedly. After all, the thing was ridiculous of course, but still everyone knew what the Marlows were. "Of course, we—er—all know you wouldn't do such a thing, Marilyn, but it'll satisfy her, and then you can get rid of her."

"Yes, yes, that's right," put in one or two others. Evidently the sympathy of the crowd was mixed. And they all wanted her to open her bag!

"No," said Marilyn again, determined to go down fighting.

And then the girl who had just spoken said rather suspiciously:

"Look here, Marilyn, don't be a fool! What on earth can it matter to you whether you open your bag or not?"

"I won't be forced," began Marilyn frantically. Her heart was pounding against her side, and there was a queer humming in her ears. "I mustn't faint," she thought desperately. "If I do they'll open my bag."

Then, before she could do or say anything more, the crowd was flung apart by two strong hands, and a big form shouldered its way roughly through.

"What's all this?" It was Barry's voice. Marilyn knew she was saved. He would protect her! She sprang to him, clutching him with shaking hands.

"Barry! Barry!" she cried.

"What is the meaning of all this?" Barry's voice broke the uncomfortable hush that had fallen on the crowd. "Do you hear? Explain!" he demanded. And at the imperative note of command in his voice someone said hastily:

"Well—er—Mrs. Swaything thinks Marilyn has—has taken some money of hers out of her bag which she left in the dressing-room. She wants Marilyn to open her bag, and—and Marilyn won't."

"Is that true?" Barry's arm was holding Marilyn tightly to him. His voice was very gentle when he addressed her.

"I didn't, Barry——" she began, but he stopped her at once.

"Of course I know you didn't! You needn't tell me that!"

"I won't open my bag!" she panted. "I

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won't! I won't! She—she shan't have her way! I will have my word believed!"

But suddenly Barry saw fear—stark fear in her eyes, and for a moment he wondered——

He turned to Mrs. Swaythling, who now stood sullen and baffled. She had not reckoned on Barry appearing at that moment.

"Do you mean to say you are accusing my wife of stealing money from you—like a common thief?" he said sternly.

AND at the ice in his tone, Mrs. Swaythling shrank back. She had not bargained for Barry's interference.

"Well," she said sullenly, "Marilyn was the only person in the dressing-room when I went back for my bag, and the money was gone. And, anyway, why won't she open her bag?"

"How much money had you?" asked Barry sharply.

"Er—er—I think it was two pounds, or perhaps three, and some silver," answered Mrs. Swaythling, flustered into speaking the truth.

"Very well then," said Barry coolly. "Marilyn, you had better open your bag—not because I or anyone believes for one single moment that you took Mrs. Swaythling's money, but because one has to deal with people like that in the only way they can understand." The scorn in his voice made Mrs. Swaythling wince. "Open it, dear!"

And then Marilyn knew that she must do as he commanded. Slowly, with fumbling fingers, she undid the fastenings of the little gilt bag and displayed its contents to the gaping crowd. They pressed forward—all agog with excitement—like an audience at a murder trial. They all wanted to be in at the death.

A powder puff, a lipstick—the things every woman carries with her. And finally a wad of notes. No one saw Barry's face grow very pale as he saw that last item. Where had Marilyn obtained all that money? And what was she going to do with it? But he must put all his own thoughts on one side and finish with Mrs. Swaythling.

"You see?" he said icily, turning to the now frightened woman. "Or perhaps you would like to search through the bag again to make perfectly sure that your money is not concealed anywhere in the lining!"

"But the money!" stammered Mrs. Swaythling, desperately clinging to a straw.

"That roll of notes I gave to my wife for her personal use," said Barry deliberately, and telling, perhaps for the first time in his life, a downright lie. It was the only thing he could do at the moment to turn aside Mrs. Swaythling's wretched accusations. "Do you think that your—two or three pounds, was it, and a little silver—are among it?"

There was a general titter all round, and Barry knew that he had won the day for Marilyn. There was only one more thing to do. He turned again to Mrs. Swaythling, now a cowering, thoroughly frightened woman, and there was a ring of scorn and contempt in his voice.

"Mrs. Swaythling," he said sternly, "you have made a gross accusation about my wife. If it were not for the fact that I can hardly believe you are in a state to be completely responsible for your actions, I should feel compelled to place the matter in my lawyer's hands. As it is, I must ask you to send a written apology to the daily paper for insertion to-morrow. And if I ever hear of your attempting to villify my wife again I shall sue you for libel."

Drawing Marilyn's hand through his arm, he turned to pass through the little crowd. Now that the tension was broken, they all began to gather round Marilyn, patting her on the shoulder, applauding her, condemning Mrs. Swaythling, trying to show their sympathy.

But Marilyn, unnerved and unstrung by the whole horrible business, suddenly swung fiercely round on them, facing the circle of now friendly faces, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Stop!" she cried passionately, and Barry felt the rigid tension of her whole body as she stood there erect and slim. "Don't cheer, don't applaud! It's all a rotten farce and I hate it! You're beastly hypocrites—all of you! A few moments ago—before Barry came—you were all against me—there wasn't one of you who had the decency to step forward and take my part. You were all quite ready—you wanted to see me downed. You were like beastly people watching a bull fight, or a stag killed—hoping to see blood. Let me pass! I never want to speak to any of you again!"

With an imperious gesture, she swept her hand out and the little crowd, abashed and guilty at her stinging scorn, fell back on either side as she and Barry walked towards the door.

In silence they walked across the hall. He had dropped her arm the moment the door closed behind them, and when he spoke his voice was absolutely expressionless.

"You had better get your cloak," he said. "I'll go and bring the car round." And he left her.

WITH faltering steps Marilyn returned to the dressing-room where all the trouble had arisen. She snatched up her cloak hastily and, with a shudder, left the room. As she came out on to the verandah that ran along the front of the hotel, Barry drew the car up and got out. In silence he helped her in, and in silence turned the car down the road, gleaming silver in the moonlight.

Marilyn, glancing up timidly at the figure sitting rigidly beside her, saw that Barry's face was stern and set. And it needed all her courage to say haltingly:

"Thank you, Barry. You—you do believe in me?"

His answer came back, curt and abrupt, as if he were speaking to a stranger:

"Of course. The whole thing was preposterous. Please don't discuss it further. The whole affair is dead so far as I am concerned." And Barry sent the car hurtling down the silver ribbon which in daylight was a road, with a recklessness she had never known in him before.

Marilyn sank back against the seat, shrinking a little from him. She had to bite her lips and clench her hands to prevent herself from bursting out crying. Barry, in all the years she had known him, had never spoken to her in that cold, harsh way before, and it nearly broke her heart. She longed to fling herself on him and beg him to forgive her.

But for what? For having a large sum of money in her possession for which she could not account? She could not explain about it without confessing the whole miserable affair with Valentine to him. And as she had gone to unknown lengths to obtain that money in order that he should never know about that, of what use to say anything at all?

She must allow Barry to misjudge her; think all sorts of things about her—so that he should never learn of the hideous trick Valentine had tried to play on him. She knew how rigidly honorable Barry was in regard to money. How annoyed he had been when she had asked him for that ten pounds some weeks earlier. What must he be thinking now?

She alone had seen the look on his face as she took out the roll of notes from her bag. He knew exactly how much money she had. He knew she never received a penny in the way of allowance from her own people. What was he thinking? From whom was he believing she had had all that money?

And that was exactly what Barry was wondering. He was torturing himself with all sorts of speculations and suspicions. From where had Marilyn got such a large sum of money? He did not know how much there was in the roll, but from the size of it he conjectured it must be a fairly large sum. At any rate, far larger than she ought to have in her legitimate possession. Her allowance, he knew, was exhausted. Her next month's was not due for a week or so. Why had she carefully concealed from him the possession of all that money? And why had she looked so terrified when she took the notes from her bag?

Their hotel was reached long before Barry had been able to discover any sort of explanation or reason that could allay his agony of doubt and fear. And Marilyn herself had not attempted to offer any kind of explanation either. She preserved a stony silence, and Barry was far too bitterly hurt, and too proud, to ask her anything.

The lovely, friendly atmosphere that had been theirs ever since they left Two Rivers had utterly vanished, and in its place was one of constrained silence, far worse than anything they had experienced before, even in Marilyn's worst moments at Two Rivers, in the early days of her coming.

In silence she stepped out from the car and went up the steps of the hotel. And in silence Barry followed her. In the hall he spoke—frigidly polite.

"Will you have anything to drink, Marilyn?"

"No, thanks; I'm going straight up."

And, without trusting herself to say goodnight, she turned and left him.

Barry stood gazing after her, watching the slender figure in its flying flame-colored draperies steadily mounting the stairs, watching till she was out of sight. Then with bent head and drooping shoulders he turned to put the car away. When he got back to the lounge, he called one of the boys to bring him a drink.

He sat on in the deserted lounge smoking and drinking and thinking, until Nature, asserting herself, forced him to stumble blindly up the stairs and fling himself down, dressed as he was, on his bed, and to fall heavily and dreamlessly to sleep.

Marilyn, on reaching her room, had listlessly taken off the gossamer cloud of flame color which she had put on so happily a few hours ago. It had all been in vain. Then she had only thought of Barry and what he would say—whether he would admire her, whether he would think she really looked pretty. And when she remembered that look of admiration in Barry's eyes as she came to meet him in the corridor, and contrasted it with that cold, hostile Barry who had brought her back from the fiance, Marilyn's self-control suddenly gave way, and, with a little sobbing cry she flung herself on her bed, her face buried in the pillows, and cried and cried until, exhausted, she, too, fell heavily asleep.

CHAPTER 20.

MARILYN was the first to awake in the morning—heavy-eyed and white-faced, with a sense of something horrible hanging over her. The events of the night before came back swiftly to her to torture and wring her. And, besides that, there was the morning with its unpleasant task to be faced. And she was very tired—almost too tired to care whether Valentine gave her back her letters or not.

Still, the memory of all she had gone through to get them spurred her to a final effort, and wearily she dragged herself from bed and rang for breakfast to be brought to her.

She could eat nothing, but the hot tea refreshed her, and she was able to get up and dress, though her head ached badly, and still she felt desperately tired.

It was about eleven o'clock when she opened her door and prepared to go down and telephone Valentine she was coming along to see him. She paused a moment outside Barry's door. There were faint movements from within—evidently he was

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stirring, and she must hurry if she was to get away from the hotel before Barry came down. She could not risk an encounter with him yet. Once she got rid of that hateful money and had the letters safely in her possession she would feel better able to consider what line she would take with Barry. At present she could tell him nothing of what had happened. But later, much later, when she had been able to redeem the ring, perhaps then she might tell him what had happened. But she wondered if, even then, Barry would understand —unless he loved her. And would that ever come to pass now?

Marilyn wearily gave up the problem, and went down to the telephone-box. She did not notice someone sitting close by the box as she entered it—someone who started up in alarm, went first red, then white, at the sight of her.

It was Mrs. Swaything waiting to have eleven o'clock tea with a friend. After last night she had no idea that Barry and Marilyn would be about so early in the morning, or she would not have risked an encounter with them.

The sight of Marilyn, lovely as ever, in spite of all she had gone through, roused Mrs. Swaything's hatred again. She felt frustrated, foiled. And it had made her hate Barry Kilsane's wife all the more.

From sheer force of habit Mrs. Swaything strained her ears to catch the sound of Marilyn telephoning. Eavesdropping was second nature to her, and, with an incredulity that rapidly turned to unholy delight, Mrs. Swaything heard Marilyn's clear young voice say eagerly:

"Is that you, Valentine? Yes? I'll be coming straight round to you now, then. You'll be in? All right." And hung up the receiver.

Before Marilyn had emerged from the box Mrs. Swaything was securely ensconced in a corner where she could see and hear all without being seen. She watched Marilyn pause at the top of the steps and hail a rickshaw. Heard her direct the boy to Carstairs' bungalow, opening her sunshade as she stepped in to conceal her face should anyone she knew meet her on the way.

"She's in a hurry to get there," Mrs. Swaything thought quickly. Mr. Carstairs' bungalow was not very far away. Where was Marilyn's husband? Mrs. Swaything looked cautiously round for Barry. So Marilyn had given him the slip! And then a new idea flashed into Mrs. Swaything's mind. She could never possess Barry, she knew. But at last here was a way to part him for ever from his wife, and one from which Marilyn would not escape as she had done last night.

FIND Barry quickly, her brain said, and tell him where Marilyn had gone. He'll hate you for it, but he'll hate her worse when he finds her with Carstairs. Sly little cat! She had always known Marilyn was thoroughly bad at heart.

But she must be quick. There was no time to lose. She turned and hurried into the lounge. If he was not there she must send up to his room, but that meant delay.

Luck was with her that morning, however. Just as she pushed her way through the swing-doors she saw Barry coming through to breakfast.

He felt a light touch on his arm, and turned quickly, thinking it was Marilyn, to find himself face to face with Mrs. Swaything. In an instant his face changed, becoming set and expressionless. He waited coldly for the incoherent apology he anticipated. But it was not forthcoming.

Mrs. Swaything rushed into hurried speech.

"I thought you'd like to know," she said spitefully, malicious joy showing openly in her face and voice, "that your precious wife has just gone out to Mr. Carstairs' bungalow —alone!

"I'm not lying this time! I was sitting near the telephone-box waiting for a friend and I heard her ring him up and tell him she was starting."

Before the sudden look of awful rage on Barry's usually kindly face Mrs. Swaything shrank in terror. For one moment she thought he was going to strike her. But with a swift movement of his arm he thrust her aside.

Mrs. Swaything watched him go with a nasty smile stretching her thin lips. He believed her! Well, serve him right, serve them both right, to find that Marilyn was not so perfect as he believed. And if she could not have Barry herself, at least she would have the satisfaction of knowing that neither would Marilyn.

Meanwhile Barry had dashed through the hall like a madman and run wildly to the garage to get his car—the little car he and Marilyn had bought together—yesterday, was it—or ten years ago?

It seemed to him like hours before he managed to get the car started up and out of the garage. His hands were shaking and he could not see properly. But at last he was out on the road and sending the car recklessly along its dusty track. He knew Mrs. Swaything had not lied to him this time. She would not have had that satisfied gleam in her eyes if it had not been true. She was glad. She wanted him to surprise Marilyn and Carstairs together. And Barry, knowing infinitely more about them than Mrs. Swaything did, quite believed that the news she had given him was true—horribly, bitterly true.

It explained Marilyn's queer behaviour, her varying moods, her excitement, ever since she came to Salisbury. He remembered her joy at the idea of coming in to town when he had broached the subject. Why? Because it would give her the opportunity of meeting Carstairs again! How long had it all been going on? How had she managed to carry on an intrigue with him like this?

And she had been so sweet, so adorable, to himself lately, almost it seemed as if she were beginning to care at last. Had it been a blind? A wilful throwing of dust in his eyes? The thought was intolerable. Barry could have cried aloud with sheer pain as he glanced back through the inner reaches of his mind and recalled the events of the past few months.

Marilyn had seemed so thankful to be rid of Carstairs after that flogging he had given him. Had seemed to cling to him—Barry. Had that, too, all been lies, deceit? And the money! That roll of notes in the little gilt bag. He had surprised it there last night. Marilyn's look of terror! Where had it come from? Had Carstairs sent it to her?

With an inarticulate sound of fury and pain, Barry pressed his foot on the accelerator and sent the little car flying, like a thing possessed, down the road that led to Carstairs' bungalow. He was not quite sure what he should do when he got there; but of one thing he was definitely certain: Carstairs should never have Marilyn!

The bungalow was reached. Barry pulled the car up with a jerk, and, without opening the door, sprang over the side and strode up the path. As he approached the steps he heard confused sounds coming from one of the windows opening on to the verandah, and with one bound he was up the steps, bursting with a cry of mingled triumph and fury through the french windows into the room. He was not too late! He had caught them "red-handed" together.

CHAPTER 21.

MARILYN, after leaving the hotel, had hurried the rickshaw boy along.

With a beating heart, and limbs that trembled a little, Marilyn rang the bell and waited. The place seemed very quiet. There was no sound from the kitchen of work or the chatter and laughter of the native boys. And for a moment Marilyn wondered if Valentine had again tricked her, and was not in the house.

But an instant later, with a throb of relief, she heard footsteps coming along the passage, the door opened, and she was face to face with Valentine himself.

"Hallo, Marilyn!" he said gaily. He was his usual charming, laughing self, and Marilyn wondered in amazement that he could be so utterly unconscious of behaving like any common, blackmailing thief.

SUDDENLY she felt such hatred for him she could have struck that beautiful, laughing face, struck and struck.

"I've brought the money," was all she said.

"Come in, my dear. This is a momentous occasion; the very first time you've been under my roof." And he laughed, drawing her into the hall with a careless hand on her arm.

She shrank away from him, and his face darkened. He would make her pay for that unconscious insult.

"Come in here," he said shortly, and opened the door of his own sitting-room.

Marilyn took no notice of the room or its contents. Her eyes were fixed on a bundle of letters which were lying on the polished surface of a table standing in the middle of the floor.

"I want my letters," said Marilyn shortly. She stood stiff and straight by the table, clutching the little gilt bag. When would this horrible business be over, and she safely out of the house?

"I gathered as much," answered Valentine lightly. "But you know, I simply hate to part with them, Marilyn. I've been reading them again, and really they're very nice ones."

"I've brought the money," said Marilyn stonily. "Give me the letters, please. I—I want to go——"

"In a hurry to get back to your husband?" said Carstairs, still in the same mocking tone. "Oh, never mind, my dear, he'll keep! He won't run away from you—unless, of course, he happened to see these very nice letters of mine."

"For pity's sake, Valentine, give them to me and let me go!" cried Marilyn, and Carstairs smiled triumphantly at the imploring note in her voice. She had come down from her high horse at last. She was pleading with him.

"How much have you brought?" he asked bluntly. "I said fifty pounds, didn't I? Or did you manage to rake up a bit more, eh?"

"No." Marilyn spoke with dry lips. "I—it's only forty pounds. I couldn't get more. It was impossible. You've had every penny I possessed, Valentine."

"Only forty pounds?" he said slowly. "And I said fifty, and that was asking the deuce of a little! You've got a nerve, my dear!"

"But I've brought you every penny I could scrape together," said Marilyn piteously. "I—I've had to sell my jewellery to get it." She would not tell him exactly what she had been obliged to sell to buy back those letters.

"Listen! If you'll take this now and give me the letters I swear to you I'll pay you the rest next month—when I get my allowance. I swear it, Val, you shall have every penny of it. Oh, please, please let me have them!"

All her coldness was gone now, as she went quickly over to where Carstairs stood, and tried to clasp his arm. She was fighting for her life now—fighting to the last ditch for her ultimate happiness with Barry, and she felt she would go to any lengths now to prevent defeat and disaster.

Carstairs was enjoying himself again. She had brought more money that he had really expected, and her piteous pleading, her humble beseeching, were very sweet to him. There was only the finale now, and he proceeded to enjoy that to the full. His

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revenge on Marilyn was accomplished. Now for vengeance on Kilsane.

"Of course, I'm very disappointed," he began gravely. "I really don't think I can wait for the money. You see, if you took the letters away with you now, what guarantee should I have that you would send the rest of the money later?"

"But I give you my word," panted Marilyn. "My solemn word of honor. Oh, Valentine, please, please!"

"There is one way," began Valentine slowly. "Perhaps I might give you the letters for forty pounds, and——"

"And what?" cried Marilyn eagerly. "what, Valentine? Anything—anything I have! What can I give you to make it up?"

"Yourself!" he said, with a slow smile. "Yourself, Marilyn! That is the only payment I'll accept."

MARILYN, looking up into his face, saw that smile, and recoiled from him as if he had struck her.

"Never!" she whispered, and put her arm up across her eyes to shut out the sight of that horrible, smiling face. "You ask that of me—and I am Barry's wife——"

"It is exactly because you are Kilsane's wife that I want you," answered Valentine levelly. All the suavity and charm had vanished from his manner, and Marilyn gazed with horror at the evil soul of the man lying naked to her gaze.

"Come, my dear; it's that, or I keep your precious letters." He held out his arms. "You can come away with me—as you once said you would!"

"You—beast!" breathed Marilyn. The loathing and contempt in her low voice made even Valentine flinch for a moment. "You horrible animal—keep the letters—even they aren't worth the price you ask!"

She turned blindly from him, stuffing the notes back into her bag mechanically, and made for the door, conscious of nothing but the desire to get away from his hateful face, those outstretched hands.

But with a stride Carstairs was at her side, and had swept her up into his arms. His hot breath was fierce on her face, he held her with hands that hurt.

"But you will pay the price!" he said hoarsely. "Whether you want to or not. I've got you here alone, and I mean you to stay here. Kilsane won't want you back after you've stayed a few days with me. Remember that time when he found you in my arms up at Two Rivers? After that, Kilsane wouldn't find it hard to believe you came here because you still loved me, my dear!"

And now Marilyn understood why there had been no sound in the house when she had arrived. Valentine had meant to do this thing all along. He had planned it from the first.

For a moment she turned so sick and faint that Carstairs, feeling her body slacken in his grasp, laughed triumphantly, believing the battle won without a fight.

Valentine's laugh brought Marilyn to her senses.

Turning her face in the direction of the window, she screamed with all her might: "Help! Help!" struggling with all her strength to free herself from his grip, and praying desperately to God to save her.

And, as if in answer to her prayer, the curtains were torn apart, and Barry's tall figure darkened the window.

"Barry! Oh, Barry!" With a cry of sheer joy and relief she broke from Valentine's grasp, momentarily loosened by the shock of Barry's entrance, and flung herself into his arms, clutching at his coat with frantic hands and burying her head hard against his chest. She was trembling so that she could hardly stand, and her breath came in long, sobbing gasps, though her eyes were hot and dry.

Like a flash, Carstairs knew that the game was up. He had played with his dream of vengeance a little too long.

With a vivid remembrance of the thrashing Barry had once given him, Valentine did not wait for a second. Before either Barry or Marilyn realised what had happened, Carstairs had fled from the house—out by the back door.

If anyone had been watching, they would have seen a curious spectacle—a man tearing as if for his life down the road, with no one behind him. Now hiding behind some friendly gatepost, now peering out to see if he was being pursued, until a bend in the path hid him from view.

That was the last that they ever saw or heard of Valentine Carstairs.

The abrupt transition from expecting to find Marilyn in the arms of her lover to that of finding her struggling in the hands of an enemy, simply stunned Barry, and for some moments he remained silent, while Marilyn clung closer and closer to him, utterly exhausted, yet enraptured to feel the strength of his big body against hers and to hear the deep throbbing of his heart beneath her head. Her relief was so intense, her joy so sincere, at his coming, that Barry could not but believe that she was entirely innocent of what he had imagined her guilty.

Unconsciously his arm tightened round her, holding her close, his relief as deep as her own. Thank heaven, whatever lay behind her visit to Carstairs, she was still safe.

"Marilyn!" he began a little uncertainly. And then, as she said no word, only held tightly to him: "What is it? Tell me, my dear! Why are you here?"

He could not repress a shudder. Supposing Mrs. Swaything had not told him—supposing he had arrived too late! Whatever had been her motive in telling him, he would never cease to bless her for it every night of his life.

WHEN she felt that irrepressible shudder run over his big frame, Marilyn lifted her head and looked up long and searchingly into her husband's face. And as she saw the look of anguish and pleading in his tired eyes—no coldness or hardness there any longer—she knew at once what she must do. She must tell Barry the truth—nothing but the whole truth was possible between them now. And perhaps when he knew all, he would, out of his great kindness and goodness to all weak things, forgive her and not send her away from him.

The dream she once had had of Barry loving her had faded utterly; but at least he might be friends with her and let her live quietly at Two Rivers and wait on him for the rest of her days.

Slowly she withdrew herself from his arm, walked over to the table, and, leaning against it, faced him bravely.

"I'm going to tell you everything, Barry," she said quietly. "And you must believe that I am telling you the truth. I may have wronged you, deceived you, but I have never lied to you."

"Go on!" he said very low. "I know. You have never lied to me."

Her glance rested for a moment on the table where the bundle of letters still lay, at the little gilt bag nearby, the notes spilled and scattered on the floor while she wrestled with Carstairs. And Barry's eyes followed her glance in bewilderment and surprise, while he waited for her to speak.

And Marilyn told him everything simply and with such obvious sincerity that Barry knew beyond all doubt that what she told him was the truth at last. She told of receiving Valentine's first threatening letter, and of how he had continued to blackmail her all those weeks at Two Rivers. The reason she had asked him for more money. Of Valentine's final threat. And then she paused and faltered as she came to the point where she had sold his ring.

"That was the money you saw in my bag," she said very low.

And Barry, speaking for the first time, asked hoarsely:

"Where did you get it from?"

Marilyn hesitated, then she answered falteringly:

"I sold—my ring—the ring you gave me." And heard Barry draw a quick, stabbing breath. So that was why she hadn't worn it!

It was more difficult than ever to go on after that low sound, but Marilyn did not flinch. Briefly she explained why she had been afraid to open her bag when Mrs. Swaything had accused her of theft, of her letter from Carstairs asking her to bring the money, of her coming—— And then, quite suddenly, she fell silent. She could not ever tell Barry of the last horrible price Valentine had asked her to pay. But she knew Barry understood.

A long silence fell between them. From outside came the soft sounds of a rickshaw passing—the deep grunt of the boy as he ran, and the thudding of his feet in the dust. The barking of a dog in the distance, and the soft, persistent kloo-kloo of the wild doves from the chump of gums in a nearby garden. The letters lay quietly on the table, the notes scattered on the floor—the only witnesses that remained of the fury of that storm through which Marilyn had passed.

She waited patiently for Barry to speak. It remained for him to judge her. Now that it was all over she felt strangely apathetic. She didn't very much care what became of her, she was only so tired.

When, out of the stillness, Barry spoke—with a longing and a passion that she was too exhausted to notice.

"Why didn't you tell me at first? Why did you do all this?" And waited for her answer, hungrily and eagerly. A wild hope in his heart that it was because she cared. And could have laughed mirthlessly at her answer. He might have known that the answer he desired was impossible.

"Because—I was afraid you—would send me away from — you" she nearly said, and hastily substituted, "from Two Rivers." And could not know of the blow with which she had dashed poor Barry's hope to the ground. And that was the only lie she ever told Barry in all her life.

The only thing she shirked telling him—that it was because she loved him she could not bear to be sent away from Two Rivers.

Another silence fell. Then Barry straightened himself.

"Thank you for telling me everything," he said slowly. Then, turning on his heel, he said briefly: "Come!" That was all.

At the window he paused and looked back. The notes still lay on the floor where they had fallen. And, after a moment's hesitation, Barry came back and picked them up and handed them to Marilyn.

"You had better take these," he said shortly. And Marilyn, with a little shiver, meekly put them in her bag. There was something in Barry's manner that brooked of no disobedience. Then she followed him through the open window and down the path in silence.

What was Barry going to do? What would happen to her? Marilyn did not dare to ask. Only when they got into the car and Barry sent it running swiftly down the road, did she venture to say, fearfully:

"Where—where are you taking me to, Barry?" And heard, with a joy that was almost pain, his quiet answer:

"I'm taking you home—to Two Rivers."

CHAPTER 22.

BACK once more on the farm, the old restraint fell between them, which both were unable to overcome. Although Marilyn had cleared away all the

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doubt that had lain between them during the last few months, there still lay the secret which each kept hidden from the other. How could Marilyn know that under his quiet reserve Barry was aching, longing to hold her in his arms? And how could he know that Marilyn cried herself to sleep each night because of the hopelessness of her love for him?

She returned to her old listless ways, sitting idly on the verandah, smoking lazily, and dreaming, taking no interest in the newly-laid-out flower garden, the hens, or the butter-churn. And she never cared to take the little car out for a drive herself.

Barry, too, returned to the habit of keeping away from the house all day, and working down on the farm from dawn till dusk. To him, at least, there was a certain compensation in this. After Marilyn, Two Rivers lay nearest to Barry's heart, and he found solace in the wide stretches of mealie land, the great red swathes of newly-turned plough furrows, and the herd of fine cattle slowly moving over the grass.

But the sight of Marilyn, wan and pale, when he got back to the house again, brought anew the old problems and the old pain which Two Rivers had helped him to forget.

And as the days went by Barry had to face the fact that some change in their lives must be made—they could not go on living like this for ever. He had loved Marilyn with the quiet, strong passion of a naturally reserved man for many years. Once or twice he believed he had come very near to winning her, only something had always stepped in to rob him at the last. Was all that patient wooing and planning to go for nothing?

Barry was not a man easily vanquished, and he made up his mind to try one more effort to win Marilyn's wayward heart. If that failed—— But he would not, could not, look beyond, and face a life untenanted by her wild, lovely spirit, even though she did not love him.

HAVING made up his mind slowly, Barry proceeded to act quickly. And long before the coming of the first rains he had made his plans.

He usually retired to his own room after supper, leaving Marilyn to herself, as he had an idea she preferred to be alone, but one evening he followed her out on to the verandah and stood leaning against the low balustrade, while he filled and lit his pipe.

For a moment he stood in silence, pulling hard at his pipe and looking out into the night. Darkness was all round them, for as yet there was no moon. Only a thin streak of scarlet and gold on the horizon told of a distant bush fire. Barry watched it twisting and writhing like a long, thin snake, as it gradually spread over bush and hill, devouring everything as it went. Thank goodness he had burnt all his fireguards this season. The fires had started earlier than usual. He wondered if that young fool, Hall, had burned his, or whether he had better go over and see to them himself in the morning. But, anyhow, Two Rivers was safe—he had seen to that.

Presently he swung round to face Marilyn lying back listlessly in a low chair near, and, speaking casually, as if a sudden thought had struck him, said:

"How would you like to live in Salisbury?" and paused, wondering even now if he could go through with what he had planned.

Marilyn started.

"Live in Salisbury? What do you mean?" she asked, a look of fear creeping into her eyes, and moving uneasily in her chair.

"Well, I've had a job offered me there—by Turner. He wants me to go into partnership in a kaffir store with him. Thinks I know the way to deal with a nigger!" He laughed shortly. "What do you think of the scheme? Pretty good, eh?"

He avoided looking at Marilyn lest his face should betray him, and pretended to have trouble in keeping his pipe alight.

"You'd be back amongst your own friends there. It's pretty dull here—and—and we shouldn't be cut off from amusements as we are now. Perhaps I could put a manager in here. Shouldn't like to give up the place entirely."

He caught his breath sharply. No one knew what leaving Two Rivers would mean to him.

"Well, how does it strike you? All right, eh?" He managed to infuse a false cheerfulness in his voice, but his eyes still looked out hungrily over the lands, now veiled in darkness, that he had made his through many hard and anxious years. How could he face the idea of leaving Two Rivers? Yet, for Marilyn's sake, he knew he must make that sacrifice. Must give up all joy and contentment in life because of a wild, wayward creature who didn't love him, wasn't happy with him, but who yet possessed him body and soul.

PRESENTLY an unusual sound startled him from dreams, and, swinging round, he faced Marilyn quickly, to see that she was crying—crying steadily and hopelessly, the tears running unrestrained down her cheeks. She made no effort to hide her tears, only gazed at Barry silently and piteously. And he realised, with something like a shock, that he had never seen Marilyn cry before.

He had seen her in every mood under the sun; cold, angry, wilful, defiant, miserable, afraid—but never until now had he seen her cry, and her tears affected him strangely.

He took a step towards her, and his voice was not quite steady.

"Marilyn, what are you crying for? Don't—it hurts!"

And, to his amazement, she said imploringly, between her tears:

"Oh, don't take me away from Two Rivers! Please don't! I couldn't live in Salisbury." And he saw her shiver.

"But—I thought you weren't happy here," he said in surprise. There was a wild feeling of joy surging up in him.

"I'm not," sobbed Marilyn. "But here, at least, I have peace!"

She rose suddenly to her feet and turned her face, as Barry had done, to the velvet darkness of the night and the thin streak of flame on the hills.

"Oh, Barry," she cried passionately, "surely you understand? How can I bear the noise and racket of the town, all the scandal and bickering going on there—after this? No noise but the lovely sounds the veldt brings, the peace and the bigness of it all. I've learnt to love it so. I never thought I should. Oh, Barry, don't you understand, I shall die if I have to go back—die! Oh, I can't, I can't go back!"

It was then that she wearily flung an arm across her face and hid it from Barry's bewildered gaze.

For a moment he felt too astonished to speak. Then he came close to where she stood and gently laid a big hand that trembled slightly on her arm.

"My dear," he said huskily, "I don't want you to go back. I love Two Rivers even more than you do. I've known it, you see, for so many years; it's been like a—child to me. It was only because I thought you weren't happy here that I'd made up my mind to—leave it."

"I'm not happy," she sobbed wildly behind her upflung arm, like a hurt child. "I'm not!" Then she burst out still more passionately: "Oh, why didn't you let me go when I asked you—long ago? Why did you marry me like that——"

There was silence for a moment, then Barry spoke, deliberately, but with a tremor in his deep voice.

"Why did I marry you?" He came closer to her still, and stood looking down at her with a queer look in his grey eyes. "I married you," he said steadily, "because I loved you, Marilyn. Because I'd loved you ever since I first knew you—as a wild tomboy of a schoolgirl, though I knew you didn't care tuppence for me—hadn't even thought of me like that. I was fool enough to think that, once my wife, I could teach you to—love me! I knew you cared for Carstairs, but I knew the sort of cad he was, and I wasn't going to let him spoil your life. And when the chance came I seized it—a chance I'd never even dreamed of or hoped for. But you offered it to me yourself, Marilyn. That's why I married you.

"But you're right. I shouldn't have taken the chance. I should have left you free. You'd have been happier without me, and perhaps the wolves wouldn't have despoiled you as I'd feared. Not made more of a mess of your life than I have—even though it was for—love I did it!"

A TINY silence fell between them, and in that silence there came sounds from the night outside—the far-away murmuring of the two streams as they met and embraced above the drift, the old bullfrog croaking nearby, laughter and soft singing from the native quarters, and the faint soughing of a tiny night wind as it blew gently across the garden laden with the heavy scent and fragrance of flowers.

Then, with a queer little sigh, Marilyn slipped to her knees by Barry's side and laid her wet face against his.

"Oh, Barry," she whispered, "what are you saying? I can't believe it. You love me? You really loved me all this long time and I never knew? Oh, if it's true, why, my dear, I'm not unhappy any more!" A little cry—half-sob, half-laugh—escaped her. "Oh, Barry darling, don't you know I've loved you ages and ages!" She clung to him passionately.

"Marilyn!" With an inarticulate cry Barry stooped over her kneeling form and lifted her up bodily into his arms. He said no other word beyond that passionate crying of her name. Now that happiness had come to him—that happiness for which he had worked and waited with such infinite patience, he was dumb before the realisation of all that it meant. Utterly content to stay so with Marilyn lying against his heart.

But presently words came, and with his face pressed to her dark head he poured out all the love and longing that he had stored up for so many years.

"And I kept on hoping and hoping all the time. But when I found you in Carstairs' arms that afternoon, that nearly—broke me, Marilyn!" He hid his face in her hair and she heard his quick breath.

"But you've forgiven?" she asked anxiously. "Oh, Barry, I was blind then, but my eyes were opened that afternoon, too. If he hadn't—been such a cur, I mightn't have known—for years, perhaps—that it was you I really loved."

"You cared as long ago as that?" whispered Barry, his lips pressed against hers. "Oh, darling, my sweet, if only I'd known!"

"I, too!" she answered. "We've wasted such a lot of time in misery and misunderstanding. Are all lovers so foolish, I wonder? But perhaps I'm glad, in a way. All that bitterness and pain has made—this moment so much the dearer."

She flung a warm young arm round his neck and gave a sigh of sheer ecstasy. She hadn't believed such joy existed anywhere in the world.

With a quick intake of his breath, Barry caught her to him and held her—passionately close. All that he had desired, all that he had dreamed—he was holding it all in his arms now—Marilyn and Two Rivers—they were both his, and he was theirs—for all time!

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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